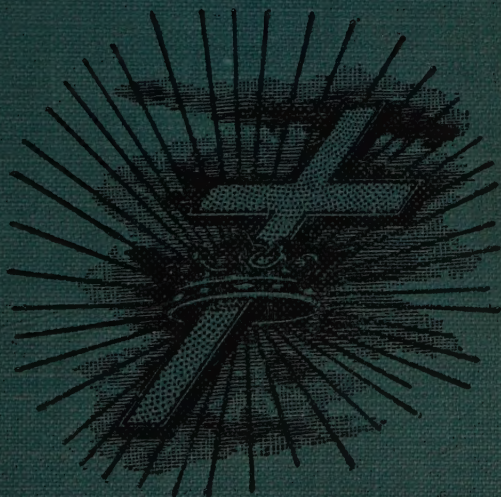


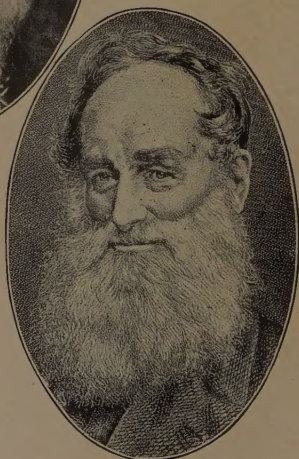
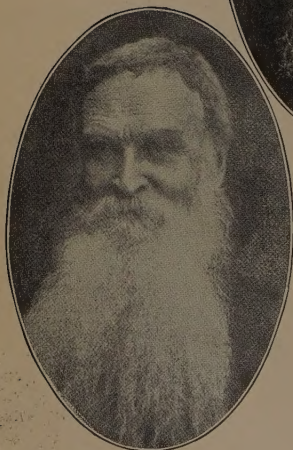
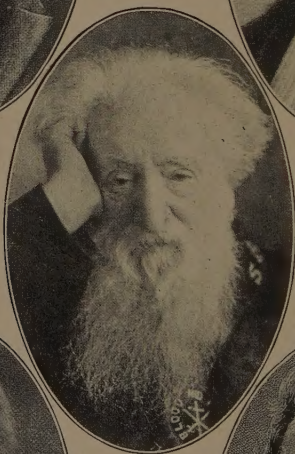
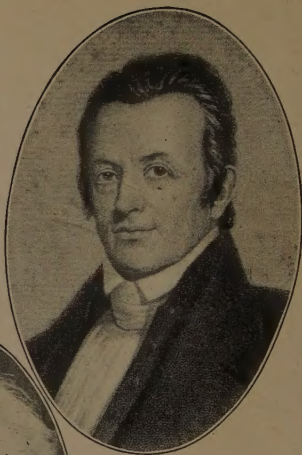
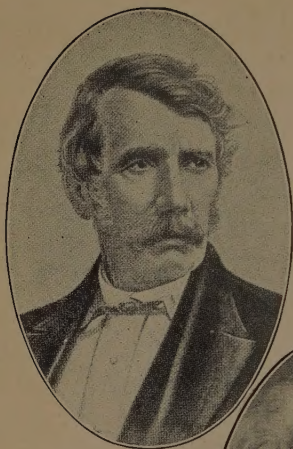
HEROES AND HEROINES OF THE CROSS





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Heroes and Heroines of the Cross

OR

One Hundred Thrilling Life Stories
of Gospel Service and Sacrifice

BY

J. MARTIN ROHDE, A. M.,

*Author of "Joy of Prayer," "God and Government," "Wonders
of Providence," "Our Coming Lord."*

FOREWORDS BY

SECRETARY OF STATE WILLIAM JENNINGS BRYAN

AND

EX-VICE PRESIDENT CHARLES W. FAIRBANKS

INTRODUCTION BY

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Editor of the Permanent Committee on Christian
Literature in Japan*

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BY

J. MARTIN ROHDE, A. M.



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FOREWORD

The noble records of the "Heroes and Heroines of the Cross" are object lessons of service and sacrifice that should be emulated and commemorated to inspire Christian hearts with zeal and enthusiasm for Gospel warfare and missionary enterprise through coming ages.

My interest in Christian missions dates back to the days of my childhood. Having been a church member from the age of fourteen, and having taken an interest in church matters, I had contributed to foreign missions, as to other branches of Christian activity, and had heard numerous addresses by missionaries respecting the work done in the foreign field. In planning a trip through Asia I had intended to visit a mission station for the purpose of informing myself as to the environment of the missionary and as to the details of the work; circumstances, however, very much enlarged my opportunity for observation, and as one who has gone over and viewed the foreign mission fields I feel that I am only performing my duty when I endeavor by this Foreword to convey to the minds of the readers of this volume the impression made upon my mind by what I saw in the Orient.

The missionaries, Protestant and Catholic, are to be found all over Asia. I found several departments of work fully organized. The missionaries are building

churches and increasing the number of congregations. I attended church at several places and was impressed with the earnestness of the native Christians. Japan, it seems to me, furnishes a great field for missionary work, and Korea is scarcely second to it. In China the native Christians showed, during the Boxer trouble, a heroism which equalled that displayed by the early Christians.

The medical missionaries are increasing in number and they are doing a very important work. The aid which they render is of a kind that challenges attention, and when natives know that the medical missionary is actuated by love rather than by a desire for gain, they inquire into the source of his love and the reason for its manifestation.

The American College is also a potent influence for good. These schools spring up about the missionary stations and are constantly growing in attendance and in influence. I followed an unbroken chain of them for some six thousand miles from the Pacific to the Mediterranean. I looked into the faces of hundreds, yes thousands, of boys and girls taught by Americans or by teachers paid with American money, and I rejoiced that, if our country can not boast that the sun never sets upon its possessions, it has a prouder boast, namely, that the sun never sets upon its philanthropy. Before the sun goes down on one center of civilization established by American money, it rises upon another, and the boundaries of these centers of civilization are constantly enlarging; after a while the boundaries will meet and when the Orient is redeemed, America will deserve a large share of credit. One cannot measure the far-reaching good that these schools are doing. When we calculate the impression that a life can make upon a nation, and then remember that thousands are instructed in these schools and

go out from them to touch the lives and hearts of the people of the Orient, who will attempt to estimate the total good done? Infinite opportunities open before each teacher and each one who contributes to the work has a part in the result.

W. J. BRYAN.

Lincoln, Neb.

There are heroes and heroines of peace as well as of war, and their services and virtues are as worthy of being emulated and their memories of being perpetuated as those who labored and sacrificed in the camp, upon the march and upon the battlefields where men struggled for the mastery. Our imaginations are always fired by the spectacular demonstration of physical power; nothing more quickly arouses our enthusiasm and stirs the blood than an appeal to the sword. Our missionaries who voluntarily put aside the comforts of home, the companionship of friends, to go among a people alien to them and often inhospitable, have exhibited as fine a type of physical bravery as that shown by those who marched against the pitiless hail of war.

No one can read this book without a sense of obligation to the author, and a renewed appreciation of the fact that the men and women whose deeds and services are herein recalled are entitled to the honorable rank of heroes and heroines; for they wrought wondrously in the ways of peace with a superb devotion and a high order of moral and physical courage in the sublime cause of mankind.

We do not need to go back of the Boxer rebellion in China to find cumulative evidence of the heroism of our missionaries when confronted by great peril. Many of them faced danger with undaunted courage and many of them with uncomplaining lips suffered martyrdom. I have seen the crumbled walls of their homes—the fruit of savagery and superstition. They are mute but striking evidence of some of the dangers which confronted the brave little band of men and women who went out into the world, bearing aloft the torch of Christian civilization.

Our home missionary field also has afforded opportunity for the display of the qualities that make heroes and heroines. How many men and women have given abundant proof of their consecration and devotion to their fellowmen in the home missionary field! They have gone into the depths of our humanity, amidst poverty and disease and distress and have patiently toiled for the redemption of their fellows. They have worked arduously and sacrificed freely in behalf of the less fortunate.

All honor to those who have offered themselves upon the sacrificial altar of duty in the cause of liberty and republican government! All honor also to the heroes and heroines of the Cross, who have labored in the missionary fields abroad and at home, with a spirit of supreme personal sacrifice and of unsurpassed moral and physical bravery, with no thought of winning the world's applause, hoping and praying only that they might command the "Well Done Thou Good and Faithful Servant" of the Master.

I take great pleasure in commending this book to the wide and increasing circle of those who are interested in the missionary movement. It not only does simple justice to the memories of a noble group of men and women—but it emphasizes the missionary cause, which is of transcendent importance throughout the world. The author has made us all his grateful debtors.

Indianapolis, Indiana. CHARLES W. FAIRBANKS.

INTRODUCTION

The author has rendered a valuable service in the preparation of this work. The material has been carefully selected, from a wide field, and is rich in illustrations of "Gospel service and sacrifice." The instances chosen are of a superior character and are such as have affirmed in extraordinary undertakings the aspirations and hopes of the Christian Church.

The volume contains an account in succinct form of those whom the author calls "Heroes and Heroines of the Cross." Such an appellation, as applied to the men and women whose deeds are recounted, is not inappropriate. It is said that the paths made by Livingstone, in his travels in Africa, take the form of the cross on the face of that great continent. Clara Barton, through the Red Cross Society, an organization whose object is to care for the sick and the wounded, has made the cross of Christ familiar to more people than any person living in our day, or possibly in any other day. There are a million members of the Red Cross Society in Japan, including persons in the Imperial household, to most of whom the cross has become familiar, before the story of the Christ has been heard.

In heroism we come to the very marrow of history. In the heroic achievements of those the story of whose lives is told here we discover that which is most essential in the life of our day. These lives are a splendid testimony to modern Christianity. For there can be

no greater evidence of the vitality of religion than in its power to create spiritual heroes. In the great wealth and variety of heroic service it is made clear that the Church has responded generously to the claims of Christ in this modern period of its history. In fact, the Church has poured out its life for the nations in our times. Our age has risen to the level of any other age in the embodiment of Christian ideals of sacrifice and service.

These lives thus bear witness to the reality of the Church's faith and to the continued presence of the Spirit immanent in the early Church, the author of diversities of gifts and the inspirer of Pentecostal fervor and power.

SAMUEL H. WAINWRIGHT.

Tokio, Japan.

CLARA BARTON

Founder of the Red Cross Order

Doubtless the Red Cross Society, under Clara Barton, has, since its foundation, done more towards the alleviation of suffering and loss caused by war and other great catastrophes than any other charitable organization. The founder, Miss Barton, was born in 1830 on a farm near Oxford, Mass. After she had obtained her education, she for a time devoted herself to teaching. Having finished a course in Clinton Institute, she presided over a school in Bordentown until her failing eyesight warned her to discontinue her work. Consequently she accepted a position in the patent office. With the money saved during these years she was enabled to raise the mortgage from her parents' farm.

In the destructive war of 1861-1865, Miss Barton was enthusiastically engaged in labors of mercy and help. She advertised that, whosoever was willing to give money or provisions for the soldiers should send them to her. Through the influence of Henry Wilson, Congress donated to her \$15,000 for the care of the sick and the decoration of the graves of the fallen.

Dorance Altwater, a boy prisoner in Andersonville, had secretly kept a register of the names of those who had fallen and of their graves. When scrap paper could not be procured, white rags served as writing material. Thus 15,000 names were collected, which the boy sent to the War Department, yet the latter only laid the list

aside and gave the youthful collector an appointment in the department. Clara Barton read of the list and, hunting up Altwater, went with him in a boat, which he had made himself, to Andersonville and marked the graves of the fallen heroes.

After the war Miss Barton delivered addresses in New York for \$100 an evening. Being an active woman, energetic in the delivery of her discourse, great audiences came to hear her. Her health failed her in 1867, however, on account of overexertion, and she went abroad.

During the war of 1870-71, Miss Barton again evinced her sympathetic spirit, being especially actively engaged in Strassburg. Her labors were appreciated, for marks of distinction were showered upon her from all sides. From Prussia she received an order of merit; from her personal friend, the Grand Duchess of Baden, a jewel; from the queen of Italy a medal; from the Grand Duke of Baden the grand cross. Queen Victoria of England, with her own hand, placed a beautiful pin on Miss Barton's bosom,

Besides Germany, Miss Barton also labored with great success in Switzerland. In 1877 she returned to the United States, but lay for seven months in the Columbia Hospital in Washington.

For some time she had planned to make the Red Cross Society a national organization. In 1881 this was accomplished. On May 21 of that year, shortly before his tragic death, President Garfield wrote her an encouraging letter. A constitution was drawn up and accepted. Clara Barton was made president. The national capitol was made the headquarters of the society, where the building may now be found on 17th and F Streets. The walls of the building are decorated with flags of

the different nations, whose soldiers she had cared for. Here Clara Barton took up her residence.

In many ways this national organization was a blessing to the land. In 1882 it raised money and generously contributed to the relief of the flooded Mississippi Valley. In the following year Louisiana was assisted. In 1886 the society extended its generous assistance to the parched plains of Texas. Thereafter, Mt. Vernon, laid low by a cyclone, experienced the blessed generosity of the organization. At the time of the Johnstown flood, \$40,000 were sent to the relief of the afflicted. Even the islands of the sea were reached. Many hearts were warmed towards the society. Among others, Dr. Joseph Gardner, of Bedford, Ind., gave 782 acres of land, with orchard and woods, to the society. Many branches of the organization sprang up.

Begun with the insignificance of a mustard seed, this organization has, under the self-denying devotion of Clara Barton, sprung into magnitude and importance. It has taken root in many lands, though at present Switzerland bears the palm. Germany also has many branches of the organization. France and England follow, while even Russia numbered in 1877, over 500 nurses, 120 waiters and 100 physicians. In the war of 1877-1878 they furnished 13,120 beds and attended 116,296 patients. Austria-Hungary also made itself known. In 1870-1871 her organizations distributed \$442,000. At present there are in existence thirty-two national organizations.

What a clear instance of divine favor and providence in the remarkable spreading of this great cause. The blessed words, "I was sick and ye visited me," will, among others, be spoken to Clara Barton, the founder of the Red Cross Society.

As a heroine of the cross she was God's messenger of mercy to the sick, the wounded and the unfortunate, and not for things spoken, or things written, but for things done, her name will live forever in precious memory among the nations of the world.

Unfortunately, the last years of her life were saddened by troubles in connection with the Red Cross Society, which fact is thought to have shortened her life. But when the end came, her white-robed soul went out, not in darkness, but in heaven's eternal light. Her reward will be not only the magnificent monument to be erected at Washington to her honor, but a bright and unfading crown in glory.

GEORGE DANA BOARDMAN

Pioneer Missionary to Burmah

Two happy young hearts united in holy wedlock and all taken up, not in a mere passionate affection for each other, but in a burning and undying love for Christ and his kingdom, and a romantic wedding tour, in 1825, extending from New England to India, was the beginning of a foreign missionary campaign blessed of God with marvelous soul-winning results.

The groom of the party was George Dana Boardman, a promising young man of twenty-three summers. He was the son of Rev. Sylvanus Boardman and a graduate of Waterville Seminary. His call to the ministry and his desire to become a missionary dated back to the hour of his conversion while a student of his Alma Mater, in which he matriculated in 1819 and finished his course with honor three years later and was appointed tutor. Though his successful record as a teacher had won the

warmest appreciation and opened to him the prospect of the highest literary preferment, yet his love for God and humanity inspired him with a burning desire to become an ambassador of the gospel of Jesus Christ. For a while he had wavered between a choice of a mission to the east or the west; but after hearing of the untimely death of Coleman in Burmah, he longed to fill his place, offered his services to the Baptist board and was appointed to that mission.

The bride was Miss Sarah B. Holl, a refined and affectionate young woman of noble birth and high attainments, and with all an ardent Christian, admirably fitted to become the co-worker of her young husband and the spiritual guide to poor benighted heathen women in India.

December the second, 1825, was the day of their arrival at Calcutta, where they were necessitated to remain for a time on account of a war between England and Burmah. Meanwhile they assisted Mr. Wade in his missionary work, until in 1827 they were appointed to Maulmain, the new seat of government. Thence they pursued their journey to their new field of labor, Mrs. Boardman traveling in a litter, and arriving in Maulmain, where they erected a small bamboo cottage upon a lot presented them by the English government.

The frail cottage was in a dangerous place, for it stood in a lonely spot near a den of nocturnal marauders and banditti, and the governor, apprehensive of the danger, kindly offered the missionaries a site for a house within the cantonment. This arrangement, however, would have cut off almost all their intercourse with the Burmans, and they bravely declined the offer. The apprehension, though, was but too well founded, for only shortly afterwards a band of robbers broke into the frail

house, rifled every trunk, box and drawer, and two large cuts in Mr. Boardman's bed curtains showed where his slumbers had been watched by murderous eyes, and proved that unbroken sleep had saved his life.

In October, 1827, it was decided to concentrate all mission forces at Maulmain, as the central mission station in Burmah. Boardman and his co-workers labored assiduously, enduring privations and overcoming great obstacles in building up the mission. The female schools of Mrs. Wade and Mrs. Boardman were united, while Messrs. Boardman, Wade and Judson prosecuted the work begun by the first named. God prospered their gospel labors. The seeds of God's truth and grace began to take root and a delightful spiritual harvest rewarded their ministry.

But the church is often more considerate of the work than of the workman. Boardman's noble record as a pioneer in establishing the mission at Maulmain marked him as a safe man for a hard post and a great task. Accordingly he was ordered by the board to establish a new mission at Tavoy, about one hundred and fifty miles distant from Maulmain.

As a gallant soldier of the cross, Boardman was obedient to orders. Without a word of murmur for being called to leave the fruits of his labors for others to reap, he set his face towards Tavoy to renew the privations and labors of a pioneer. Boardman and his wife were hospitably received on April 9, 1828, by the English commissioner of Tavoy. They immediately began their arduous task of evangelizing that idolatrous city. Here they were confronted with strong and malignant opposition and this especially by the priests, who arrayed their influence against them. But God prospered their ministry in spite of difficulty. Ko Thah-byu was Board-

man's first convert in this new charge. This man, rescued from the degradation of slavery and the curse of great sin, became a chosen vessel of God's grace and a fruitful co-worker of the missionaries.

The news of the gospel messengers was spread among the people. Many came from distant points far out in the interior, and upon the earnest solicitations of these people Boardman braved the danger and hardship of a tour through the jungle. Going alone, he traveled hundreds of miles through a wild, rugged country, across deep ravines and almost impassible mountain streams, as well as through forests inhabited by wild beasts and robbers, over an almost trackless route, which could be traveled only on foot and which involved great fatigue and exposure. At times he was drenched with rain and at best he had only a mat for a bed, with a bamboo for a pillow. Yet he endured these hardships gladly, because the people in the villages gathered around him in large assembles and many of them were converted and became followers of Christ.

God's ways, however, are often beclouded with mystery. Even such goodly people as Mr. and Mrs. Boardman had to undergo bereavement by the death of their elder daughter and younger son, besides both enduring severe trial by sickness and fearful exposure to danger and abuse occasioned by a rebellion in Tavoy, which resulted in the pillage and destruction of their home.

But as did the great Apostle Paul in his day, so Boardman declared by his courage and stability: "None of these things move me." Despite bereavement, sickness, persecution and privation, he, even when in the grasp of consumption and death had marked him as his own, continued preaching and teaching daily, being en-

couraged by the larger congregations and the increasing number of enquirers.

Boardman's last days were days of gospel triumph, witnessing the baptism of eighteen converts at Tavoy and thirty-four converts at Karens. Thus with his soul feasting on living evidences of Christ's power to save sinners he passed from the church militant to the church triumphant. Though he died at the early age of thirty, yet his life was abundantly fruitful of great and glorious results for the Master's kingdom. In his beautiful record he has left behind him a rich legacy to the Christian observer, "a bright example of consecration to the honor of Christ and the salvation of men."

GENERAL WILLIAM BOOTH

Father of the Salvation Army

The 10th day of April, 1829, is sacred to Christian memory as the natal day of the most picturesque personality of modern times: General William Booth, that great and princely leader of the hosts of the Salvation Army, who, on the 20th day of August, 1912, was translated from his earthly home at Hadley Wood, near London, into the presence of his Heavenly King. Probably no military leader or patriotic statesman of this or any other age merits greater honor than this saintly man of God, who, for more than sixty years, has been, like the great Apostle Paul, a gallant soldier of the cross of Jesus Christ.

All the world loves a faith hero who sacrifices his all in life and who acquits himself with consecrated genius and marvelous success in the redemption of fallen humanity. Therefore we wonder not that, when the news of General Booth's demise flashed over the wires, memo-

rial services were held in all the important cities of both hemispheres and that the President of the United States, the King and Queen of England, the Archbishop of Canterbury, the Lord Mayor of London, distinguished statesmen, representatives of many Protestant creeds and prominent persons of the Jewish faith sent messages of condolence to Bramwell Booth indicating the sympathy and the high esteem of all classes of people throughout the world.

General Booth arose from obscurity to prominence and became beloved and esteemed by the millions of God's best people of earth because of what he was and what he did in relation to the lowly Nazarene going out through his gospel ministry even after the lowest and the meanest of mankind in order to redeem and to save souls by the powers of saving grace applied.

Born of the Spirit of God as a lad of fourteen summers and becoming immediately inspired with a passion for winning souls he began preaching the gospel with wonderful effect at the age of seventeen years. From the beginning God owned and honored his ministry with the noble heritage of souls born into the Kingdom.

As his Lord and Master cared not for high place or church eclat but could preach with power from a fisherman's boat or a mountain-top, so Booth could go out to the churchless and neglected places among the poor and the lowly and preach the unsearchable riches of Christ's gospel to the masses yet unsaved. Beginning in Mile End Road, London, using an old tent set up in a disused burial ground and drawing his congregation from the residents of Whitechapel district, he raised the war cry against sin and Satan and proclaimed the salvation of the gospel with the result that hundreds of souls were born into the Kingdom of God. When, after

twelve years of labor in this place, larger accommodations were required, for the crowds that assembled in his meetings, he removed to Bethesda Chapel in Gateshead. Here, as later on in other places, all through his remarkable career, Booth was confronted with adverse conditions. But like the great Napoleon he could not be deterred by opposition or difficulty. Ridicule and criticism only incited him to more resolute endeavor. With a small band of his followers he would march out into the streets with banners and flags, calling the multitudes to his standard. The newspapers advertised his movement, and his parades with bands of music and vociferous singing, followed by preaching and religious testimony, became attractive for the masses. His presentation of the gospel caught the crowds.

William Booth first labored under the auspices of the Wesleyan and Methodist churches, but for greater liberty and a wider range of influence, he finally, in 1861, threw off all denominational bonds, continuing his labors under the more general term of Christian Missions and finally adopting the name of the Salvation Army as more appropriate to his militant methods. Then he organized a wonderful military system of magnificent gospel enterprises at the center of which he stood, as the great commander, ruling with surprising rigor, but beloved as a father by the hosts of his followers.

General Booth solved the problem of reaching the masses. He made his appeal to classes hitherto untouched by any other form of organized Christianity. His peculiar genius for using the symbols of a holy war stirred the imagination of classes of society which had little opportunity for the exercise of imagination in other directions. The poor and outcast and oppressed responded eagerly to the appeal and found in the movement a

welcome opportunity for the expression of their ideals.

God prospered the movement. Money flowed to Mr. Booth and gospel workers rallied around him. His army grew and extended its march over the nations of both hemispheres. Thus this vast "army of the Lord" has spread all over the civilized world.

General Booth appreciated the power of the press and used it as his ally. First he compiled and circulated over a hundred thousand copies of his "penny" song-book. Soon followed a monthly paper, "East London Evangelist," and "Christian Mission Magazine." As a paper for children he edited "Little Soldiers." Finally he published the "War Cry," which is the recognized organ of the salvation Army, circulating in twenty different languages and has a weekly subscription list of more than a million. Twenty tons of books and papers are distributed weekly and secure a good profit.

Although the Salvation Army is a distinctly religious organization, placing largest emphasis upon individual conversion and spiritual life, it has also recognized the modern humanitarian spirit and has taken hold of community problems with a master mind and a master hand, doing large services by its great colonization projects and philanthropic enterprises involving an annual outlay of eight millions of dollars.

"Verily, what hath God wrought!" What a wonderful evidence of divine guidance and help in the remarkable subsistence and aggressive strength of the Salvation Army in the uplifting of fallen humanity! What a splendid testimony to the vitality and salutary power of applied Christianity!

CATHERINE BOOTH

The Mother of the Salvation Army

The record of the noble life of Catherine Booth deserves to be written in letters of gold. In all the past women have been a power in the annals of history, not only in England and America, but in all the leading nations of the world, often taking the leadership in instituting great reforms and carrying on noble works of public benevolence. This is especially true of the heroine of this story.

She, then Catherine Mumford, was born in 1829. Her father was a wagonwright, who served the Methodist church of that city as a local preacher. Catherine was a delicate child, but under the jealous care of her mother for both her physical and spiritual health, she was saved for the great work which lay yet unbeknown before her. Undoubtedly the death of her three brothers deeply impressed her youthful mind, as did the passionate prayer of her mother at their coffin: "The Lord gave, the Lord has taken away, blessed be His holy name."

Under these wholesome influences she grew to girlhood, and though never very strong physically, she early evinced a character pure and firm, and from childhood manifested a deep interest in temperance and benevolence. When but twelve years of age she, as secretary of a children's Temperance Society, wrote short compositions for temperance magazines. Her reading also gives us a sure indication of her spiritual health, for, though a prolific reader, she was by no means omnivorous. All novels and trashy literature she discarded, preferring such substantial works as the writings of Wesley, Fletcher and Newton, and, above all, the Bible, which she read through twice from Genesis to Revela-



tions in sixteen months. Consequently she was led, after a long and earnest season of prayer, to give her heart to God and consecrate her services to the Lord.

In disposition Miss Mumford was practical and of a somewhat serious turn of mind, as is manifested by the peculiarly original and common-sense idea which she entertained pertaining to her marriage. She determined that any one aspiring to be her companion must fulfill the following conditions: He must be a religious man, temperate by principle. He must have the consent of his parents. He must have sound common sense and an amiable character. Furthermore she preferred a companion of dark hair who would bear the name William. This ideal she found in William Booth, a young preacher and an energetic and fiery evangelist, to whom she was united in marriage after a three years' engagement.

To her husband she proved a devoted and helpful companion, for even during the period of their engagement she helped him in the preparation of his sermons and later, though by nature timid about assuming leadership in public assemblies, she overcame her modest disposition and became a powerful assistant. Though physically weak, her indomitable will supported her in this work. Oftentimes she approached the speaker's platform so weak that she had to be supported and after an address she often collapsed in a swoon, but her words went straight to the heart and were effective, for they led thousands to the Cross, where they experienced the peace and joy of a renewed heart. Partly through this powerful assistance, within thirty years' time, the number of officers in the Salvation Army was increased to over 64,000, while the weekly attendance at the meetings was five and one-half million souls. Aside from this

there were founded eighty-six homes for women, fifteen homes for released convicts, twenty-eight boarding houses for the hungry, one hundred and one homes for the homeless, thirty-eight work establishments, fourteen children's homes, besides twenty-four other charitable institutions, while five million dollars were annually gathered for their support.

In her home life this wonderful woman was affectionate, tasty and practical. As a devoted wife and a loving mother, she was the queen of her home, which to Mr. Booth was the choicest and most inspiring abode in all the world. "When I am compelled to be absent from home," said he, "as often occurs, I always count the weeks, days and hours until I can again return." Of her eight children all were converted to the Lord in the tender age of childhood and became useful and effective workers in the vineyard of the Lord. She taught them to discard novel reading, the folly of fashion and all manner of sin and on her deathbed could say with grateful heart that not one of them was lost, either by death or by the devil.

Though she was afflicted and suffered much during her long and useful life on account of her delicate constitution, she bore her cross with great patience and submission to the Divine Will. She died in great peace, lamented by tens of thousands of devoted followers, in whose memory she ever lives in pleasing and grateful recollection.

BOXER HERO MARTYRS

The Victims of Chinese Superstition and Cruelty

The origin of the native organization in China known as "Boxers" dates as far back as 1889, when it first in-

stigated numerous revolts against foreign encroachments on Chinese territory. It grew rapidly from that time on, and in the latter part of May, 1900, startling rumors of trouble in China began to reach Europe and America. Fresh outbreaks occurred. Railroad tracks in various parts of the empire were torn up and many foreigners were brutally massacred. The Boxers hated all foreigners and designated them as "foreign devils," but their superstition and satanic animosity was especially bitter against the Christian missionaries.

At first it was not known what the extent of the Boxer organization was, or what portion of the Chinese population it embraced. Soon, however, it became evident that the Dowager Empress An and many of the principal officials of the Chinese government were in sympathy with the movement, and secretly encouraged its acts of violence. The Emperor, Kwang Su, however, appeared to be imbued with progressive ideas, and manifested a spirit of positive friendliness toward foreign enterprise.

After the persecutions of the missionaries became generally known and the foreign powers made a movement for their protection, Prince Tuan assumed control of the Chinese government, and issued imperial edicts ordering the enrollment of the Boxers and the expulsion of all "foreign devils" from China.

This provoked resentment on the part of foreign governments and on the 29th of May all the foreign ships at the port of Taku, on the west coast of the Gulf of Pechili, landed marines and prepared to march to their respective legations at Peking. The arrival of the marines at the capitol quieted the troubles temporarily, but on the 4th of June, Minister Conger's despatch to the authorities at Washington reported alarming conditions.

The missionaries, forewarned by daily reports of massacres, congregated for protection in the Methodist "compound," and soon thereafter all the foreigners in Peking fled to the British Legation, where they threw up barricades and prepared for the siege. Fighting, mob violence and bloodshed followed. The Austrian, Dutch and Belgian Legations were burned, and the United States Legation narrowly escaped the spreading flames. Eight hundred persons, including the guards, were now confined within the enclosure of the British Legation, and from June until August, when relief came, they were subjected to the persistent and almost daily attacks from the Boxers, whose ranks seemed to embrace the Imperial Army and a large percentage of the native population.

While the siege was going on at Peking the bombardment of Tientsin began. The Imperial and Boxer guns poured shot and shell into the American Consulate, destroying it, and seriously damaging other foreign property. Later, bloody battles were fought with heavy loss of life, at Yangtsun and Changchia and practically all of North China was stricken with the curse of war and mob violence.

Meanwhile a large foreign army was rapidly massing at Taku. The Ninth Regiment of the United States Infantry had been ordered over from the Philippines, and on the first of July General Chaffee sailed from San Francisco with the sixth cavalry to take command of the American army in China. Two other regiments and a battery were soon afterward added to the American forces, which were increased to a total of about 5,000 regulars. Japan furnished 15,000 men and Great Britain sent 10,000 from her Indian contingent. Russia, Germany, Italy, France and Austria came to the rescue and

an army of the allied nations was formed 60,000 strong. The indignation of the world was aroused. Regulars fought with Spartan bravery under gallant leadership unsurpassed even by the achievements of Alexander, of Xenophon and other heroes of history.

But greater than the physical courage and daring of warriors was the Christian heroism of the martyr missionaries who sacrificed their noble lives in that awful struggle. Some of the trials and persecutions imposed upon Christians in China during that satanic revolt were too harrowing to be described in public print. Stronger, however, than the powers of darkness was the power of God's sustaining grace, as manifested in the Boxer hero martyrs, whose courage in pain and death equalled the heroism of apostolic times.

Carrying out the royal order of the expulsion of foreigners and the extermination of Christians, the governor himself in one of the provinces supervised the executions. Mr. Farthing, a noble Christian man, was the first to be led forth. Gently putting aside his dear wife, who clung to him, he stepped in front of the soldiers and kneeling before the executioner, was beheaded with one blow. In quick succession, Messrs. Hoddle, Benym, Drs. Lovitt and Willson were each led forth and slain with one blow from the executioner's knife. Stokes, Simpson and Whitehouse were the next to fall as victims to the brutal officers' murderous blows.

In another city, Horace Tracy Pitkin, a graduate of Yale University, was shut into his church, where he held the howling mob at bay with his revolver until his ammunition gave out, and then died as a martyr to his faith. Just before expiring, he exclaimed: "Tell my boy Horace that his father's last wish is that when he is

twenty-five years of age he may come to China as a missionary."

Liu Wen-lau, a native school teacher, while being led to the place of execution, consoled his suffering comrades by reminding them how the Master and His early disciples were persecuted and put to death because of their faith.

Another native Christian, Ton Lien-wing, a senior in the Peking University, refused to burn incense and knock his head on the ground before the idols, as he had been ordered to do. The mob cried out: "He is a devil of the second class." Denying the charge and explaining that he was a Christian, the mob took him away from the heathen temple out into the street set apart for the slaughter of devils. Here his parting words of Christian testimony so moved the hearts of his hearers that many desired to save his life, but he was doomed to die. Just before receiving the death blow, he said, "Though you kill our bodies, you cannot kill our souls; hereafter we live forever." Then the enraged mob hacked his body to pieces. But his triumphant death made profound impression upon many.

The way of the cross, however, leads to victory. Peking was captured and humiliated. The Boxer revolt was quelled and peace restored.

God's cause is more than vindicated. Today in North China, where there was ruin and murder in those dark days, there are more faith heroes and heroines than ever before. "The blood of the martyrs is the seed of the church."

DAVID BRAINERD

Missionary to the American Indians

At a time when the tide of evangelical religion was very low and ritualism, rationalism and hyper-Calvinism were destroying the vitality of the Protestant churches; at a time when the rector would shorten the prescribed Sunday morning service that the people might enjoy a boxing match or a bull fight in the afternoon; when even education was separated from religion to such an extent that as late as 1795 there was but one communicant among the under-graduate students of Yale college; in this godless age there arose, like a shining beacon piercing the midnight darkness of a stormy sea, a young student devoted and consecrated to God, who did not heed these contending voices of misled and misleading men, but only that of the "old Book," which is ever true and infallible in its simple direction to the Home above.

Young Brainerd had prepared himself especially for the ministry, when the Edinburgh "Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge," one of the few which made some feeble attempts at missionary work in the eighteenth century, impressed upon his conscience his duty as a missionary to the red men of America. The offer was accepted and in the latter part of the year 1742 he entered upon the work, with a sincere feeling of his unworthiness and unfitness for the work and with ever deeper consecration to God through frequent and earnest prayer. The following entry in his diary reflects well his spirit in undertaking the work:

"Lord's Day, Dec. 19.—At the sacrament of the Lord's Supper I seemed strong in the Lord; and the world, with all its frowns and flatteries, in a great meas-



RICHARD CAMERON'S PRAYER BEFORE THE BATTLE OF AYR'S MOSS

ure disappeared, so that my soul had nothing to do with them, and I felt a disposition to be wholly and forever the Lord's. In the evening I enjoyed something of the Divine Presence; had an humbling sense of my vileness, barrenness and sinfulness. Oh, it wounded me to think of the misimprovement of time! God be merciful to me a sinner."

His work took him into the dreary forest, where he could enjoy not one comfort. His food consisted largely of hasty-pudding, boiled corn, bread baked in the ashes and at times a little meat and butter, while he slept on boards covered with straw and raised a little above the ground, which latter formed the floor of his log cabin built by his own hands. A mile and a half distant in the forest lived the Indians, to whom he preached almost daily, but he seldom saw an English person. Still these severe trials moved him not. "I scarce think of them," he said, "or hardly observe that I am not entertained in the most sumptuous manner." In a letter to Mr. Pemberton on this subject, he said: "As to the hardships that necessarily attend a mission among them, the fatigues of frequent journeyings in the wilderness, the unpleasantness of a mean and hard way of living, and the great difficulty of addressing a people in a 'strange language'; these I shall at present pass over in silence, designing what I have already said of difficulties attending this work, not for the discouragement of any, but rather for the incitement of all who 'love the appearing of the Kingdom of Christ' to frequent the throne of Grace with earnest supplication that the heathen, who were anciently promised to Christ for his inheritance, may now actually and speedily be brought into His kingdom of Grace and made heirs of immortal glory."

That the labors of this truly great, Pauline-spirited

man were not in vain may be gleaned from the following, written at the close of his third year's work, his first in New Jersey:

"June 19.—This day makes up a complete year from the first time of my preaching to these Indians in New Jersey. What amazing things has God wrought in that time for this poor people! What a surprising change appears in their temper and behavior! How are morose and savage pagans, in this short period, transformed into agreeable, affectionate and humble Christians! And their drunken and pagan howlings turned into devout and fervent praises to God; they who were sometime in darkness are become light in the Lord. May they walk as children of light and of the day! And now to Him that is of power to establish them according to the Gospel and the preaching of Christ, to God only wise, be glory through Jesus Christ, for ever and ever. Amen."

This, however, was not all, for Brainerd was one of the few men who are more remarkable for what they inspire than for what they do. Henry Martyn read the life of Brainerd and decided to become a missionary and "imitate his example." The same source gave inspiration to William Carey. Jonathan Edwards, that great-souled man who cared for Brainerd in his last illness, and laid him to his final resting place as tenderly as a father, was moved by him to carry the Gospel to the Stockbridge Indians, and to publish his tract calling upon the Christian world to unite in prayer for the pagan world.

Brainerd's rapturous death was a fitting close to a life so nearly like the Master's in its complete abandonment. His last words were: "Farewell, friends and earthly comforts, the dearest of them all; the very dearest if the Lord calls for it. Adieu, adieu, I will spend

my life till my latest moments in caves and dens of the earth, if the kingdom of God may be thereby advanced."

His life solved the perplexing Indian problem and proved to those wise enough to see it that the best missionaries are the greatest statesmen and hold the keys of the kingdom of peace in their hands.

WILLIAM BUTLER

Pioneer Missionary to North India

A minister and his wife taking leave of their two young boys, for they were going to the distant missionary field of India, to whose hot climate it would be dangerous to expose the tender constitutions of the two boys. Their hearts bled as they tearfully bent over the little lads, imprinting on their youthful cheeks a kiss that might perhaps be the last.

After a safe voyage, these self-denying heroes, Dr. and Mrs. Butler, steamed into the harbor of Calcutta, whence they traveled by rail to Lucknow. There, in that city of half a million souls as vile as sin could make them, they decided to begin their mission. No friendly welcome awaited them, for they were hated foreigners, whose religion the Indians regarded with thorough detestation. The terrible rebellion of the Sepoys, which made the whole civilized world shudder with horror, was on the point of breaking forth, and it was not safe for a white man to be seen on the streets without an armed guard.

When Dr. Butler apprised an officer of the British government of his intention of founding a Methodist mission in the city, the latter exclaimed, "It is madness to attempt it. Your life is not safe if you attempt it."

Sir James Outram, one of the bravest of English

generals, looked at the missionary with wonder in his eyes and, shrugging his shoulders, told him that it would be certain death to preach Jesus in any part of the city. Though this bold soldier thought it nothing wonderful to lead his troops into a deadly breach, he could not understand how a missionary could calmly stand unarmed before a mob of infuriated heathens and utter words which would make them still more furious.

"It is my duty to preach, Sir James; my Master will take care of my life, and His Spirit will give my preaching success," replied the heroic missionary.

Since no one in Lucknow would rent him a house, Dr. Butler secured one in Barielly. He found a ready and intelligent helper and interpreter in Joel, who had been reared and taught in the Presbyterian mission school in Allahabad. Under Butler's influence he had had the mysterious experience of being "born again," and thereafter he became a helper indeed to the missionary. Joel was the first native Methodist preacher in India.

Scarcely had Dr. Butler become settled in his new home before the terrible Sepoy rebellion began, sweeping the country like a destructive tornado. "You must take your women and children to the hills at once," came the order from the British officer in command. He hated to leave his post, as did Mrs. Butler, and so remained for a few days, but at length decided to heed the repeated warnings.

The flight began in the night. It was seventy-five miles to Nynsee Tal, a sanitarium situated in the bosom of the mountains where they hoped to find shelter and safety. In a palankeen, or a sort of sedan chair, they were borne through a jungle reeking with malaria, the haunt of wild elephants and ferocious tigers. The trav-

eling was only at night, by the dim light of flickering torches. At midnight of their second night's travel, many of the doctor's palankeen bearers forsook him and others refused to proceed. He was now in great peril of perishing in the wilderness. In his distress he went into the jungle and there, standing bareheaded, he spoke to the Lord and asked him to incline the obstinate bearers to move forward. His prayer was answered. When he returned, he found the men docile and making preparation to proceed. The next morning they reached the traveler's bungalow, where the missionaries tasted food for the first time in twenty-four hours. After another journey of seven hours they reached Nynee Tal.

Meanwhile Joel, who, being a native, thought himself safe, had decided to remain and care for the mission, had been forced to flee with his wife and children and after much suffering during a three hundred and forty mile trip on foot, reached safety in Allahabad.

Even in Nynee Tal the missionaries were not out of reach of the murderous Sepoys, and the British authorities ordered that the ladies who had taken refuge there, with a few gentlemen to protect them, be sent thirty miles farther to Amorah. Dr. Butler was deputed to be one of the gentlemen to go with this party. After three days' travel over a steep, narrow and very rough road, they reached their new and safer haven.

After the suppression of the rebellion, Dr. Butler was permitted to return to Bareilly, where he organized his first mission class in May, 1857. Twenty-seven years later the North India Conference, which had its beginning in that class, had grown to number 900 preachers, teachers and helpers, 4,662 members, 6,679 adherents, and 16,705 Sunday school scholars. How glorious the work of the Lord!

JOHN BUNYAN

Author of "The Pilgrim's Progress"

Elstow, the birthplace of John Bunyan, is situated one mile from the outskirts of Bedford. With the exception of the thick-set hedgerows on each side of the road, the open and generally level country has the appearance of the better portion of our northern Atlantic states. In the southern extremity of the village is the house in which Bunyan was born. It is a small, modest cottage, with a thatched roof, which is adorned with two dormer windows. The simple little house itself gives convincing proof of the poverty of the Bunyans.

John Bunyan first saw the light of this world in the year 1628. Though his father, who followed the occupation of a tinker, was very poor, still the man was of a fair character and, taking a pride in his son, gave him an education in the three R's. Young Bunyan inherited his father's occupation, when he first ventured out into the world, but not his character. His early life was marked by wickedness and profanity, and it is said that he excelled all the young men of his village in swearing.

At an early age his conscience condemned him, and he suffered much from the reflections of religious impressions on his sensitive mind, but he still continued in his career of sin and folly. While thus uttering profanity with almost every word, he was, on one occasion, rebuked by a woman, who was a notorious sinner herself; and when she said that it made her tremble to hear him, the reproof, coming from such a woman, filled him with shame and he began to reform somewhat. He was, moreover, brought to serious reflection by his near approach to death's door several times, for he was, in these days of his profligacy, saved twice from drowning, and once from the fangs of a poisonous reptile;

while, in 1645, while a soldier in Parliament's army at the siege of Leicester, he was ordered to stand sentinel; but a comrade, by his own desire, took his place and was shot through the head on Bunyan's post. At the early age of nineteen Bunyan was married. His young wife was almost portionless and they began housekeeping in poverty. Still, what she brought was priceless to Bunyan; for her portion was the two books, "The Practice of Piety" and "The Plain Man's Pathway to Heaven," and these books, together with her religious conversation, caused him to resolve to reform his life. Upon going to church, the sermon seemed to make little impression upon his soul; but "the same day," he relates, "as I was in the midst of a game of cat, and having struck it one blow from the hole, just as I was about to strike the second time, a voice did suddenly dart from heaven into my soul, which said, 'Wilt thou leave thy sins and go to heaven, or have thy sins and go to hell?' At this I was put to an exceeding maze; wherefore, leaving my cat upon the ground, I looked up to heaven, and was as if I had, with the eyes of my understanding, seen the Lord Jesus looking down upon me, as being hotly displeased with me; as if He did severely threaten me with some greivous punishment." Despite this supernatural call, Bunyan was tempted to believe it too late to repent; and notwithstanding all his convictions, was reluctant to part with his irreligious associates and vain pleasures, until the conversation of a poor man induced him to read the Bible. His conduct now completely changed, to the great astonishment of his neighbors. He had accepted the Lord Jesus, and taken Him, as his best friend, into his life. The conversation, and especially the earnest and cheerful disposition of Christians, whose company he now frequented, greatly affect-

ed him and convinced him of his own defects. An entire change took place in his views and affections, and his mind was now constantly occupied by thoughts pertaining to God and His kingdom.

On account of his lack of religious knowledge, he was subject to various temptations. Among these was his inability to form a decision in regard to the various religious denominations, and especially of the "Ranters," a sect which made loud professions of "faith," but had very little to do with good "works." In this perplexity he sought wisdom from above, which was granted to him, as the Bible had promised.

Somewhat later Bunyan became acquainted with Mr. Gifford, a Baptist minister at Bedford, and was greatly benefited by his conversation. Soon afterwards, in 1665, he was admitted, by baptism, into Mr. Gifford's church. Now he was desired by his brethren to preach, as a preparation for the ministry; but at first he resisted their importunities. At length, however, he was prevailed upon to speak in a small company, greatly to their satisfaction. At length, having been thus proven, he was set apart for the ministry, with fasting and prayer.

His heart went out towards his former companions, whom, though they were the scum of the surrounding towns, he desired to lift out of the mire of sin first. Accordingly he went to the darkest places in the country, even among the people farthest from a profession, and preached to them the words of saving grace. For the same purpose, doubtless, he wrote his rousing work, "Sighs from Hell; or, the Groans of a Damned Soul," in which he described the pangs of remorse from experience.

Upon the restoration of the monarchy, severe laws were framed, which were intended to exclude every-

body objecting in the least to the established form of worship. The enthusiastic John Bunyan could, however, not be daunted. He went on with his ministerial labors in a courageous and unreserved manner, and was, consequently, one of the first sufferers under the new law. Among sixty others he was apprehended by a warrant from Justice Wingate, at Harlington, on November 12, 1660, and was cast into the county jail.

When he was brought to trial, none of the charges brought against him could be proven, as no witnesses could be procured. He had, however confessed that he was a dissenter and, this being considered as equivalent to conviction, he was sentenced to perpetual banishment. Though this sentence was never executed, he was confined in Bedford jail for more than twelve years, notwithstanding several attempts had been made at his deliverance.

Though now shut out from the outside world, he had an opportunity of privately exercising his ministry with good effect. He also learned in prison to make tagged laces, and by this employment provided for the wants of himself and his family. Some comfort was afforded him by the friendship of the keeper of the prison, who permitted him to see his family and friends and, during the former part of his imprisonment, even permitted him to go out occasionally; but the greatest comfort came from the Lord, through prayer and meditation on the promises of God's Word.

Bunyan utilized the time thus accorded him—without doubt through the providence of God—in writing his "Pilgrim's Progress." At first this remarkable work remained in comparative obscurity, being considered beneath the notice of the literati of that age; but in more modern times, when the learned wished to learn the

cause of the continued popularity of the book among so large a class, they discovered that John Bunyan was indeed "a child of genius and providence and a writer of striking originality and power." Now the book has been published in a variety of forms, and may be found in the homes of both the rich and the poor, of the learned and of the day laborer. "It has been translated into more than thirty languages—an honor paid to no other book, the Book of God excepted"—and indeed, it is second only to the Bible.

In 1671 he was chosen pastor of the Baptist church at Bedford, though he had yet no hope of release. This, however, was effected by a high church bishop, Dr. Barlow, upon whose kindly interposition Charles II. signed the paper which released the prisoner on September 13, 1672.

After his release, Bunyan at once began his work at his new appointment. A new meeting-house was built at Bedford soon afterwards and here he preached to large audiences until his home-call to that better land. He also traveled much to London and made stated circuits in other parts of England, exhorted sinners to lead a Christian life. He also employed his influence successfully in settling church disputes, and devoted much time to the religious instruction of his children.

Bunyan's last act was one of charity. A young man, who was under his father's displeasure, desired his intercession, and for this purpose, though now sixty years old, he journeyed to Reading, in Berkshire. On his return he was drenched in a heavy rain and was soon seized with a fever. He bore his malady with great patience and composure, and died in a triumphant manner, August 31, 1688. Sorrowing friends buried him in

Bunhill Fields, in London, and a tombstone was there erected to his memory.

Bunyan was twice married. His first wife died young and he was married to his second wife in 1658, two years before his imprisonment. His first marriage was blessed by four children, of whom he was very fond; one of whom, however, a girl named Mary, was blind and died before him.

Though Bunyan did not go to foreign lands, as many of our honored foreign missionaries have done, he was nevertheless a hero worthy of our highest regard. After winning a victory over his own sinful heart and desires, he answered a call to forsake worldly ambition and to serve his Master alone. Then he bore the message first to his old companions, at whose hands he was certain of mockery and taunts. Later, when in prison, he did not despair and blame the Lord of neglecting him, but seized the opportunity, which God gave him, and wrote his most famous work. Such a life is indeed worthy of imitation.

THOMAS H. BUMBY

Pioneer Missionary to New Zealand

During the session of the Wesleyan Conference at Bristol in 1838 a young man with a figure of almost feminine delicacy arose and with deep feeling declared his intention to quit the ministry in his native land and go to the foreign country, where, though he knew that he would meet hardships he would feel himself in the path of duty. When the president of the Conference arose to shake hands with this young man and his fellow-missionaries, the preachers were so overcome that they

wept aloud; for the occasion was the farewell of the Conference to some of their brethren about to depart to their missions in the South Pacific Ocean.

The eloquent young man who had spoken, Thomas Bumby, being unmarried, sailed with his sister, who was moved by the same heroic spirit, and after a six months' voyage landed in New Zealand, where they were gladly welcomed by Mr. Turner and others. Here the good seed of the Gospel had found good ground in which to take root, after a long and perilous sowing-time. On his first Sabbath, Mr. Bumby preached in an overflowing chapel, to a thousand serious natives. How gloriously the cross had triumphed!

He heard many stories of how Christ's love had moved and softened the hearts of the cannibals, which strengthened his faith in the truth and his hope that his sacrifice in their behalf would not be in vain.

As superintendent of the mission, Mr. Bumby was under instructions to visit the islands and select suitable sites for new stations; and he soon found his anticipations of hardships and perils fully realized. He was obliged to travel much by water in frail, unsafe native vessels and on seas which, besides being full of hidden reefs, were subjected to sudden and severe storms. Then, after completing these perilous voyages, he had, on landing, to visit native chiefs, often very unfriendly.

Most of these old chiefs were noted warriors and cannibals, who were in the habit of laying their hand on their stomach and saying in an imperious voice when hungry:

"I am hungry for a man; go kill ———, a slave, for me!"

The entrance into these chiefs' houses were so low that our missionary had to crawl on hands and knees

to pass through. Inside he found the air thick with smoke from rude oil lamps, while warriors and slaves lying about on the floor made the air so impure with their exhalations that Mr. Bumby could scarcely breathe. Yet he remained to sing a hymn and offer a prayer. After some of these visits the disgusting cannibal would, to his surprise, visit him on his ship and promise:

"Send me a missionary, and I will give over fighting and begin with all my people to serve God."

Often Mr. Bumby and his fellow-laborer acted as peace-makers between hostile tribes, making long journeys through dense forests, over rugged mountains or across vast swamps during heavy tropical rains or chilling winds to accomplish this. On one of these expeditions he spent a week in such difficult travel, sleeping at night on the bare ground under the open sky.

Reaching the seat of one of these warlike tribes, they found the chiefs sitting in state, ornamented with white feathers. To the missionary's kind words they only replied sternly: "We will resist the attack of our enemies to death, to death, to death." Presently messengers of the tribe threatening war arrived, demanding satisfaction. Excited to fierceness, the savage chiefs jumped up, brandishing their spears, howling and throwing so much passion into their faces that they appeared yelling demons. Still Bumby pleaded, and at last gained consent to go to their approaching foes and say that, if they discharged their muskets at a distance, their enemies would meet them as friends.

This point gained, our missionary walked out unarmed in the face of death to meet the approaching fierce horde. The savage chiefs listened to him and for the sake of the missionaries agreed to meet the opposite party for a peaceful parley.

With the missionaries and a little white handkerchief as a flag of truce between them, the hostile armies of almost nude savages met, armed ready for strife. The discharge of a single musket, the stepping across the line of peace by a single warrior would have been the signal for mutual slaughter, in which the missionaries, standing between the two fires, must certainly have fallen first. Yet the calm pleading of the missionaries, rendered eloquent by hearts full of love for humanity, won the victory, saved hundreds of lives and doubtless prevented the loathsome cannibal feast usually celebrated by the conquering party.

Besides this blessed work of Christian love, the missionaries constantly won souls for God by preaching, teaching and distributing Christian literature. In the autumn of Mr. Bumby's first year in New Zealand over eighteen hundred of these cannibals had been transformed into Christians during the year.

In June, 1840, the New Zealand winter, Mr. Bumby with several native converts boarded a New Zealand vessel to sail to another station; but the canoe was overloaded and the careless crew easily capsized it. The natives, being good swimmers, easily righted it again and helped Mr. Bumby in. Shivering with cold, he sat bailing out the water with his hands, while the natives again crowded in. The vessel was again capsized. One of their number's, drowning before their eyes, filled them with panic and they began to despair. A native convert, James Garland, set his missionary astride the upturned canoe, where Bumby calmly commended his soul to his Master while a swelling wave, sweeping him from his perilous seat, carried him to his deep, watery grave. Only six out of the sixteen escaped.

Not two years had passed since this splendid, sweet-souled young man had bidden his Conference farewell. Was he mistaken that God had called him to this field? No, indeed; for the heroism of his beautiful young life, since lovingly mentioned by many a praising tongue, has been the influence of awakening a kindred spirit in many others.

RICHARD CAMERON

Leader in the Scottish Covenanting Struggle

From the moment when Richard Cameron suddenly turned to the side of the Covenanters, resigning his position as schoolmaster and wiping the dust of the Episcopacy from his feet, he became an object of persecution by all Royalists. He obtained work as a tutor in the family of Sir William Scott of Harden, but, being too sincere to attend his employer's Presbyterian church, the minister of which had accepted the "Indulgence," he soon had to leave, to the mutual regret of both. He now joined John Welch, who was holding conventicles in Teviotdale, and was prevailed upon by that saintly gentleman to become a regular preacher, being ordained in the house of Harry Hall of Haughead.

Seeing no greater national sin than the iniquity of accepting the Indulgence, he began preaching throughout Annandale with great acceptance, scathing those ministers remorselessly, who, to save their flesh, had accepted the Indulgence. They requested him to come before them and reprimanded him, saying that he was making divisions in their midst, adding:

"Unity is our need just now. There are more essential things to preach about than the Indulgence. Let that matter rest for the present."

He consented to this with some hesitation, and returned to his preaching, becoming a leader of the ousted ministers.

His promise to remain silent concerning the Indulgence, however, made him feel as though he had made an unworthy compromise just to keep peace, and filled him with uneasiness; so he went to Holland to consult several brethren who had fled thither. They advised him to preach everything that was in his heart and thus to raise the fallen public standard of Scotland. They blessed him and one of them, Mr. M'Ward prophesied, "Behold, all ye beholders, here is the head of a faithful servant of Jesus Christ, who shall be set up before sun and moon in the view of the world."

He returned to Scotland when the defeat at Bothwell Bridge had made the ministers timid and the people downhearted. His defiant attitude against the King at once made him the leader of the Covenanters. Donald Cargill and Douglas met and discussed with him the position he had taken and agreed to frame a Declaration fully expressing these ideas. The plan was carried out and on June 22, 1680, twenty men rode into the old town of Sanquar, where a prayer was spoken, a Psalm sung and the famous "Sanquar Declaration" read, which disowned the tyrant, Charles Stuart, as king, as he had long ago forfeited his rights to the crown of Scotland by his breach of the covenant both to God and His church, after which the twenty men again disappeared.

The sensation created was profound. A reward of 5000 merks was offered for Cameron's arrest, but he went preaching throughout the country-side, protected by an armed guard of twenty-three mounted men and forty men on foot. At length, however, a large

company of soldiers came upon him unexpectedly in a dismal wilderness, Ayr's Moss, where he had taken refuge from them, and pressed him to a fight. Mounting his white horse, as the others pressed around him, he repeated twice: "Lord, spare the green and take the ripe," after which, turning to his brother Michael, he said:

"Now let us fight it out to the last, for this is the day I have longed for, and the day I have prayed for, to die fighting against our Lord's avowed enemies."

Taking a position on a small hill nearly surrounded by bogs, they swept down upon the charging dragoons, and cut clean through them. They were, however separated by the charge, and each man had to fight it out by himself, and they were overpowered by the dragoons, who outnumbered them two to one. More than a dozen men rushed for Cameron, each eager for the prize money offered for his arrest. He slashed out right and left, until he was pulled from his horse, wounded all over and dead.

Robert Murray laid his head and hands on the Council table in Edinburgh with the fitting words:

"There are the head and hands of a man who lived praying and preaching, and died praying and fighting."

DONALD CARGILL

A Martyr of the Scottish Covenanters

In June, 1896, delegates from the Reformed Presbyterian churches of the world met at Rattray, Blairgowrie, to do honor to one of the great martyrs of the Scottish covenanting struggle, Donald Cargill.

It is believed that he was born in "Ha'town," Rattray, about 1619. After receiving a liberal education, which his father, being a small land-owner, could afford

to give him, he, after some hesitation, complied with his father's fond wish and entered the ministry. In 1655 he was ordained minister of the Barony Church of Glasgow. He, however, could find no pleasure in this church, since it was divided into two powerful factions, the Royalists and Covenanters. Therefore, deciding to leave it, he had already mounted his horse, when an old woman arrested him, crying:

"Sir, you have promised to preach on Thursday, and have you appointed a meal for poor, starving people, and will you go away and not give it? If you do, the curse of God will certainly go with you."

He at once dismounted and continued his work, kindly supported by the Covenanters, but enduring much hardship at the hands of the Royalists. His ministry was not to last long here. On the Sunday set aside for the commemoration of the Restoration, he chose as his text the words, "Rejoice not, O Israel, for joy, as other people," Hos. ix, 1, and said, among other things, of the King, who had forced upon Scotland the old and, to the Covenanters, false beliefs, "The King will be the woefullest sight that ever the poor Church of Scotland saw: woe, woe, woe unto him. His name shall stink while the world stands, for treachery, tyranny, and trickery."

On the Monday morning following, as he was sitting in his study, he heard a company of dragoons thundering to the door. The landlady ran in, calling him to hide for his life. "Leave it to me," he answered calmly, and, slipping on a lady's apron, went to receive the troopers.

"Is that vile traitor, Donald Cargill, here?"

"Donald Cargill, the minister of Barony, is here, if that is who you seek."

In burst the troopers to search for him in the house, while Cargill went to a friend's house for refuge.

Cargill now went about preaching to small audiences in the open, protected by the friendly people, who stood as sentinels, warning him of any approach of the King's dragoons. The Government passed an act, forbidding his appearance south of the Tay, which he ignored completely. He became a field preacher, equalling John Knox in his outspokenness against the vices of high and low alike, not even sparing the clergy, whom he scored roundly for accepting the seductive "Indulgence." The more soldiers that were sent out after Cargill, the more friends he found anxious to help him defeat the plans of the dragoons, and the more gloriously did his fearless courage show itself.

A paper written by him and found on the person of one of his friends, declaring: "We do reject the King and those who associate with him in the Government from being our King and rulers," together with his "Sanquar Declaration," moved the King to offer a large reward for Cargill's arrest. This put him at the mercy of every covetous wretch in the country. Almost every meeting was now broken up by some one attempting to capture him. Some men even posed as true Covenanters and tried thus to lead him into a trap, and narrow were some of his escapes in consequence.

Believing it time now for the church to become the aggressor, he carried out his plan by addressing to God a tender appeal to comfort the poor hunted Covenanters, followed by the solemn excommunication:

"I, being a minister of Jesus Christ, and having

authority and power from Him, do, in His name, and by His Spirit excommunicate, cast out of the true Church, and deliver to Satan, Charles the Second, King of Great Britain and Ireland, Duke of York, the Duke of Monmouth, the Duke of Lauderdale, the Duke of Rothes, General Dalziel and Sir George Mackenzie."

Though the parties concerned pretended to be unaffected by the excommunication, one of them, Lord Rothes, said on his death-bed:

"We all thought little of what that man Cargill did in excommunicating us, but I find that sentence binding upon me now, and it will bind to eternity."

The Government expressed its feeling by raising the prize for Cargill's arrest to 5000 merks. Thereafter his life was one of momentary danger. Disguise, forged letters and every artifice was utilized to catch him, and he felt that he could no longer trust any man. Finally he was caught at Corington Mills by James Irvine of Bonshaw, whose mercenary soul could not resist the temptation of gaining 5000 merks by consigning a noble hero to the scaffold.

The bitter Lord Rothes had him condemned to the gallows, and, gaining his point, hissed at him, "Your death shall be one of extreme torture."

"My Lord Rothes, forbear to threaten me, for die what death I will, your eyes shall not see it," Cargill replied, and his prophecy came true, for Rothes died suddenly before Cargill was hanged.

On the scaffold Cargill at first sang a portion of Psalm cxviii., after which he spoke a few words, and closed with a private prayer. Then he bade his friends and this world farewell, commended his soul to God and his spirit fled to its Redeemer.

He did not die in vain. He lived to preserve his faith, but his death did much more than continued life could have accomplished.

MRS. MARGARET CARGILL

The "Lady of a Loving Spirit"

A bridal party in Aberdeen, Scotland, was broken up a few hours after the marriage ceremony by a messenger who announced that the hour had arrived for the departure of the bridal pair. Now that she was summoned to quit the home of her youth, the bride, a lovely, cultivated lady of twenty-three, clung weeping to her sorrowful mother's embraces, until she was literally torn away and borne to the carriage.

This young lady, Margaret Cargill, was, with her husband, departing to the Friendly Islands, to bear to those savages the glad tidings of salvation. Though she was perfectly willing, aye eager, to accompany her husband, it caused her momentary irrepressible pain to speak a farewell which she felt must be the last on earth.

The missionaries sailed from England in October, 1832, and, after some detention in New South Wales, reached Tonga in January, 1834. Here they were given a royal reception by the missionaries and also the native converts, who said with simple kindness, "It is well you have sailed toward this place." Everywhere they found the good seed sown by the missionaries, who had preceded them, already springing up; and with happy hearts they zealously entered upon the work before them. Hardships and dangers such as long trips over rough seas and in frail canoes from island to island could not cool their ardor. So mightily did these missionaries preach God's Word under the influence of the Holy

Spirit, that they joyfully reaped a rich harvest of souls. They soon witnessed the conversion of hundreds and felt themselves royally repaid for all discomforts and trials, which they had endured.

Scarcely a year had elapsed, however, before their missionary zeal and loyalty was put to a severe test. The "District Meeting" held at the close of the year appointed Mr. Cargill and a colleague, named Cross, to open up a mission in Fiji. What they were to expect at the hands of these cannibals they could infer from the particulars of a horrid feast recently reported to have been held by the Fiji Islanders, at which two hundred men and one hundred women were slaughtered, cooked and eaten in one of the islands. Our missionaries had been given to expect that Tonga was to be their field of labor, and now, without previous intimation, the authorities of the mission ordered them, "You must go to Fiji!" Though Mrs. Cargill was doubtless startled and disappointed, she only replied with meek courage,

"Well, David, I did not expect it to be so; but the Lord knows what is good for us. If it be his will that we should go to Fiji, I am content."

Accordingly they took their departure of the weeping natives as these gathered on the shore, rending the air with loud cries of sorrow. Many of them voiced the general feeling in the words:

"We shall never forget your love to us, nor shall we cease to love and pray for you."

Thus they departed to the Polynesian Islands, trusting in God's help, as the stripling David did when he went to contend against the giant Goliath. At length the island of Lakemba was sighted, but the captain dared not to venture inside of the reefs surrounding

it until he knew whether the Fijians would treat the missionaries as friends or foes. Mr. Cargill and Mr. Cross offered to go ashore to test the natives' disposition, and accordingly a little boat was lowered over the vessel's side, which with great difficulty passed through the surf-beaten channel in the reef. Crowded along the shore they saw two hundred natives, mostly men armed with muskets, spears, clubs, bows and arrows. Their nearly nude bodies were decorated with red and black paint. As they gazed on their visitors with silent astonishment, it required even a loftier courage of the unarmed missionaries to put themselves into the hands of such grim warriors than for a troop of trained soldiers to storm a breach. Filled, however, with a courage from on high, they landed and, through an interpreter brought from Tonga, they spoke,

"We are friends. We love you."

The frowning cannibals deigned no reply, until at length one of their number commanded,

"The king is waiting in a house near by. He wants to know who you are and what you want."

Entering the king's fortified house, they found that monarch a very fat man six feet tall. After they had explained the object of their visit, the natives clapped their hands as a sign of welcome. The king, equally friendly, after many questions, said:

"I will give you land. I will build you houses. I will protect you. I will listen to your instructions."

The missionaries were permitted to pass the night in the royal canoe-house on the beach, using the large canoe as their bedstead, while the lynx-eyed natives peeped in through every available crack and opening. Myriads of mosquitoes made their temporary lodging-place highly uncomfortable; but the thought of the

difficult field now opened to them reconciled them to this.

Since many of the natives, who had come over from Tonga, understood that dialect, work could be begun among them at once. Mrs. Cargill's loving disposition easily won the interest and then the love, of the women and children, and indeed of most of the natives with whom she came in contact, all of whom were wont to say:

"Mrs. Cargill is a lady of a loving spirit."

The first converts, won within a month after landing, were Tonga people who had heard the Gospel taught in their native land. These conversions led the Fijians, and especially their king, to think seriously of the Gospel. When, after a destructive hurricane, the native priests tried to persuade the king that their gods were venting their wrath upon him for harboring the foreign missionaries, he denied their statements, and ended by saying:

"Tuilakemba (god of Lakemba) is either a lying or a foolish God."

The chief was right; his god was losing his power. In about five years Messrs. Cargill and Cross had, aided by assistants sent to them, won over five hundred converts in the Wesleyan societies of the Fiji Islands.

On June 2, 1840, when but thirty-one years of age, our heroine was called to her eternal reward. At the end, when her husband anxiously asked, "Are you really going to leave me, Margaret?" she sweetly responded, "Jesus bids me come," and, filled with joy, passed away.

A fitting compliment was paid her by a Fijian chief, not a Christian, when he was viewing her dead body. Said he: "She is like herself and appears to be asleep. There lies a lady who was never angry with us, and who always smiled when we entered her house." She was indeed a "lady of a loving spirit."

WILLIAM CAREY

The Great Bible Translator

On August 17, 1761, there was born at Paulersbury, Northamptonshire, England, a boy, who was later to be beloved by God and man. In his youth William Carey received an excellent education and evidenced a diligent disposition, showing preference, however, for geography, history and for the study of nature. His spiritual progress, though, was not so well attended to. Although his parents were attached to the Established Church, Carey's acquaintance with some of the members gave him an aversion for that church. While he was working as a shoemaker in Hackleton, at the age of sixteen, one of his associates, the son of a dissenter, took a deep interest in Carey's spiritual welfare, and occasionally lent him a religious book. Carey was induced to attend a small dissenting meeting at Hackleton on Sunday evenings, and finally joined that church.

He now became an active witness for God and for the truth. He preached at Hackleton at stated intervals for three years and a half, while he also performed a similar duty at Paulersbury. Upon offering himself to the church at Olney, he was accepted and formally set apart for the ministry. Finding the salary inadequate for his support, he settled at Moulton and again labored at his old trade of shoe-making. All spare time was devoted to study, in which languages were made a specialty, and here, first, was kindled the missionary spirit, which determined his later life. Here, alone with God, he contemplated upon the moral condition of the world. Finally, by persevering effort, he succeeded in interesting a few persons in his plans, and the little circle thus formed set aside the first Monday of each month as

a season of united prayer for the conversion of the world. Carey's suggestion to form a society for this purpose was at first received with surprise and mockery, but his zeal could not be dampened, and by writing a pamphlet on the subject, he aroused enough enthusiasm to make the formation of a missionary society possible. Though it had at first feeble support, full of hopeful expectations, Mr. Carey at once offered himself as a missionary to Bengal, East Indies, and was accepted.

Obstacles could not daunt Carey. The society as yet had too little money to do anything; but, by prayerful solicitation of subscriptions, this difficulty was surmounted. However, when Mrs. Carey heard of her husband's purpose, she refused to accompany him, and though her resolution was overruled, her presence was only a burden to her husband, on account of her mental affliction.

The sacrifices required of Carey to execute his cherished plan can hardly be exaggerated. Leaving behind friends, relatives and all the comforts of civilization, he was going, as the first missionary, to a foreign and practically unknown land, where apparently nothing but danger and opposition and discouragement awaited him; for even the English settlers and the East India Company were opposed to the spread of the Gospel, and for a native Indian to have any intercourse with a foreigner was for him to break his caste, which meant isolation and social death.

After Mr. John Thomas, a Christian physician, who had visited India, and who seemed providentially called, was chosen to accompany Carey, the two missionaries set sail June 13, 1793, and arrived at Calcutta on November the 11th. Carey at once took up his gigantic task

among the immense heathen multitude, composed of numerous tribes, speaking twenty-five or more languages, and infinitely more dialects, and began his attempt to break down immoral Hindooism, which was strengthened by the influence of remote antiquity, and was supported, besides, by the East India Company merchants.

Soon after arriving, Mr. Thomas lost the petty allowance given them by the society and the missionaries were immediately reduced to destitution. The unfortunate physician advised to abandon the work; but Carey was a stranger to despair, and at once sought means of self-support. This was no easy matter, for, on account of their social order of castes, the Indians would have no intercourse with foreigners; but, at this extremity, George Udney, who had set up two indigo factories, offered to give Carey and his companion charge of them. This grateful offer was accepted without hesitation and, though the friends at home were at first surprised and dissatisfied, Carey convinced them that he could do a double amount of work when necessary; for, despite the rigorous application demanded by the factory situation, he preached regularly to the English inhabitants and addressed the natives through an interpreter, besides his studying the language and translating the scriptures.

In autumn sorrow entered his home by the death of a five year old son; and the grief was increased by the attitude of the natives, who, on account of their rules regulating the castes, would have no intercourse with his family, and thus forced him to dig the grave and bury his son with his own hands. But he was sustained under these sorrows and exerted himself with new energy in his labor of love.

New difficulties were allowed to beset him. In 1798, Mr. Udney met with losses which made the suspension of his indigo factories necessary, and thus deprived the missionaries of both their means of support and of their shield from governmental molestation. At the same time, four new missionaries, who had arrived at Calcutta, were preemptorily ordered to leave the country. In this exigency, Mr. Cunninghame of Dinagepore relieved them from pecuniary embarrassment by a generous advance Mr. Carey at once invested his money in an indigo factory at Kiddespore, and made preparations to remove thither; but the Danish governor, who had enjoyed Christian instruction, called them to Serampore, insured them of his protection there, and since his duty appeared evident, he sacrificed his entire purchase and, in January, 1800, he repaired to Serampore.

In his new shelter, Mr. Carey worked vigorously, so that the whole Bible, except 2d Kings and 2d Chronicles, was completed and portions of it, being printed, were put into circulation. Besides this he preached to the natives five or six times a week, and once on Sundays to the English. A free school, opened for native children, soon had fifty scholars, while a boarding school in English was also established. As a result of his labors he had the pleasure of seeing his sons, Felix and William, converted and soon afterwards followed the gathering of the first convert from heathenism, while four more converts followed within the same year.

Carey's valuable assistant, Mr. Thomas, now became mentally afflicted and was taken to a hospital, but he died within a few months, leaving Carey alone to continue the work.

The Lord did not forsake his humble servant. In

1800 Carey had finished translating the entire Bible into Bengali, and within the same year he was appointed teacher of Bengali and Sanscrit in the college of Fort William, established for the instruction of the junior civil servants of the East India Company. This was a great deal of additional work, since he had to prepare his own grammars, vocabularies and elementary books, and only his habitual diligence and strictness of method enabled him to save the most sacred pursuit of his life from neglect. That he did pursue his missionary labors is proven by his report in 1803, that twenty-five converts were baptized and that thirty-nine had become Church members during his ministry.

With tireless energy, Carey still widened the field of his labors, for he now began the translation of the Bible into the Hindoostani, Persian, Mahratta, and Oookul languages, besides preaching in Bengali and English. The results of his labors became constantly more cheering, for in 1804, he reported eight new baptisms, and in 1806 twenty-seven. In 1806 he began making translations from the Sanscrit for the Asiatic Society. In the same year he began that gigantic undertaking, with which his fame is most completely identified,—the translation of the Scriptures into all the languages of the East. Beginning in his usual, methodical way, he summoned learned natives from the different countries, and each translated the Bible into his own tongue from a version already prepared in a language, with which he was familiar, and Mr. Carey revised the versions as they proceeded. Though such translations must naturally be imperfect, Mr. Carey saw that they could be used as vehicles of the truth into regions which would long remain unvisited by missionaries, and would serve well before more accurate versions could be prepared.

On January 8, 1808, Mrs. Carey, who had, for twelve years, been a burden on her husband's hands, was removed by death, and, within the same year, Dr. Carey married a German lady, from Calcutta, who was one of his first European converts. In August of this year he was brought near the grave by a fever, but was mercifully restored to continue his labors.

On March 12, 1812, a great disaster occurred in the conflagration of the printing office. Manuscripts of great value and fonts of type in thirteen different languages and a large quantity of paper were lost. Large contributions were at once raised in England. Fortunately the matrices of the type destroyed were not lost; and so the type was recast and the manuscripts were reprinted and within a year the damaged property was restored.

In 1817 began a misunderstanding with the Baptist Missionary Society which finally resulted in the separation of the mission from the parent society. This, however, was for the best and did not impair the regard of Dr. Carey for his friends at home.

In May, 1821, Dr. Carey sustained a heavy loss in the death of his second wife, who was a true Christian and a helpful companion.

Even in his old age he was still active. In 1820 he issued a circular on Indian agriculture and in that way began an agricultural society. In 1823 he was elected a fellow of the Linnaean Society, a member of the Geological Society and a corresponding member of the Horticultural Society of London.

Towards the close of the year he fell, causing a violent contusion of the hip-joint, and as a result had an attack of fever, which greatly weakened him. Still he would not cease working and in 1825, his Bengali dic-

tionary was published, and in 1830 a revised Bengali version of the Scriptures.

He was now very weak and fevers and other disorders attacked him with increased frequency, and warned him that he must prepare to depart. He looked forward to the change that awaited him with the same cheerful and humble serenity, which had characterized him through his whole life; and in this state of mind, he continued until the 9th of June, 1834, when he "fell asleep." His truly humble spirit is beautifully expressed in his epitaph, for, despite the marvelous achievements, which his energetic and zealous labors for the Master accomplished with the Lord's help, he desired the following inscription on his stone: "A wretched, poor and helpless worm, on thy kind arms I fall."

JACOB CHAMBERLAIN

The Gospel Hero Among Barbarians

"Swing shut the city gates; run and tell the sentinels to stand guard and let no one pass in or out till we have made way with these preachers of other Gods. No news shall ever go out of the city as to what has become of them."

This was the welcome Rev. Chamberlain received at a walled city in the Kingdom of Hyderabad in the dominions of the Nizim. It was in the afternoon of an August day in 1863. Just after he had entered through the tremendous iron city gates fastened in high granite walls, Chamberlain saw his native assistants returning from a tour of inspection and scripture selling in the city. Behind them followed a hooting rabble of citizens. They told him that it was unsafe to enter the city and that,

though they had sold a few gospels and tracts, the Mohammedan zealots and Braham priests, discovering the Scriptures antagonistic to their systems, had made an effort to stop their sale.

"Have you proclaimed the gospel message to the people?" Dr. Chamberlain asked his assistants.

"No, Sir; we have only sold a few books and tracts."

"Then we must do so now. Did we not make a solemn vow that we would not pass a single town or village without proclaiming the Master's message, and have we not His covenant, 'Lo, I am with you?' I at least must go to the market-place and preach. You need not accompany me unless you think best."

The native assistants chose to accompany him, saying that they, too, had taken the vow, so they walked firmly up the street to the market place, followed by an ever-increasing and dangerous mob. Gaining the market, where there stood a roof supported by large masonry pillars, Chamberlain ascended the steps and directed his catechists: "Place your backs against these pillars, so that no one can attack you from behind, and keep a sharp watch on all, but show no signs of fear. The Master is with us; His promise is good."

Turning to the people, he spoke to them politely in Telugu, that he might be understood by all, but received the angry response, "Leave this place at once."

"Friends," said he, "I have come from far to tell you some good news. I will tell it to you and then we will go."

"No," said a few, who seemed to be the leaders, "we will not hear you. You have come to proclaim another God. You do so at your peril. You see this

angry mob. One word from us and you are dead. Leave the city instantly and we will see you safely out of the gates. Dare to say a word against our gods and we will loose this mob upon you."

The furious rabble began to tear up the cobble paving stones to hurl them at the missionary.

Still undaunted, that one replied that he had come to deliver a message and would not leave until he had done so.

"Swing shut the gates," came the order.

One nudged another, saying, "You throw the first stone and I will throw the second," but Chamberlain's keen glance made them quail and hesitate. The man of God was sensitive of the Master's presence and support and felt no fear, but only concern as to how he might best deliver His message. His quick eye discerned five honest countenances among the mob, which had shown no sympathy with the abuse heaped upon the missionary; so he continued:

"I see five men before me who wish to hear my story. Will you all step back a little? I will tell these five why I came here, and then you may stone me. Brother with the red-bordered turban," said he, addressing a venerable Brahman to his right, "you would like to hear my wonderful story before they stone me, would you not? Be frank, for there are four others who wish to hear."

The man assented courageously and kindly, as did the remaining four, and stepped forward, while the others reluctantly fell back a little.

Chamberlain at once aroused the interest of these five Brahmans by telling them of the sinfulness of the soul, which they themselves acknowledged, repeating

some of their chants to the effect, and asked them if they knew how to rid themselves of that sin.

"No, Sir; we do not know. Would that we did." The missionary said he would tell them.

The multitude, seeing the Brahams conversing with the foreigners with evident respect, became more quite and stepped nearer to listen.

"Step back, step back," Chamberlain commanded, "It is only these five to whom I am to tell my story." Naturally they became intensely interested and crowded closer.

Again he chanted from one of their poets a confession of the vanity of all holy pilgrimages, thus gaining at once the ear of the people. Gradually and imperceptably he raised his voice until all the multitude crowding the three streets leading to the market could hear. He told the old, old story of Jesus, of His birth, wonderful life, His blessed words, His marvelous deeds and His sorrowful death, painting all in graphic words given him by God standing at his side. Stealthily the people had dropped their armfuls of cobble stones in the gutter and now tears coursed down their cheeks.

How they did listen when he told them of His ascension from Mt. Olivet and of His going to prepare a mansion for the souls of the righteous dead!

"Now," he concluded, folding his arms, "I have finished my story and you may come and stone me."

"No, no" they replied, "we don't want to stone you now. We did not know whose messenger you were, nor what you had come to tell us. Do your books tell more about this wonderful Redeemer?"

He replied that they contained much more than he could tell them and offered them for sale, expaining

that he had to press onward on the morrow. At once wallets were produced, and the people purchased all the gospels and tracts that the missionary had with him, after which they begged forgiveness for insults given on account of their ignorance and a deputation of men escorted him and his assistants to their camp. Truly the story of the Cross has not yet lost its power.

ELEANOR CHESTNUT

The Martyr Physician

On the wall of one of the rooms of the Presbyterian Foreign Mission Board is placed a bronze tablet bearing first in the list the name of Eleanor Chestnut, M. D., "who, for Christ's sake, suffered cruel death at Lien-chou, China, October 28, 1905."

This noble heroine was born at Waterloo, Iowa, on January 8, 1868. Of her parents she knew little, since her father, an Irishman, died about the time of her birth, and her mother, who was a Manx woman, died three years later. Therefore she was raised by kind but poor neighbors, who were charmed by "her loving, kindly ways, her obedience in the family circle, her studious habits, and her unselfish ways." She herself, however, said that she, filled with inward resentment against her lonely fate, longed for the sympathy of a mother's love and rebelled against her unhappy and lonesome lot. Her great happiness lay in her school, into which she threw herself with all her energy. Having finished the public school at Waterloo at twelve, she, in her characteristic independent fashion, herself wrote to the president of Park College, about which she had heard, telling him of her longings and difficulties, and received an invitation to come to Parkville.

There she at once found a congenial atmosphere, and, under the College's Christian influence many defects in her nature, which no mother's intelligent and jealous care had corrected, were erased. She joined the Church, and did more: she decided to become a missionary. By way of preparation she finished a course in medicine in Chicago and in 1893 sent in a formal application for missionary appointment. She was at once appointed as a medical missionary to South China and sailed for Hongkong in 1894.

Arriving at her own station at Sam-kong, she at once began her study of Northern Mandarin. There, in the neighborhood, were a girls' boarding school, three churches and medical wards for men and women, but they were very inadequate. She had to labor there at a disadvantage, because of the difficulty of the scarcity of drugs and the difficulty of finding those that were there, since they were labeled in Chinese.

Though she reached China at about the time of the anti-foreign disturbance, she was permitted to prosecute her work in peace. Her station was yet undisturbed.

In 1893, Dr. Chestnut removed to a more favorable location at Lien-chou, where she superintended a men's hospital, besides for a time conducting all the work in the mission in the absence of Dr. Machle.

She came home on a furlough in 1902, and spent her time doing post-graduate work in medicine, making missionary addresses and raising over a thousand dollars for a chapel at Lien-chou; but she returned again in 1903, and in her last letters home urged the need of building a boys' boarding school, as the present one was too small, and of another doctor to take her place that she might remove to Ham-kuang.

Her next removal, however, was to a city far more fair and glorious. It was on the Chinese All Souls' Day, which was celebrated with the usual idolatrous ceremonies. A shed for the purpose was erected on the mission premises. Dr. Machle remonstrated with the elders, but a mob came up, armed with a sword, a revolver and sticks. Dr. Chestnut was hurrying off to report the matter to the Chinese authorities, and might have escaped, had she not returned when she saw the peril of the others. They all sought refuge in a Buddhist temple and were all caught there, but Dr. Machle and Miss Patterson. Miss Chestnut was brought to the temple steps, at the foot of a large tree, where she sat down on a mound. There some young Chinese struck her a blow with a piece of wood, after which she was thrown off a steep bank into the river. She lay in the water as though asleep. Yet some men jumped after her and stabbed her three times with a trident. The other captives were also killed.

Thus, this noble young lady fell as a martyr to her Saviour's cause. Her work is done, her earthly life is ended, and she has entered into the higher service of life everlasting.

TITUS COAN

Foremost Missionary to the Hawaiian Islands

One day in the year 1809 a Hawaiian boy named Obookiah was found sitting on the steps of a Yale College building, crying. He longed for an education that he might return and tell his people of Christ. "The people of Hawaii are very bad," he complained; "they pray to gods made of wood. I want to learn to read the Bible, and go back there and tell them to pray to God up

in heaven." His wish was realized. Assistance was given him by Samuel J. Mills and in 1819 he and some others set sail for Hawaii.

The God, who had so strangely called the missionaries to Hawaii, also prepared the way for them. King Kamehameha had subjugated the islands by a series of bloody wars and, displeased by the power which the heathen priests had gained over his people, had called for teachers from Vancouver to counteract it. Accordingly, when the missionaries reached the harbor of Oahu in 1820, they could praise the Lord with the words, "Sing, O heavens, for the Lord hath done it," for they found a land without a religion, and also without idols.

Thurston, Bingham and the others were kindly received, and, preaching to large audiences of attentive listeners, prepared for the phenomenal results of their successor, Titus Coan, who arrived in 1835. Within a year Coan was already able to preach to the people in their own tongue, and did so to ever growing audiences, until, two years after his arrival, he was the pastor of fifteen thousand people. The whole population was receptive and eager for the Gospel, and the zealous missionary longed for wings that he might hasten to answer their cry. He went from island to island, tramping over mountains and through floods, and saw "the people turn out wonderfully." When detected on the street, a crowd would gather about him, expecting a sermon, and he reported: "I preached just as hard as I could. I felt that I must preach to these people."

Realizing that he was unable to reach all the people by these visits, Coan at last invited them to come to him. They did high and low, healthy, sick and lame, walked, crawled or were carried to the place of worship. Within

the radius of a mile little cabins arose as if by magic, clustered thick as they could stand. The population of Hilo shot up from one to ten thousand, and for about two years a veritable camp-meeting was held at the place. A Sunday stillness always rested over the crowded town, and at sunrise and sunset the voice of praise and prayer arose from every booth. Of how many of our own so-called civilized towns can that be said? A tap of the bell would gather an audience of thousands at any time of the night.

Coan's marvellous success can only be explained as the blessed work of God. The first Sunday in July, 1838, as many as 1705 persons, who had recently been pagans, were received by profession of faith. In the following year 5244 more professed conversion. When he left Hilo in 1870, the missionary had received 11,960 souls into communion and so sincerely did they cling to the faith, that only one in sixty had to be brought under discipline. There were sixty self-supporting churches in the islands, with a membership of 15,000. Though poor in worldly goods, the converts gave annually \$30,000 for the furtherance of the Gospel, and as late as 1892, their monthly offerings to missions averaged \$100, and the total of the gifts to all religious purposes amounted to \$100,000. In Hilo they built a church costing \$14,000.

The evening of his life Mr. Coan spent as the pastor of a large church in Hilo where he threw himself into his work with all the ardor of his youth, until in 1882 he was stricken with paralysis, and died December 1.

The secret of his success lies in the words of an aged missionary, spoken in the presence of the Hawaiian king and dignitaries. Holding up the Bible translated into the Hawaiian language, he said: "Not with powder

and ball, and swords and cannon, but with this living Word of God, and His Spirit, do we go forth to conquer the islands for Christ."

THOMAS COKE

First Bishop of the Methodist Episcopal Church

Thomas Coke, the first bishop of the Methodist Episcopal Church, and the founder of numerous missions, was born at Brecon, Wales, September 9, 1747. On account of the early death of his father, an eminent surgeon, his education was left to the care of his mother, who placed him under the instruction of Rev. Griffith, master of the Brecon grammar school. At the age of seventeen he entered Jesus College, Oxford, where he was exposed to evil and un-Christian companionship, which, for a short time, directed his step on the downward road. In this condition, however, his conscience would not permit him to remain, and the discourses of Bishop Sherlock led him to the light. He now began studying the doctrines of Christianity, led a serious and studious life, and resolved to devote himself to the ministry.

On leaving the university, at the age of twenty-one, he was chosen common councilman in the borough of Brecon, and at the age of twenty-five was placed at the head of the municipality. Shortly afterwards he obtained the curacy of South Petherton, in Somersetshire, and in 1775 took his degree as doctor in the Civil Law, at Oxford.

He took charge of South Petherton parish and preached sound truths with an earnestness of conviction that attracted audiences larger than the church could contain. Galleries were necessary, and when the parish refused to erect them, Coke did so at his own cost, which

showed his Christian zeal and started a rumor that he was a "Methodist." A Wesleyan preacher, hearing of this, did much to enlighten him on the subject of his inquiries and peace entered Coke's soul. Now he preached with a directness and earnestness that created opposition, and finally he left the parish.

Since his wealth made his working as a minister totally unnecessary, he was, for a time, undecided as to what course to pursue; but soon he met Mr. John Wesley, at Taunton, whose views coincided with his own, and he decided to cast his lot with the Wesleyan Methodists. In 1777, he first attended a Methodist conference, where he was appointed to labor in London. His ministry there was both popular and useful and his congregations were immense. In 1780 he was appointed to preside over the London circuit, and at this time he undertook to assist Mr. Wesley in visiting all his numerous societies, both in England and in Ireland.

In 1784, since it was necessary to provide some Church organization for the Methodists of America, Wesley ordained Dr. Coke and sent him as the first superintendent to organize the Church and to ordain Mr. Ashbury, an American minister. At a conference called at Baltimore on Christmas eve, 1784, it was decided to constitute an independent Church, called the Methodist Episcopal Church, and Dr. Coke and Francis Ashbury were elected bishops, after which Dr. Coke ordained Mr. Ashbury. Cokesbury College was, at this time, founded near Baltimore, but after flourishing five years it was destroyed by fire, and, after it had been re-opened in a building in Baltimore, a second conflagration led to the abandonment of the enterprise.

In 1785, after laboring enthusiastically in America,

he returned to England to help Mr. Wesley as he had before. Missionary enterprises occupied his mind, and in 1786 he established a Methodist Society on the island of Guernsey. The needs of Nova Scotia, but partially relieved, determined him, with three other missionaries, to set out to preach the Gospel there, but the ship was driven out of its way by a tempest and was forced to come to anchor in the harbor of Antigua, of the West Indies, on December 25, 1786. He was so impressed by the religious progress made there that he left the missionaries where Providence had led them and gathered information to serve as a basis for future action.

In 1787 he set sail for Charleston and, traveling through the different states, noticed the rapid progress of the Church and attended several conferences. While there his vigorous testimony against slavery excited indignation against him, so that even his life was threatened; but his fearless discretion raised him above harm. In May he sailed for Dublin and, arriving there, joined Mr. Wesley at the Irish conference.

The statements made by him concerning the providential circumstances which had led him to the West Indies and of the moral condition of the people clearly showed the duty of sending additional missionaries to the West Indies, and Dr. Coke undertook soliciting funds for their support. In 1788, three missionaries were designated, with whom he sailed for Barbadoes, an island of the West Indies not before visited by him. Traveling from island to island, he witnessed the progress of the work and saw the obstacles it had to contend with, of which the greatest was the persecution of the missionaries, which was carried on chiefly in the island St. Eustatius.

In 1789 he returned home by way of the United States. Again he solicited contributions and on October 16, 1790, he sailed with two other missionaries for the West Indies. Arriving there, he traveled from one station to another, trying to build up the work. St. Eustatius was still closed to the Gospel, and he determined to lay the case before the government of Holland, the mother country.

When he had arrived in America, he learned of Wesley's death, and at once, on the 14th of May, 1791, sailed for England. On his arrival he had to meet some jealousies and suspicions, to which his conscious position in the Wesleyan connection rendered him liable at such a time. Two biographies were written on Wesley's life; one by Messrs. Coke and Moore, published in 1792, and another by Dr. Whitehead, who secured possession of Mr. Wesley's manuscripts upon the latter's death.

Following an invitation by several Englishmen in Paris, Dr. Coke now made an attempt to begin a Methodist Society in that city; but, on account of the excitement caused by the French revolution, the attempt failed. Later, at the termination of the conference of 1792, he sailed again for the West Indies, accompanied by one other missionary. He found St. Eustatius and some other islands still closed; but at such places as Antigua and Barbadoes the missionaries were successful.

In 1793 he took passage for England at Jamaica and made an attempt to have the Dutch West Indies opened to missionary enterprise, himself making a visit to Holland, but without success. He had promised the Americans to settle in their country; but their English brethren sent an appeal to the American Methodists that the latter relieve the Doctor of his promise. The

doctor, wishing to be relieved, added his appeal to their's, with the result that they permitted him to remain, on condition that he should remain subject to their call.

Dr. Coke's labors were now divided between his commentary on the Bible, the solicitation of funds for missions and his customary visitations. He soon conceived the design of a mission to the Irish peasants by persons speaking their native language,—an enterprise crowned with success.

In 1799 he made his eighth voyage to America, and upon his return, in 1800, proceeded to Ireland, where the Methodist societies had suffered somewhat from the late rebellion. Now he made arrangements to send out Welsh speaking missionaries to Wales, with great success.

In 1805 he married an excellent lady of ample fortune, which she was happy to contribute liberally to the cause of missions. In the same year the doctor instituted an extended system of home missions at his own expense. His commentary was now finished and was published and circulated in 1807. In 1808 he had a measure annulled which had been passed in Jamaica to suppress Methodist worship in the island.

In 1811 his wife died. He now began a mission among the French prisoners of war; but an early peace put an end to this, and the missionaries were sent to Sierra Leone, at his private expense. Towards the end of this year he married a second time, but his wife died in one year.

Hitherto he had acted as a superintendent, director and supporter of missions; but he now intended to go out into the field personally, expecting to pass the rest of his days as a missionary in Ceylon. "To the remonstrances of his friends with reference to his personal

risks at that period of his life, and the difficulty of adapting his physical habits and organs of speech to a tropical climate and an oriental tongue, he replied that he was dead to England and alive to India." At the conference of 1813, he presented himself with six others, whom he had engaged to accompany him, as ready to start to India. When objections were made on account of expense, he, with customary generosity, offered to advance the necessary funds, from his private possessions, if necessary, to the extent of six thousand pounds.

Before starting out Dr. Coke provided for the continued support of the missions already in operation, which had been carried forward, notwithstanding their extent and magnitude, under his charge. On the 30th of December, 1813, the company departed, in two ships of a fleet of thirty-three merchantmen, convoyed by eight vessels of war. On passing Cape of Good Hope they were exposed to violent gales, and several sailors were carried overboard. Dr. Coke now became somewhat ill, and on the 24th of April, 1814, he was found dead in his room, stricken down by an apoplectic stroke.

The Christian world justly mourned his death, for indeed he was a great man. Besides being one of the leading factors in the organization and support of the now great Methodist Church, he himself did the work of a missionary society in sending out, and supporting chiefly by his own means forty-three missionaries to the East and West Indies, and to America, and he was himself on the way to India in company with five others when he died and was buried in the Indian Ocean, May 2, 1814, while the five men who accompanied him went to Ceylon, and began their labors. In performing his Christian labors, Coke crossed the Atlantic Ocean eighteen times. His boldness, decision and indomitable

zeal, under the control of a high sense of duty, made him successful in his great undertakings, and made him one of the great men in the Church of Christ.

MELVILLE BEVERIDGE COX

A Self-Sacrificed Martyr of Liberia

A pale young man approached the venerable Bishop Hedding to speak to him. Prostrated with grief at the early death of his beloved wife, he had been forced to quit his charge and travel further south to regain his health, and was yet an invalid. The young man opened his heart freely to the Bishop, expressing his zeal to bear the light of the Gospel to the unhappy heathen, and ending with the words, "I desire very much to be sent as a missionary to South America."

"Why not go to Liberia?" asked the Bishop, who had already vainly tried to find a man for that land of fatal fevers and almost invariable early death. An infant colony of freedmen was there, sent out by the Colonization Society, which might grow into a community and become a light to the benighted tribes of interior Africa. A white missionary sent out by the Baptists, Calvin Horton, had already fallen by the deadly fever. Was the missionary fire in the invalid's breast sufficiently strong to incline him to say "Yes?"

"If the Lord will, I will go," the youth, Melville B. Cox, replied, after a thoughtful pause. He knew that he was, in all probability, signing his death-warrant by these words and one less consecrated to his Master would have wavered when reflecting on the perils of his proposed mission; but his noble soul thought not of himself but of the work he would accomplish for the poor freed-

men struggling with the difficulties of settlement in a new home in a sickly climate.

After suitable arrangements had been made, he was duly appointed by the Methodist Missionary Society to the Liberian Mission. With exultant eagerness and a radiant face, he wrote, "I thirst to be on my way. I pray that God may go with me there. I have no lingering fear. A grave in Africa shall be sweet to me if he sustain me."

He did not doubt but that he would be called upon to lay down his life for the good of Liberia. Perhaps he regarded himself as a needed sacrifice for the good of not only Liberia, but for that of the countless hosts of degraded beings in Africa. Doubtless this truly sublime thought led him to write, "I know that I cannot live long in Africa, but I hope to live long enough to get there; and if it please God that my bones shall lie in an African grave, I shall have established such a bond between Africa and the Church at home as shall not be broken until Africa be redeemed."

With a similar spirit of self-sacrifice, he said to one of the students of Wesleyan University, at Middletown, Connecticut, when visiting that school, "If I die in Africa, you must come over and write my epitaph."

"I will," replied the young man, "but what shall I write?"

"Write, Let a thousand fall before Africa be given up," was the grand response.

When the day of embarkation arrived, his high purpose was put to a practical test in the failing courage of the young woman, who had promised to accompany him. He had to go alone, bidding adieu to the graves of his beloved wife and child and to his personal friends,

to the Church and his native land. Yet, even in view of his premonition of impending death, he never faltered, and though he confessed frankly that he felt a little sadness, with unshrinking faith and hope, he stood the test.

He began his voyage in the "Jupiter" on November 6, 1832. He was prostrated by sea-sickness, while unusually severe storms rudely tossed the vessel, but his firm spirit was unaffected. In mid-ocean he was busy planning mission-house, school, church and farm. In the happy vision of hope he already saw young converts, churches, circuits, stations and conferences in Liberia. As the bark neared the land, his longings, like those of Xenophon's Greeks, when nearing the sea, grew to impatience, and when the coast became dimly visible he enthusiastically exclaimed, "I have seen Liberia, and live! It rises up as yet like a cloud of heaven!"

Landing at Monrovia on March 7, 1833, he, with the zeal and energy of the disciples of old, at once threw himself into his work. He preached, purchased a mission house, disclosed his plans to the people, improved the Sunday Schools, held a camp-meeting, visited the colonists at their homes, chose suitable places for missionary occupation, secured a church lot and thus executed numberless plans which had filled his mind yearning for the salvation of the millions of God's degraded children.

In less than four months, however, the fatal fever had laid its burning hand upon him, and its touch was the touch of death. On July 21, he awoke from a torpid slumber, cried, "Come, come, come, Lord Jesus, come quickly!" and then ascended to Paradise.

He fell, as he had expected, a sacrifice on the mis-

sionary altar for the salvation of Africa, but his spirit still lives on, giving inspiration to the missionary spirit of our Church. Even before he had passed away, his example, unknown to himself, had moved five others of a spirit like unto his own, to risk their lives for Africa's good. Now the Church, inspired by lives of heroic sacrifice like that of Melville Cox, is encircling the globe with missionary churches and stations.

SAMUEL ADJAI CROWTHER

Africa's Slave-Boy Bishop

One day in about the year 1820, some slave stealers entered a village of one of the largest tribes of negroes on the west coast of Africa and, capturing men, women and children, drove them in chains to the coast to put them aboard ships and transport them to the slave markets. Among others the family of a little eleven-year-old black boy, named Adjai, was captured and he was separated from his parents and brothers and sisters. After a long, weary tramp and long days of suffering in a crowded slave pen, he was put on board a slave ship. Fortunately—and who will not say providentially?—the ship was captured by one of the British steamers on the lookout for slavers, and Adjai was placed under the care and instruction of some missionaries in the English colony at Sierra Leone. There he went to school and was first told of the love of Christ for all, even little black boys like himself. An English clergyman somehow heard of Adjai and offered to pay for his tuition at the best school in Freetown, Africa. The offer was accepted, and, when Adjai was baptized at sixteen years of age, he was given the name of his English benefactor, Samuel Crowther.

black ants until he dropped senseless, but, though the ants, fully an inch in length, had a sting as poisonous as a serpent's, no harm resulted to the missionary from their deadly work.

His most wonderful escape, however, was from a venomous serpent, which lay hidden in his hut on a shelf near the roof. As he was entering the house to throw himself upon his hammock, the snake slid down and descended upon his head. In the scuffle, it bit him several times in the head and neck. Determined upon the death of the man, the serpent was pulled from his neck, only to gain a fresh hold. At length Daehne began to lose hope and, believing he had come to the end of his life, he seized a piece of chalk lying handy and wrote upon the table to let his brethren know the misfortune which had come to him, the words, "A serpent has killed me," fearing that they might accuse the Indians of his murder.

As he had finished the writing of these words, the words of the Savior to His disciples flashed through his mind, "They shall take up serpents, and it shall not harm them." Then, suddenly gathering together all his reserve strength, he seized the abominable creature, wrenched it loose and flung it out of the hut. He then lay down, and when he had recovered from the shock he felt no injury. The serpent was doubtless one whose bite is not poisonous, and which coil around their prey and crush it. This brave and desperate struggle saved his life.

Daehne's missionary station was among the raving and warlike negroes and Indians, in the unhealthy climate and rank wilderness of Surinam, which was justly regarded as the most dangerous and difficult of all the Moravian Missions. Nevertheless Daehne and his co-workers laid the foundations of their work so solidly, that

when the famous traveler, W. G. Palgrave visited Surinam in 1875, he had nothing but praise for the results of their work. The last census gives nineteen Moravian schools, while over twenty-four thousand names are inscribed in the register of the Brotherhood.

WILLIAM DAVIES

Missionary to West Africa

A missionary and a negro were kneeling in the prayer-room of an African mission station, earnestly supplicating God to take the burden of sin from the poor, penitent native's heart. Suddenly a cry of joy resounded from the distant corner and the missionary found himself enclasped in the arms of the ecstatic penitent, who was crying,

"I found him, I found him!"

"What have you found?" inquired the more calm Mr. Davies, still firmly embraced by the native.

"I found Christ. I feel his pardoning peace. His spirit says, 'Go in peace; thy sins are forgiven thee.'"

The man of God, Wm. Davies by name, felt comforted and repaid for the many sufferings and hardships which he had endured. Answering the call for a missionary to follow George Warren, who had died of fever in Sierra Leone soon after his arrival, he and his wife had courageously offered themselves as his successors to this "grave yard of missions," the western coast of the Dark Continent. The discontinued work among the natives, some of whom had already heard the Gospel in America as slaves and had treasured it in their hearts, was resumed with great success. Mrs. Davies gathered a school of one hundred and fifty girls.

The wilderness was beginning to blossom again; but alas! death had not yet finished taking its toll of missionary lives. Scarcely ten months had passed before both husband and wife were smitten with fever on the same day. After lingering a few days, the pure and heroic soul of the missionary's wife ascended to Paradise, leaving her husband to continue his labors of sacrifice and love all alone. On the tombstone marking her grave her sorrowing friends inscribed the words, "Not lost, but gone before!"

The loving Master sent further consolation to the afflicted missionary, when this lonely man saw that his message of love and mercy was not in vain. After preaching several times in an outlying village, he one day saw the head man of that village bring out a bag filled with greegrees, which were bits of leather, horn or paper supposedly charmed by some Arabic words written on them by the priests, so that they could keep those who brought them from harm. The man's command of, "Bring shavings, sticks and straw!" were promptly obeyed; but when he set fire to them and, emptying the contents of his bag upon the burning sticks, let the fire consume all the pretended amulets, the natives gazed on the striking scene with wonder and fear.

"What me do now for greegree to keep me?" queried a melancholy voice.

To this anxious question an old man replied sharply: "Hold your tongue, you! We tink greegree keep we from the big fire, and he no can keep himself from the burning before my eye. Me be fool no longer. Me seek white men God; me seek Massa Jesus to save me."

Such scenes as these with open confessions from the simple-hearted natives were meat and drink to their

devoted missionary. He needed help to prosecute the work with greater vigor; and upon his call Mr. Samuel Brown and his faithful wife came to join him in the dangerous field in 1816. Their beginning was rendered auspicious by bright success; but seven months after their arrival the fever laid them low, and Mrs. Brown died. She was buried in the same grave with Mrs. Davies.

Mr. Brown recovered and resumed his labors with great success, though Mr. Davies, now laid low by many attacks of fever, was forced to return to England.

Through such self-denying souls as these the Church was ever able to answer calls for missionaries to go to that "graveyard of missions," Western Africa.

JOHN L. DYER

The Typical Frontier Missionary

John L. Dyer, better known in home missionary history as Father Dyer, was a noble type of the hardy pioneer preacher. He was born in Columbus, Ohio, March 16, 1812. He united with the Methodist Church in 1830, and a few years later became a local preacher. From 1851-61, he labored as an itinerant preacher in Wisconsin and Minnesota. His ministry in this region was blessed of God with the ingathering of over 500 souls into the kingdom of Christ, and this in a new territory where he was in many places the first to preach the Gospel and to establish a church. In these Gospel labors he used up all his personal property and was in debt. With God's help, however, his honest determination to pay all his debts was faithfully carried out.

Then in 1861, Dyer traveled westward towards

Pike's Peak in Colorado. His horse dying on the way, he walked nearly 600 miles, making Gospel addresses on the way and reached Buckskin Joe mining camp, Colorado, in July 1861. From 1861 to 1879, with the exception of one year's work in New Mexico, he labored as a hardy pioneer gospel preacher in the mining camps of Colorado, where dancing, theatrical amusements, card-playing, gambling, drinking and debauchery were common evils baffling his faithful endurance and untiring energy as a Gospel preacher. Among the mountaineers he was known as the Snowshoe itinerant. His support was meager and inadequate. A friend gave him a cabin, which he made his home and also used as a preaching place. To live and defray expenses he labored for a time in the double capacity of mail-carrier and evangelist. He walked on snow-shoes, drawing his sled thirty-seven miles each way over a mountainous Indian trail across the Mosquito range covered with snow, from three to twenty feet deep. He encountered terrific snow storms and several times narrowly escaped death. All his labors in this rough mountainous region were filled with hard toil and with excitement both spiritual and physical. He came in contact with nature in the rough, where ungodly men, wild beasts, desolate mountains, merciless blizzards and difficulties untold confronted him. Yet he bore all without complaint, through faith he escaped dangers, wrought righteousness and won hundreds of souls over to the Christian life.

Despite all the bitter severity of his long fight of faith against great odds, God's grace kept him in a cheerful mood to the end. His parting address at one of the Colorado conferences was a tender testimony of God's goodness and of love for his brethren. Viewing

him in the large, he was, as has been fittingly said, "a graduate of God's school for heroes."

He spent the evening of his long and precious life in Denver, where in 1886 he was elected Chaplain of the Colorado State Senate, and where, in 1901, at University Park, he died in great peace of soul and in the glorious hope of eternal reward.

ALEXANDER DUFF

Founder of Schools and Missions in India

Almost a century ago, a bright, imaginative lad was lying among the blueberries on the bank of a stream flowing by his father's cottage on a farm in Perthshire, Scotland. Shortly before he had narrowly escaped death in this stream; and the deep impression thus made was augmented by his then reading Buchanan's poem, "The Day of Judgment" and Milton's "Paradise Lost." On this particular day mentioned he had a dream in which—may it have been an intimation of his future destiny?—he saw a glorious light, from which there issued a golden chariot studded with gems, and drawn by horses of fire. It reached his side, and he heard a voice saying to him, "Come up hither, I have work for thee to do." In his effort to arise the sleeper awoke, but the remembrance of that dream never left him.

That youth, Alexander Duff, was the son of a pious Scotch farmer, who early attempted to instill into his children a love for Christ and His religion. Showing them the pictures of heathen idols, he would often describe to them the wretched condition of the idolators, and thus arouse their compassion for the heathen. These feelings intensified as Alexander left grammar school at

Perth for the University of St. Andrews with twenty pounds in his pocket, which was all the patrimony that his worthy father could bestow upon him. Here he made his way by winning scholarships and exhibitions. He was here also greatly benefited spiritually by contact with the illustrious Chalmers, whose influence was like an overpowering spell upon him, and also by meeting Marshman and Morrison from the mission field.

It was at this time that the almost lifeless Scottish Missionary Society was revived. India was determined upon as the field of its operations and here it was decided to begin an aggression upon heathen superstition by the teaching of religion, European science and English literature. Duff firmly believed in the effectiveness and wisdom of this scheme and was asked to begin work in India; but, on account of his high estimate of the dignity of the position and of his feeling of personal unworthiness, he shrunk back. After repeated urging from his superiors, however, he assented, but asked freedom from local control in India and perfect liberty to use his own judgment concerning the system of discipline and tuition to be employed in the seminary he was commissioned to found.

In October, 1829, the youthful missionary embarked on an eventful voyage in the "Lady Holland." At the "Cape" he was shipwrecked and lost all of his eight hundred volumes, except a Bible and Psalter, given him as a parting gift at his ordination, in the preservation of which this pious man read that God's book should receive the most earnest and absorbing study. The "Moirá" picked him up at the Cape, but had scarcely entered the Hoogly when she was struck furiously by a monsoon and was driven as a shattered wreck upon the

shore, while the missionary and his wife were with difficulty rescued from the heaving billows.

Though Duff was warmly welcomed by such men as Corrie, Brown and Adams, he found in the whole mission body, with the exception of Carey, decided opposers to his plan; and this is not surprising, for hitherto the natives educated in English science and literature had turned it to bad account. The missionaries saw the dangers, but did not, like Duff, perceive that these must be met and conquered, nor that new forces were at hand to accomplish this. However, this was his commission and he did not waver.

The first task was the building of the proposed seminary. Duff saw that the location in the great Chitpore Road, in Calcutta, the very center of native life, was absolutely necessary to its success; so, though it was in disobedience to his orders from the society, he founded the seminary there, and the issue proved that he was right. On July 12, 1830, it was opened. Through the friendship of Rammohun Roy, the Indian Reformer, who believed in the worship of one supreme and eternal God, but did not recognize the divinity or atonement of Jesus Christ, several pupils were entered on the opening day. On that day, after Duff had slowly repeated the Lord's prayer in Bengali, he gave the pupils a copy of the Gospels and requested them to read; but they refused, for fear that they might become Christians. Rammohun Roy, however, whom they trusted and respected, proved to them, by example and argument that their fears were groundless, assuring them that becoming a Christian was a perfectly voluntary matter, and they were satisfied.

This first great difficulty being thus overcome, Duff

threw himself with his characteristic enthusiasm into the work, training his assistants and doing his share in the drudgery of elementary training. Soon the institution grew in popularity and applicants became so numerous that selections had to be made. From a common school the institution developed into a college, and was attended by natives of every caste and of every age from eight to twenty-one years. At the end of twelve months a public examination was held, under the presidency of Arch-deacon Corrie. Lord Wm. Bentinck and Sir Chas. Trevelyan, who were among the audience, expressed their surprise at the progress of the pupils; for their knowledge of English grammar and idiom and of Bible history and teachings was unusual.

The great conflict between the Anglican and Oriental religion was ending in favor of the former; and when, on March 7, 1825, Lord William Bentinck, the Indian procounsul, issued a decree that the government should for the future promote European literature and science—to the utmost, the disintegration of Hinduism was begun; for the search-light of scientific knowledge, which agrees with and proves the truth of the Book of God, detected many fallacies in the Hindu theology.

Meanwhile Duff closely connected secular and religious instruction. He publicly delivered lectures on natural and revealed religion, which led to earnest and animated debates. Later he erected a wicker-work chapel, in which he preached in the vernacular and, on Sunday evenings, in English, besides conducting courses of lectures on the Bible and philosophy for enquirers. Soon his own church was transformed into a goodly congregation, while even the British chaplain had a steadily increasing attendance at his services.

Now Duff's formerly robust health began to fail, because of his incessant toil, and in 1834 he set sail for England. Here, however, he did not cease to labor for the cause of missions and, indeed, he did quite as much for it as he could have done in India. He developed a marvellous power of natural oratory, and stirred the spirit of his fellow Christians by appeals such as they had never before heard, in which he gave the church a new and enlarged view of its duties and responsibilities in regard to the heathen world.

In 1839 his health was restored and he returned to India once more, after publishing his book, "India and Indian Missions." Visiting Egypt and Sinai on the way, he brought with him the ardor of a boy and the endurance of a man with the culture of a genial student. The progress of India during his absence justly surprised him. The first object which caught his eye was the sign of a Hindu druggist. Then he came to a handsome church and elegant parsonage, with one of his own pupils, formerly a Brahmin of the highest caste, as pastor. Rightly did he rejoice in the goodness of the Lord.

In 1843 occurred the "Disruption" and, though he had thus far held himself aloof from the controversy which preceded this cataclysm, when the news came that the "Free Church of Scotland" had sprung into existence, he conscientiously identified himself with the new order. This, of course, led to the surrender of the premises and the entire reconstruction of his work, but the energy of our hero was equal to the emergency. When the new church, which was built at once at a cost of five thousand pounds, fell on the very night before it was to be opened for divine service, another, erected at a cost of twelve thousand pounds took its place.

Conversions and baptisms continued and consequently hostility began. The cry of "Hinduism is in danger" aroused staunch supporters of that religion and Duff's house was besieged; he was cited into the courts; Jesuits were called to found a rival college taught on purely secular lines and Duff's life was even threatened; but he lived down the opposition and, besides continuing his great work already begun, undertook various other work. Now, as editor of the "Calcutta Review," he is spreading light by means of its pages; now he establishes the first hospital in Calcutta; now he aids in consolidating the Doveton Colleges of Calcutta and Mandras and now he brings relief to the famine stricken Scotch Highlanders.

In 1850 shattered health again compelled him to return home, where he again worked in the interest of his calling, sending out new missionaries and moving Parliament to the famous educational dispatch of 1854. At this period of his life he also visited America, where he everywhere received a perfect ovation, while his powerful appeals melted men to tears or aroused them to wild excitement.

Reaching India in 1857, he arrived just in time to prove a tower of strength to the Christian Church during the mutiny of 1857; and, though the church was baptized in blood, the fiery trial but proved how deep were the convictions of the converts. Though he mourned over martyr-pupils, Duff could thank God for their faithfulness even unto death.

In 1863 the death of Dr. Tweedie, the convener of missions, called Duff home "to save the missions." With a sad heart he delivered his deeply pathetic parting address to the Bethune Society and took his last farewell,

assuring his sorrowing Indian friends that his heart would ever remain in India.

Spared for fifteen more years, he did not lead an idle life, but filled the chair of divinity in the new College of Edinburgh, besides filling, for the second time, the position of Moderator of the General Assembly. He inaugurated new missions in India, in the East and in Africa and was ever a peacemaker wherever he went, until, on February 12, 1878, having "served his own generation according to the will of God, he fell on sleep," rich in days, honor and achievements.

HANS EGEDE

Greenland's Pioneer Missionary

The pagan Eskimos, to whom Hans Egede, a Danish Lutheran pastor, went to bear the light of Christian truth, were not like their brethren of the nominally Christian Greenland of today. Their looks, as well as their habits, were revolting. They were in truth repulsive dwarfs in body, with minds and hearts even more pitifully dwarfed, who had not even the most elemental ideas of sanitation. Mothers licked their children as cats do their kittens, and their wallowing in the stench and dirt accumulated by their uncleanly habits and ignorant negligence brought to the enlightened observer's mind a vivid picture of the hog. Mr. Egede's efforts to instruct and uplift these people were met by dogged stubbornness and malicious resistance. They asked their *angekoks*, or medicine men, to destroy him, but when the latters' wizard arts failed, he was designated as the chief of wizards, and avoided as such. Yet he would not give up, but held on and persevered in prayer.

After he had for thirteen years borne the burden of the evangelization of the Eskimos, during which time he had done much secret planning and praying, Egede finally published a pamphlet entitled, "A Proposition for Greenland's Conversion and Enlightenment." It immediately brought down upon him a storm of opposition from the bishops to whom it was sent for examination, and his wife wept and pleaded with him not to undertake the work in that cold, bleak and dreary country, until he was sorely tempted to give it up. He was strengthened and saved, however, by Matthew 10:37, "He that loveth father or mother more than Me is not worthy of Me; and he that loveth son or daughter more than Me is not worthy of Me." He soon won his brave wife to his plans and she thereafter stood heroically by his side until her death.

On May 3, 1721 he set sail for Greenland, with only such scant means as he and a few friends could command, together with a little salary of six hundred kroner, about \$160 annually, from the Danish government. With pathetic heroism he at once set himself about becoming an Eskimo to the Eskimos. He did not shrink from living in their foul and offensive huts. To learn their language, a fearful jargon of grating sounds and grunts, suggestive of crashing avalanches and groaning icebergs, he had his children especially mingle with the Greenlanders, that they might the more readily pick up the language and help him in its study. He also had native children come to his home and listened to their talking.

On New Year's day, 1725, he baptized his first convert, Frederick Christian, who became a faithful and trusted teacher in the mission, until his death six years



DR. WILFRED GRENFELL AND HIS DOGS

later, which was occasioned by small-pox contracted from a boy student just returned from Copenhagen. Unhappily, the disease became a plague in the parish, so that five hundred died within a few months, and before it had abated, between two and three thousand had fallen. During this time Egede lived, so to speak, in a graveyard, comforting the dying and ministering to the remaining sick, even carrying some of the more hopeful patients into their own house that he and his family might, if possible, nurse them back to health. Their devotion to this work was wonderful, and not the least lessened by the thanklessness of the pagan people, who blamed Egede and his religion for this calamity.

When, after fifteen years of missionary toil, he was able to entrust the continuance of the work to his son Paul, Egede returned to Denmark with his son Nils and two daughters and, sad to say, the remains of his faithful and devoted wife. Still he kept up his work for Greenland, influencing the king to build a seminary for the education of missionaries, over which he was appointed superintendent. In 1740 he became director at the Missionary College for all work in Greenland, but in 1747 he returned to a quiet home, where he died eleven years later.

As one biographer well states, "the faithful founder of the mission shall join one day with a great multitude saved in Greenland to sing, 'Unto Him that loved us and washed us in His own blood and hath made us kings and priests unto God and His Father; to Him be glory and dominion for ever and ever.'"

JOHN ELIOT

The Apostle to the American Indians

John Eliot, the first Protestant missionary to the aborigines of North America, was a non-conformist minister driven like many others from England and settled as pastor at Roxbury, Massachusetts. Here his spirit was deeply moved with compassion for the red men and his desire to become a missionary to these savages was increased by the fact that while the Puritan colonists regarded them with an unfriendly feeling he felt drawn toward them, because he believed them to be descendants of the lost ten tribes of Israel.

Though he emigrated to America at middle age, he applied himself with strong and youthful energy to learn their language. Thus he spent two years in preparation before he began preaching among them. On October 28, 1646, at a place afterwards called Nonantum, he paid his first visit to the Indians. Eliot and his friends were met and received by Waban, the leading man among the Indians. This man assembled the natives in his wigwam, where Eliot conducted his first religious service in the Indian language.

The service was of three hours duration. God's Spirit accompanied the spoken Word of His Gospel messenger and moved the hearts of the savages, who listened with the utmost attention, some of them being moved to tears, and asking many questions at the close of the service, showing an intelligent appreciation of the sermon. Encouraged by their good deportment on this and other occasions, Eliot secured from the General Court of Massachusetts a grant of land on which to colonize the Indians and teach them habits of industry and the arts of civilization. The men he provided with tools for work

and the women were instructed in household work, learning to spin and to make various kinds of articles. Those who worked hardest and best were given money as a reward for industry. In 1651 he founded another Indian village at Natic on the Charles River. A foot-bridge was built across the river. The town was laid out in streets, two on one side, and one on the other side of the river. Lots were laid out and divided, fruit trees were planted and the land around the town was cultivated in corn and other agricultural products. A circular fort palisaded with trees and also an English styled house with one room for the missionary and another apartment for a schoolroom were built. The next year the settlement was visited by Governor Endicott, who expressed himself highly pleased with the progress made by the natives and requested Eliot to reproduce in English the substance of a sermon preached by an Indian convert.

The apparent success of this experiment of missionary enterprise led to the founding of the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel. This society assisted Eliot in the production of the Indian Bible, which was the first Bible ever printed on the American continent. Aside from his literary labors and care of his settlement, Eliot extended his evangelistic and missionary work to the savages in the surrounding country and all with good effect inasmuch as it was evident beyond a doubt that the religion of the red men, to a great extent, at least, was genuine and beneficial as an uplifting power both individually and socially. But various outrages perpetrated by the Indians roused the colonies of Plymouth, Massachusetts, and Connecticut to an exterminating war by which even Eliot's praying Indians, though innocent,

were made to suffer and the good results of his labors were greatly damaged and he himself was unjustly subjected to much contempt and reproach.

However, after peace was restored, Eliot had the satisfaction of seeing some of his churches rebuilt and the congregations partly gathered together. Though satanic forces were against him, he labored not in vain and obtained his reward. Of him it was, that the immortal Baxter said: "There is no man on earth whose work I think more honorable." "Since the death of the Apostle Paul," said the eloquent American orator, Everett, "a nobler, truer and warmer spirited man than John Eliot never lived." He died in 1690, at the advanced age of eighty-six years.

JAMES EVANS

A Life for a Life

James Evans, the missionary to the American Indians, was taking a long journey into the far Northland, with two Indian converts, Thomas Hassel, his interpreter, and John Oig, as canoeman. They had been pushing on rapidly and merrily for some time, when, early one morning, after they were again pushing forward after breakfast and prayers, Thomas Hassel suddenly whispered, "I see ducks. Hand me the gun." Oig picked up the gun, which was always kept in the back part of the canoe, pointing backwards for safety, and, turning it around, cocked it and handed it to Evans, who was seated in the middle. The missionary did not look back, but just reached back his hand for it, while he, too, looked forward intently, trying to make out the ducks through the mist.

Suddenly, strange to tell, just as Mr. Evans took the gun from the other's hands, it went off, and, being unhappily pointed directly towards Hassel in front, the whole charge flew into his head, entering just at the base of his skull. Poor Hassel! He turned, cast one sad look on the missionary, and fell dead. It was awful. Both men were wild with grief.

Weeping and mourning like children, they drew ashore and laid their dear friend on the sand. For a time they sat in silence. They were there all alone, with no Indians or white people within many, many miles. They tried to pray, but could only sob; but the kind Father above heard them and comforted them, bringing them back to themselves, so that they could think what to do. It would be impossible to take back the body to the distant mission, or to the far-away land of Hassel's people, so they buried him on the river bank and they started back home with heavy, lonely hearts.

What a sad home-coming that was! Upon the missionary's arrival the people came out to meet him, wondering at his quick return and that only two were in the canoe. When they saw the sad faces of the occupants, they were still more surprised, and when at length the sad story of the accident was told, their hearts were filled with sorrow, indeed, with a double sorrow; with sorrow at the sad death of so well-beloved and useful a man as Hassel and a deeper, pitying sorrow for their missionary, whom they saw prostrated with grief at having been unfortunately the cause of the sad accident.

The effect on Mr. Evans was terrible. The missionary was never again the same man. He appeared to have suddenly grown old. The sprightly vivacity, which had made him ever a joyous and companionable man, was

gone, and instead there remained a heart filled with sorrow and eyes often dimmed with tears.

Some time later Evans decided to surrender himself to the Chippewayan tribe to which Hassel belonged, though they were all pagans, who had retained all their old superstitions and cruel customs, one of which was their belief in blood for blood and life for life. Life's joys seemed to have let Mr. Evans and he seemed not to care whether he lived or died.

Settling up all the affairs at home and turning over the mission to people whom he had trained, he bade his weeping family and sorrowing friends farewell and started out alone for the wigwams of the deceased man's relatives. It was a long, lonesome journey. When he reached the village he at once sought out the wigwam of the dead man and sitting down on the ground, covered his face with his hands and burst out in a paroxysm of weeping. The inmates were astonished. The sight of a strong white man weeping was a novelty and mystery to them. The news of Hassel's death had not yet reached them.

When Mr. Evans was able to control himself, he told the savages of the death of their relative and of the part he had played in it. Intense excitement followed. Though they had not been friendly toward Hassel, because he had "left the religion of his forefathers," he had sent them a large portion of his wages, which must now cease, and probably from the sense of pecuniary loss, as well as from pagan instincts, tomahawks were drawn and knives unsheathed, and there was a cry for the satisfaction of blood. Strong words were uttered, accompanied by menacing actions, to all of which, however, the broken-hearted missionary sat indifferent with bowed head and covered face.

Noble womanhood, in the person of Hassel's old mother, turned the tide. When the news was broken to her, she had been bowed with grief, but she had listened attentively to every word spoken by the missionary during his recital of events at the time of her son's death. She had heard the threats of vengeance hurled at him by her kinsmen, but had also noted the unfeigned grief of the godly man and her heart moved in sympathy toward him.

When it seemed that the avengers of blood would prevail and Mr. Evans' life must be sacrificed, she sprang to his side, and placing both her hands on his head, spoke:

"He shall not die. There was no evil in his heart. He loved my son. He shall live, and shall be my son, in the place of the one who is not now among the living." Her strong pleading for his life won the day and the plan of adoption was carried out.

For a time he lived with the tribe as a good son of that family and after he left them to prosecute his work at the mission, he sent them many an allowance from his scant worldly possessions, just as, and more than, the deceased son had done.

CAPTAIN ALLEN GARDINER

The Missionary Explorer

The heroic sacrifice, which characterizes the life of this missionary hero, makes it one of unusual interest. Even in his youth his ruling passion, a love for action and adventure, was clearly shown. Born in 1794 as the son of a Berkshire squire, he early chose a sailor's life as his occupation, and sought to inure himself to the hardships of his later life by sleeping upon the floor. At

sixteen he entered the navy and, having won honor as a midshipman in the engagement between the *Phoebe* and the *Essex*, he was created lieutenant and sent home in charge of the prize. Four years later while he was at Penang in the *Dauntless* the influence of his departed mother was revived, by a Christian lady, who handed him a biography of his mother, written by his father. He now determined to lead a better life, bought a bible and under the influence of its teachings gave his heart to Christ.

While he was at the coasts of South America under duty he became deeply interested in the welfare of the Aborigines. Coming home to England on sick leave, he pleaded their cause and offered his services to the London Missionary Society; but to accept his proposition then seemed impossible. Consequently he resumed his naval duties and became a married man. His wife, however, was of delicate health and, her illness increasing, she was soon taken from him. While standing beside her bier he made a solemn vow to devote his life to the glorification of God's Holy name. His tastes and training pointed him to the work of a missionary explorer and that was the task determined upon.

His first field of exploration was South Africa. Though white settlers had already made homes there, no one had yet made an attempt to lead the natives to Christ. Capt. Gardiner founded the first missionary settlement in Zululand. Traveling in company with a Pole named Berken, he encountered perils and adventures such as meet only a pioneer. "Now with their own hands they are digging their horses out of the morasses into which they have sunk; now they are swimming the swollen rivers, at the peril of their lives, and lying down

on the banks, wet and hungry, to be awakened from their uncomfortable repose by the snorting of hippotami, as the huge animals come tramping through the crushed and quivering reeds." Finally Gardiner reached the capital of the ferocious chief Dingairn, who was the terror of all white settlers, as well as of his own people. The explorer, however gained a marvelous influence over him and even induced him to grant some land for a missionary settlement.

Gardiner now remained at Port Natal, taking with him his possessions, which consisted of "his clothes, his saddle, a spoon and a New Testament." Here on Sunday mornings he read to the resident Englishmen, about thirty in number, the Church of England service, and in the afternoon he collected the Kaffirs, and, with the aid of an interpreter, explained to them the simplest fundamental truths of the Bible. He opened a school for the native children, and dressed them with the first clothing they had ever known, taught them and, besides, aided the colonists with advice and succor in founding the first town, "Durban," which sprang into existence on June 25, 1835. He also acted as an ambassador when, somewhat later, trouble arose between the colonists and chief Dingairn. The latter threatened the town with destruction, and Gardiner was sent, endowed with the powers of an ambassador, to placate the enraged monarch. He presented himself dressed in full uniform, and this, together with his known and approved character made a deep impression on the royal savage, who appointed Gardiner governor of "all the country of the white people's fold," that is, of present Natal. Hereupon he returned to England, to consult the Government concerning political matters and the mission Society con-

cerning religious matters. He learned that his office would have to be given to an officer of the British Crown; but he resumed his old position in the station.

After a period of prosperity, misunderstandings, in which the missionaries were innocent, arose between the whites and the Zulus. A war broke out, desolated the mission settlement and, after over three years of toil, Gardiner sorrowfully turned his back upon the Dark Continent.

Naturally his thoughts now turned to the savages of South America, whose wretched condition of body and soul had, in years past, stirred his compassion. Reaching Rio Janeiro in July, 1838, he began a series of journeys of inspection through the country. He went to Monte Video, and thence, via Buenos Ayres, to Mendoza. "In fourteen days he crossed nine hundred miles of Pampas, then scaled the heights of the Cordilleras, and after eleven days of incessant toil reached Santiago, on the Chilian side of the Andes." From here he went to Concepcion, then to New Guinea and thence to Valparaiso. During these journeys he met many native chiefs, but the interviews with them were only discouraging. Many of them having been fearfully abused by white men, especially Spaniards, looked upon all white men with suspicion. Besides this, exterminating wars, then raging, closed the door of the country to the introduction of the gospel of peace. Where these difficulties did not exist, the Roman Catholics had gained a foothold and the jealousy of the authorities, together with the opposition of the Romish priesthood prevented his doing any good in those sections. Thus baffled here, he determined to make an effort to introduce the Gospel at New Guinea, where, however the sullen Dutch, sus-

picious of deeper political designs in an English officer doing missionary work, refused to place any confidence in him.

Since the Patagonians about Gregory Bay had always evinced a friendly disposition to foreigners, he now decided to bear the message of love to these, with the hope, that these might become the key to the Aborigines of Patagonia and Terra del Fuego. Going to the Cape of Good Hope, he fetched his family with him to the Falklands, where he left them and then proceeded with his servant in a crazy schooner to the Fuegians, whom he found barbarians of the lowest type. Neither gifts nor kindness would move them and they would admit no white visitors. From here he turned his steps to a tribe of the Patagonians, living on the mainland. A Spanish Creole, who had been living with them for about twelve years, and had gained some influence over them, proved invaluable to Gardiner as an interpreter. A chief, Wissale by name, welcomed him kindly and promised to receive him well, should he come back to begin a mission, so Gardiner returned hopefully to get his family and with them to settle among the Patagonians.

His expectations, however, were doomed to be defeated. The whalers refused to undertake the perilous voyage back for three hundred pounds, which was all he had. His appeal to the British Christians, in behalf of the Patagonian heathens was met with apathy and coldness; but his burning missionary zeal was not so easily chilled. He secured a grant of Bibles and Testaments, which he distributed as he traveled from port to port. One great result was a promise of one hundred pounds annually from English congregations in South America to aid in establishing a Patagonian mission.

Thus encouraged, he returned to his native land to again make earnest appeals; and met with more success. A Missionary Society for Patagonia and Terra del Fuego was founded and in 1844, he with his family again endured the fatigue and danger of the perilous voyage to the land of the Patagonians. Wassale, an Indian chief, however, proved hostile and attempted Gardiner's life; a Spanish party had arrived and pre-occupied the ground, and the disappointed Gardiner was again forced to return home.

Though baffled once more, failure, as he said, could not daunt him, and he now determined to return to South America and, by further researches among the natives, to determine whether any possible opening could be found, which had previously escaped him. After much urging he induced his committee to fit out a small expedition, which landed in 1848, at Picton Island; but, on account of the thievish propensities of the natives, Gardiner found that a mission among them could only be conducted safely afloat, so he returned to collect funds for the purchase of a ship. He, however, found it impossible to stir the Christians at home to the required generosity; for, of the 1000 pounds collected, he contributed 300 himself. On this account a smaller ship was purchased than his nautical experience suggested as necessary.

On the 7th of September, 1850, the expedition sailed. The immortal seven of the party were earnest men of simple-hearted piety and exchanged not one jarring word. The "Ocean Queen" landed them with six months' provisions and two launches at Terra del Fuego. According to arrangement, a supply of provisions should have followed the party, but unfortunately the vessel was

wrecked, which was bringing them, and the master of the second vessel disobeyed orders; so the little party was left unprovisioned. Meanwhile they had landed, but the hostile natives compelled them to withdraw a distance to a bay, where they anxiously awaited their promised relief. At length the stores were exhausted. Having no firearms, no game could be shot to replenish the larder, and they were forced to subsist mainly on limpets, mussels and wild celery. Scurvy broke out, adding its horrors to that of hunger and one by one they died.

Somewhat later the ships "John Davidson" and "Dido" were ordered to search for the party. Anchoring in Banner Cove, they found, painted upon the rocks, the inscription, "Gone to Spaniard Harbour." Here they found an awful sight. Books, papers and medicines were strewn about, and the bodies of the unfortunate wretches lay unburied where they had crawled in their last agony. "Capt. Gardiner's body was lying beside the boat, which apparently he had left and, being too weak to climb into it again, had died beside it. On one of the rocks was painted, "Psalm lxii. 5-8," which proves how strong and unshaken remained the faith of Gardiner and his companions unto the end. The sight aroused the deepest emotions, and the captains of the rescuing party wept like children.

Gardiner bravely gave his life for the advancement of the mission cause, and his great gift was not unheeded. His death aroused English Christians out of the apathy which Gardiner had found it impossible to disturb, and turned their zealous attention to South America; but it is doubtful whether anything short of this sad catastrophe could have done this.

JOHN GEDDIE

A Reformer of Cannibals

In a church building in the village Anelgauhat, on Aneityum, the furthest south of the New Hebrides Islands, there is placed a tablet commemorating the life and labors of John Geddie. The epitaph thereon inscribed, the most interesting and complimentary that can be written for a missionary, states, in the native tongue of the islanders: "When he landed in 1848, there were no Christians here, and when he left in 1872, there were no heathen." Previous efforts made by native missionaries from neighboring islands had been ineffective, so Geddie was not only the first foreign missionary, but also practically the pioneer missionary there.

When Dr. and Mrs. Geddie first landed among the savages in 1848, they found them naked, treacherous and selfish. Lying and stealing they considered as virtues, and carefully taught the same to those of their children who escaped their hungry throats. The men went about with faces painted black and red, while the women constantly wore a strong cord about their necks, so that they could be conveniently strangled to death as soon as their husbands should die, for whenever a man died, one or more of his wives had to be strangled that his spirit might have company in the other world. Even the women themselves insisted on this cruel practice.

The first three years of Geddies work were by no means pleasant. The natives would not hear his message, and often threatened to kill him. One of them, Kapio, confessed that he had followed him, and watched for an opportunity to brain him, but when the chance came, he had been unable to raise his club and deal the heavy blow. He declared that a strange sensation

had overpowered him, convincing him of a higher and supernatural power protecting the teacher.

During the second year, however, some of the natives began to pray, and soon forty or fifty gathered at the Sunday services. At the end of the fourth year the missionary could not only preach, but also write and read in the language of the natives, and offered to teach the savages the latter arts. Schools were established and eagerly attended. Soon half the island was to be seen at the Christian services, and the effect was not slow in asserting itself. Following the many conversions, cannibalism was gradually abandoned. Widow strangling came into disuse. Property which would formerly have been carried off wholesale, was now safe without lock and key or a guard. Beautiful stone churches arose in the ruins of cannibal's ovens and rude, dirty hovels, and were filled with joyous worshippers and eager students.

Meanwhile Dr. Geddie had translated and printed on the island the Gospel according to John, the Acts and epistles of Paul. Some time later Mr. Inglis, who joined him in 1852, arranged for the printing of the whole New Testament in England.

Since then the natives, fired by the teaching and example of their missionaries, have carried the message to other islands, until their unflinching devotion and zeal have, by the aid of God, won one-third of the Hebrides group for Christ. Such examples of the power of the Gospel among cannibals are not exceptions, but the rule.

JAMES GILMOUR

"Apostle to the Mongols"

The great missionary, James Gilmour, was descended from an ancestry fitting for a consecrated man of God. His honest grandparents gladly walked five miles to church in the evening, while the uprightness and religion of his parents was unquestioned. He was born on June 12, 1843, at Catkin, and there and in Glasgow, whither the family removed two years later, he spent his youth. Belonging to a family of six boys, he naturally saw plenty of life. Poking and joking the men in his father's lumber mill, devising plans for mechanically increasing his strokes in swimming, tramping over mountain and through glen to secure geological specimens and rowing, with a skiff in tow, over shallows to a point on the Clyde rarely reached—these were some of the feats and activities of his younger days. His indoor life, however, made a deeper impression upon him. Family prayers and Bible reading were never neglected; and on Sundays James' mother, gathering the children about her knee, read them stories and told them of her hopes for their future. Doubtless the apostle to the Mongols found in his home training the most important foundation of his usefulness.

On account of his father's comfortable financial circumstances, James enjoyed educational privileges then accorded to few boys. During his study in a subscription school, and, thereafter, at Gorbals Youths' School in Glasgow, he convinced his father that he was deserving of a higher education, and consequently was sent to the Glasgow High School. Graduating from this with honors and praise, he entered the Glasgow University.

Until after his entrance of the university, his spiritual life was one of darkness and of misery. At this time he

would have sacrificed anything for the hope of salvation, which he was then without. The light, however, came during his first year at university, and he became an active and hopeful Christian, zealous in the cause of his Master's glory. He now determined to enter the ministry and, as to the place, since the Master had said, "Go ye into all the world," he decided to give his life for the enlightenment of the ignorant heathen.

Applying to the London Missionary Society, he was accepted in 1867, and was sent to Chestnut College, where he was much impressed by the religious books, which he read. Thence he was sent to the missionary seminary at Highgate in 1869, besides taking lessons in Chinese with Prof. Summers in London. Even at this busy time he could not refrain from laboring for the Lord, and, going out alone, he would hold open-air services near the railroad station, or invite passers-by to the religious services, in a way which stirred all who heard him, as well as called forth many sneers. As soon as he learned his field of labor he began to pray earnestly for China's perishing millions and to solicit volunteers for his life's work.

On May 18, 1870, Gilmour passed by a cavernous portal through the towering walls into Peking. It was just before the bloody massacre of Tientsin and men were everywhere seized with despair. Gilmour, however, took refuge in prayer, and found it of much avail.

With only a smattering of Chinese, acquired at London and Peking, as a preparation, Gilmour plunged into the difficult work before him on the Mongol plateau. Despite the danger, due to the recent disturbances, he crept, with a strange caravan, over the Great Plain to Kalgan, on the border of the Mongolian Plateau. After

resting here for a brief while at the home of the American missionaries, he again moved on up the pass to the grass-covered plateau above.

He found the tents of the wandering herdsmen scattered in groups over the plateau. The people were leading a life of sin and degradation. The greatest sinners were the Lamas, or Mongolian priests, lazy men, celibates in name, but libertines in reality. Since the blackmen, or laity, looked upon the Lamas as holy, they naturally thought that the life of the priests was a proper example for them, and so the corruption spread. Still, in their way the people were intensely religious. They, indeed, prayed "without ceasing," if that is indeed literally possible. Each sacred shrine along the road evoked a prayer and sacred attitude, while the temples were constantly visited. Such were the deep-rooted religious convictions which Gilmour attempted to overcome.

To accomplish his design, Gilmour attempted to become one of them, in language, thought, action and every manner of living. He first secured the services of Mr. Grant, a trader at Kitacha, as a teacher of the language, but as his teacher became too insolent, he fled to the spacious tent of one of the natives and, seating himself there in one corner, with pencil and notebook in hand, he jotted down such phrases and words as he could catch for future reference. This way of learning the language as a child does, he found the easiest and most satisfactory, and soon had mastered such expressions as were in most common use.

Being now in a position to work effectively, he did not shirk, but went about visiting as he saw the Mongols do, and preached the name of God. Approaching a

tent-hamlet, he would shout "hanoi" (dog), which would bring out the old women and children, whose business it was to hold in check the fierce dogs upon the approach of a visitor. After partaking of some snuff and "breaking the ice" by friendly sips of tea, he began exhibiting to the company a set of Scripture pictures, while he described them in an entertaining manner. After this followed tracts, catechisms and a Gospel of St. Matthew, with a brief description of each. The interview probably ended in questions and debate with some Lama, into which Gilmour entered with zest, much as he deplored the opposition.

Though Gilmour feared that a Mongol, after turning to Christianity, would "lead a very precarious existence on the plain, if in fact he could exist at all," still, for him there was reserved the joy of winning one convert, a young man named Boyinto. Overjoyed by his confession of Jesus, the missionary painfully limped, with sore feet, twenty-three miles to have a private conversation and prayer with the young hero, though he was denied the joy of baptizing him, that rite being performed by another missionary of the American Board, who also admitted the convert into the Kalgan Church.

Gilmour's life was not entirely without romance. "Refused, when he had proposed to a Scotch lassie, he fell a victim to a young London woman, whom he had never seen, and whom he knew only through mutual friends and correspondence." He proposed to her in January, 1875, and her answer was an acceptance. Five days after Miss Prankard's arrival at Tientsin, they were married, and returned to Gilmour's home after a nine days' wedding tour.

During his missionary labors, Gilmour spent some

time in China, substituting for missionaries absent on furlough, or aiding the Tientsin members of his mission. On one occasion he and a companion baptized a large number of Chinese at Shantung. The event troubled his tender conscience, since he questioned the advisability of administering the rite to those of so little instruction and oversight. The work, however, most distinctly his was done among the Mongols in Peking. Part of the time he resided in the Yellow Temple, outside the city, and there he was constantly meeting those, with whom he could converse about Christianity. At other times he followed the example of the peddlers, hanging two bags of books from his shoulder and hunting the Mongols out among the trading places and among the lodging places along the lanes. Oftentimes people wishing to buy books did not have the necessary money, and then he would allow them to pay goods, such as cheese, butter, sour curd, etc., in exchange.

Gilmour made two visits to his home country. The first was due to his wife's failing health, which began to break during the first summer in Mongolia, and the second was caused by his own ill-health. On his first visit, besides holding his audiences at home spell-bound by his vivid word-pictures of his life and work abroad, he awakened interest and enthusiasm by the publication of the missionary "Robinson Crusoe," entitled "Among the Mongols." On both his visits home his spiritual health was recuperated by contact with earnest Christians.

His wife's death and the failure of the society to send out a colleague to assist him in his work caused him to change his position to that of a lay physician; for everywhere he saw sickness and suffering, which the wretched Lama doctors utilized as a pathway to the sufferer's

pocket, giving in return their prayer for the patient. Accordingly, "early in the morning, Gilmour would sally out to the market place with his little cloth tent and after pitching it would stand there all day nearly, preaching and healing diseases with his well-tried specifics," the use of which he had learned partly in the London Hospital in Peking. All kinds of diseases were treated by him, from eye difficulties to sickness occasioned by strong drink, and he gained the complete confidence of the Mongols, so that absurd requests were made. Everyone wanted to be made white, like the foreigner; some wanted medicine to make their beards grow, others wanted to be made clever, etc. His remarkable practice may be seen in his report, that in the nine months of 1887 he attended between 12,000 to 13,000 cases.

The remaining years of Gilmour's life were spent in active service. In 1891 he journeyed to Tientsin, where he attended the mission conference, and acted as chairman. He took especial delight in the songs sung, and was brought very near to God in these services. The unusual burdens he was bearing in his work, however, added to his heart weakness, and this finally culminated in an eleven days' attack of typhus fever. On May 21, 1891, the struggle ceased and James Gilmour passed through the gates into the eternal city. His loss was felt by many; but his life's influence did not close with his death, for it had been a living example of devotion to the glorification of the Lord and others were through him led to the glorious task of soul-saving. His work is still living on.

GENERAL CHARLES GEORGE GORDON

"The Noblest Hero of Them All"

Perhaps in no case has it ever happened as in this that the whole world loves the same hero. This, however, was true of General Gordon, for even the ragged street urchins of Gravesend wrote and oft repeated the blessing, "God Bless the Kernel," and they had reason. During his six years' stay in England, where the richest and most respectable families would gladly have lionized him, he refused to be made a hero of, but, "working in slums, hospitals and work-houses, or knee-deep upon the Thames defense," he spent what he declared to be the happiest years of his life. Into the infirmary and the homes of bed-ridden men and women he would bring cheer and new interest in life. His house at Gravesend was always crowded with boys of the "ragged school." In fact, "it was school, hospital and almshouse in turn—more like the abode of a missionary than of a Colonel of Engineers." Many a boy whom he found "down and out" on the streets, he took in, clothed and fed, planted his feet on the right path and then, giving him a new outfit, started him out again in life. These boys were of constant interest to him. Over his mantelpiece he kept a map, stuck full of pins, each of which showed the exact location of one of the boys whom he had aided and who was now at sea. For each of these he prayed day by day. No wonder that they said, "God bless the Colonel."

Our hero was born in Woolwich, England, on January 28, 1833. His father, General Gordon, held an important post at Woolwich, where Charlie was allowed to roam through the great arsenal at will, a general favorite among the workmen, who loved him despite the

many tricks he played on them. At school, however, he was not considered very clever, though he did his work well and whatever he did was done with all his might.

Entering the army as a "sapper" in the Engineers, he worked his way up until he became lieutenant at the time of the Crimean war. From this war nothing could hold Gordon. Though he had been ordered to Corfu, he managed to have the order changed and off to Russia he went to cheerfully face death and hardship and to distinguish himself by his singular humanity and bravery.

One day he heard a corporal remonstrating with a sappy, whom he was ordering to stand on a parapet, exposed to the enemy's guns and receive baskets of fresh earth which he would hand up in safety from below. In an instant Gordon was on the parapet where the Russian bullets whizzed by his ears and ordered the corporal to his side, while the sapper remained below. Then turning to the corporal, he said: "Never order a man to do anything that you would be afraid to do yourself." This fearless nature of Gordon explains why his general, in speaking of the war afterwards, said "he used to send out Gordon to see what new move the Russians were making."

Yet Gordon evinced the tenderness towards his fellowmen which a mother shows towards her child. One evening, after the terrible explosion which had left Sebastopol in flames, revealed three thousand wounded soldiers destitute of proper care, he showed the true mercy and tenderness of a hero in working among them, disregarding their nationality whether Russian or British.

During the rebellion of the cruel Taipings, who threatened to overthrow the whole Chinese government,

an appeal of the Chinese government to England for aid brought, among other English officers, General Gordon. Here he was the same kind and sympathetic man, but he also showed such skill in his first encounter with the Taipings that the Chinese government offered him the command of the Chinese army. Such an army as it was! Gordon, however, transformed that "collection of rag, tag and bobtail" to a trained, paid and uniformed army, which commanded the respect and even fear of the Taipings. He was always in the thickest of the fight, yet himself carried no weapon but a little cane, which came to be regarded as a magic wand by the Chinese. At last the leaders of the Taipings offered to surrender if Gordon would agree to spare their leaders, treat all the rebels mercifully and not sack their cities. To this Gordon gladly assented, as did his men, General Ching and Li Hung Chang. The latter, however, broke his word and later murdered the Taiping leaders. When Gordon heard this, he wept like a child and became so enraged at Li Hung Chang that he determined to kill him, but later pardoned him.

Though offered numerous medals and enormous sums of money by the Chinese government, he left China with but a few medals and no more money than he had when he entered it, for he had spent all his money in paying the army and in relieving the needy.

Next Gordon was sent to Soudan in answer to an appeal for aid made to England by the Khedive, who became afraid of the rich and powerful slave dealers in Africa. Eighty-four per cent of the people in his land were slaves. Upon his arrival the Khedive offered Gordon a salary of \$10,000 annually to be governor of the tribes on the upper Nile, but he accepted only \$2,000,

wishing to show that he did not worship money, but God. Under him the slave trade quickly received a hard blow. The blacks soon learned to love the man who punished and slew their enemies, gave them liberty and brought back their wives, children and possessions. Some even begged for the permission to be his slaves.

When at last Gordon was made governor of the whole of Soudan, he began as never before to hunt down and drive out the cruel slavers. On his camel, named Telegraph, he would seem to fly, like a magician, over the desert strewn with the skeletons of the slavers' victims. Once, when urgently summoned to his far-off weak garrison, which was beset by six thousand men of the slave-dealers' army, he traveled eighty-five miles in a day and a half, all alone and unarmed, arriving suddenly and unexpectedly to the assistance of his little band. On the next day his fearlessly calm and contemptuous demand to lay down their arms was weakly submitted to by the enemy. To this day in the Soudan there is no name so affectionately spoken of as that of their ideal man, Gordon.

Gordon left Africa broken down in health, but had little time to rest before China was again in trouble and felt that no one could help them but "Chinese Gordon." Despite his worn-out condition, he nobly responded and, after performing this and other missions to which he was called, he was permitted to gain much needed physical and also spiritual rest through a visit to the Holy Land.

Soon, however, Africa again needed him. A wild dervish, proclaiming himself to be the Mahdi, or the Mohammedan restorer of all things, revolted against Egypt and found ready support in thousands of the wild tribes of the Soudan. Efforts to take the rebel prisoner were

ineffectual. Gordon saw that if the Mahdi gained Soudan, all his previous work in that district would have been in vain. This he wrote to the English government and, in answer to their question whether he would go, answered, "I would give my life for these poor people in the Soudan," and that is just what he did.

While there, the only white man among the wild natives, the English sent him word that an expedition was coming to his relief, but day after day he looked for it in vain. A whole year he thus spent, cheering his small faithful band of natives, starving himself that they might not go hungry and at night walking back and forth, praying for the relief army promised. Finally it came, but only after the brave General Gordon had been slaughtered on the steps of the Governor's palace of Khartoum. His last words written to his sister were: "God rules all, and, as He will rule to His glory and our welfare, His will be done. I am quite happy, thank God, and I have tried to do my duty." Indeed "this was the noblest hero of them all."

DOCTOR WILFRED T. GRENFELL

The Hero of Labrador

In a simply, almost poorly furnished house in Labrador is seated a young doctor and opposite him his wife and little child, when presently a knock is heard at the door and an Eskimo enters. He reports the sad news that his son has been seriously injured by a shot through his leg. "Please come and help him," he pleads.

"How great is the distance?"

"Fifty miles beyond the bay."

"Is the ice safe yet?"

"Not perfectly. It is already beginning to move."

The young Doctor Grenfell knows from this that the danger is great. If he goes, it may be never to return. For a short time he stands irresolute; but his brave young wife, noticing his indecision, whispers to him, "Wilfred, he that loveth father or mother or brother or sister or wife or child more than Me is not worthy of Me." He is decided; and with the prayer, "Lord, protect my loved ones," he enters upon the perilous journey over glistening snow and ice to bear comfort and health to the suffering Eskimo. Such is the life of Grenfell in Labrador.

He had spent his youth at Parkgate, near Chester, England, where, being mostly out of doors, he had developed from a sickly boy into a robust man. After a course of study in Parkgate, he entered Malborough College, where he excelled in athletics as well as in his studies, being a great friend of football, tennis and other "college sports." In May, 1907, he received the title of Doctor of Medicine from Oxford University and was ready to begin practice.

At this time he made the acquaintance of the Evangelist Moody, through whose influence he was led to the throne of Grace. He had previously entertained the idea that all who accepted Christianity were cowards; that the vigorous and jolly fellows of his own disposition would stand aloof. When, however, he saw on the stage with Mr. Moody men who had been renowned in football circles, his prejudice was overcome. He consecrated his life to God and determined to enter His work.

His first attempt in the line of missionary work he made as a Sunday school teacher. He was anxious to keep up his boys' interest, but soon his stories about

Samson and David and Goliath began to lose effect and the interest began to lag. As a desperate attempt Grenfell introduced lessons in boxing. It worked like a charm, but he was soon excused as a teacher. Yet he did not give up Christian work, but organized the "Lad's Brigade," which has done so much good in England.

During his university life he had made the acquaintance of Sir Frederick Treves, who now became an intimate friend. Seeing that his friend was a man of an adventurous turn of mind, who delighted in a life of danger and hardship, Sir Frederick advised him to join the "Counsel of the Royal National Mission to Deep Sea Fishermen," of which he himself was a member.

The advice was accepted. Though a more dangerous station than that among the degraded fishers of the North Sea could hardly have been found, Grenfell plunged into the work with a will and so energetically did he remain at it that, with God's help, he had, in a few years raised the men from the low condition, to which the passion for drink and gambling had sunk them, to a higher and better life. His work was now getting lighter and he began to look for another field which would again require all his strength.

Labrador, the land of almost perpetual snow, with a winter of eight months and a sickly summer of four months' duration, where the only visitors are the chilly icebergs and where no communication through the mails can be had with civilization during the long winter months—this land possessed a peculiar charm for Grenfell. Here were poor men needy of spiritual and material assistance.

He went. Though the Methodists, Baptists and Congregationalists had already opened stations in that land,

yet along the coast, where the work was most difficult on account of the scattered settlements, work was abundant, especially for a doctor. Here he was in his element. With all his energy he entered into the work and what he accomplished seems almost superhuman. With his Bible and his doctor's grip he traveled from one village to another, regardless of distance or danger.

On Easter day, 1908, Dr. Grenfell received an urgent call to attend a young man sixty miles to the south, on whom he had operated, but in whose wounds poison had gathered. Soon he had his sled packed and his dogs, whose cunning and sagacity had often assisted him out of a difficult situation, were hitched to the sled. Since the men, who had come to call the doctor, could not keep up with him, he waited for them in the evening in a little village and on the following day he gave them a two hours' start ahead of him, after arranging to meet again in a little hut beyond a bay, which lay before them.

This bay Dr. Grenfell now proceeded to cross. The crossing seemed no more difficult than usual. He perceived that he was riding over broken cakes of ice, but, while these were held closely together by a strong north wind, there was no danger. Everything went well until he was within a mile from the shore, when the wind suddenly veered and blew from the shore. At once the cakes of ice separated and presently Grenfell and his dogs were left upon a cake too small to support all for any length of time. The sled and its contents were sacrificed, as were some of his heavier articles of clothing. At some distance he saw a larger cake; but how to reach it was a problem. Fortunately Grenfell had in his team a little black spaniel, "Jack," who became their rescuer. He became the leader and swam to the large cake pointed

out to him, followed by the other dogs, and then, holding to the lines fastened to the dogs, Grenfell also drew himself to the cake. This move, however, seemed only to postpone their hour of death, for the little raft of ice was driven constantly further out to sea, while Grenfell slowly froze in his scant and water-soaked clothing. Finally, with bleeding heart, he was forced to kill three of his faithful dogs and make out of their bloody skins some protection against the biting wind, while out of their bones he made a short flagstaff, on which he hoisted his shirt as a signal of distress.

After Grenfell had given up all hope of rescue, relief appeared. Some men, who had gone out to get some seals, which they had killed, had noticed and watched the doctor through a spy-glass and now came in their boat to rescue him and his dogs. Imagine their joy to find him safe! Every one in the village was eager to be the first to grasp their beloved doctor's hand. The sick man, to whose assistance he had come, was brought to him and treated successfully.

How much good Dr. Grenfell is doing will first be seen at the dawn of eternity, though as visible results of his labors we already see a number of co-operative stores, four hospitals, saw mills, and dry docks for ships, all established for the good of the people. The sick and the widows and orphans are regularly visited and supported. In St. Johns, Newfoundland, is an institution which offers instruction in various professions. All this has been accomplished, with God's help, through the faith and courage of a man who knew no fear, whom no disappointment could discourage, Dr. Wilfred Grenfell, the hero of Labrador.

SAMUEL HOPKINS HADLEY

The Hero of Water Street Rescue Mission

At midnight a drunkard in tatters sat on a beer cask, helpless, alone and sick. He thought that he was dying. Delirium tremens, with all its furies and horrors tortured him unspeakably and, jumping up in terror, he pounded on the bar until the glasses jingled, crying, "I am dying, but I will die in the street before I will ever take another drink." To keep this promise he stumbled through the dark streets to the police station, a place which he had formerly dreaded and hated with all the aversion of a frequent occupant, and asked the captain to lock him up. The surprised officer put him in a narrow cell, where he stayed until morning.

Of that evening he says, "It seemed like all the demons that visited me that night could not find room in that little cell. I, however, did not stand alone against them. Jesus was there with me and said: 'Pray.' I fell on my knees and said, 'God be merciful to me, a sinner.'"

This pitiful wretch was Samuel Hadley. He had been born in Ohio in 1842, he was the youngest of six children and had enjoyed the privilege of Christian parentage. Both his mother and father had died young, however, and, though he had promised his mother before her death that he would drink no spirituous liquors, he was early led to his downfall.

One day when he met a drunken business man, a friend of the family, the drunkard, after about a half hour's urging, induced him to take his first drink. That drink changed his whole life. Within ten minutes thoughts surged through his mind such as he had never before experienced. He now sank constantly lower. He

began to study medicine under another doctor, who was as bad a drunkard as himself, and at the end of the second year he had to flee before the law.

A helpless drunkard, he now went to his brother, Col. H. H. Hadley, who also drank, but was a prominent man in the insurance business. The colonel secured for his brother a position with a salary of \$300 per month, but this only aggravated the evil. On account of his intemperance and vicious life he soon lost this position and in a short time he was walking the streets as a beggar. He had become a notorious liar, blasphemer, deceiver and forger, being guilty of numerous forgeries against his own brother. Now he was poor, sickly and wretched, on the verge of delirium tremens. Suicide daily occupied his thoughts, and he was repeatedly tempted to jump from the fourth story of an abominable lodging house, where he was staying, but some mysterious power held him back. His faithful wife, a noble southern lady, was finally forced to leave him and to return to her parents.

The end seemed near, and in this extremity he sought companionship in the saloon, with the resulting experience already related.

As soon as he was released from his self-imposed imprisonment he determined to visit the McAuley mission near Crenorne Garden. Here McAuley kindly placed his hand upon the head of the poor drunkard kneeling at the altar and spoke, "Brother, pray." "I cannot," replied poor Hadley. "But you must pray yourself, otherwise all the prayers in the world will not help you." He did pray, and found peace for his soul. From that moment no liquor, tobacco or blasphemous word was allowed to cross his lips.

He now felt within him a passion to save other souls,

especially his unbelieving brother's; but in regard to the latter he experienced a certain shyness. Satan seemed to advise, "Better not be hasty. He will criticise and ridicule you." Though trembling with anxiety, he went and, facing his brother, declared, "Harry, I have found Jesus and He has saved me; but I feel awfully weak, and I hope you won't criticize me too closely." Harry turned around, apparently to examine a picture, but when he turned again, Samuel saw tears in his eyes.

Hadley now made a conscientious effort to discontinue all of his numerous vices. He had been in the habit of telling a lie in regard to a stiff leg, saying that he had been shot in that leg in the war. This claiming to be an old soldier had won him many a favor; but he resolved to stop it. Soon after his conversion a man asked him the old question, "How did you get lame?" "In the war," came the involuntary answer. The lie stung him. He hurried out after the man and, following him to his office with a pricking conscience, confessed the lie.

He now assumed charge of the Water Street Rescue Mission, which Jerry McAuley had discontinued, and labored there with remarkable success. Hadley surpassed his predecessor in riper experience and knowledge and, inspired with love for the fallen souls, he gained unhindered admission to all circles of society. Unabashed, he spoke in saloons, theatres, dancing halls, and houses of ill fame, as well as in churches, schools, colleges and universities, telling how the Lord had saved him and hundreds of other deeply sunken men. Four years after his own conversion he had the joy of leading his brother to the Savior, and Col. H. H. Hadley likewise became an enthusiastic winner of souls.

We close this sketch with a word of personal tribute

from the Rev. J. Wilbur Chapman, D. D. "For twenty-three years, nine months and ten blessed days he lived the life of a Christian and then came his translation into the presence of his Saviour.

"He was great in every way. He inherited a great ancestry. The blood of Jonathan Edwards throbbed in his veins, and this may in part account for his passion for souls and his desire to see the world moved for God. His own father was a man of great strength of character and his mother was a gentle soul of whom S. H. Hadley delighted often to speak. He had a way of saying Jesus as few men could say it, but he also had a way of saying mother that always stirred my heart. I have traveled with him on the train, and had him as my guest in my home and listened to the stories of his mother's devotion and have been thrilled through and through.

"His going into heaven must have caused a great commotion. . . . I imagine that the redeemed drunkards in heaven must have had a great meeting as they shouted one to another, 'Here comes S. H. Hadley, he has not lost his way.' I have tried to imagine his meeting with Jerry McCauley, Colonel Atkinson, Phil. McGuire and his own loved brother, but my imagination fails. Farewell, dear friend, farewell. We shall meet one morning in glory."

CYRUS HAMLIN

Founder of Robert College

Dr. Hamlin stands in the foremost rank of modern missionaries and has combined in a remarkable degree rare qualities as a scholar, teacher, inventor, administrator, diplomat and statesman.

This man, who was later to stand before kings, was born among the forests of Maine on January 5, 1811. At

six years of age Cyrus' school life began in the old red schoolhouse. Discipline in those days was very strict. Seeing a forked flame shoot out from the hearth, he forgot where he was and laughed out aloud. The entire school joined him and the master, seizing his hand, gave him "a terrible ferruling." Yet he honored all his teachers and remembered them with great affection.

On the farm the boys were early used to toil and were ambitious to do men's work while mere boys. Cyrus' career as a mechanic was begun by his making, while but a boy, a yellow birch ox-yoke, which was admired by all the neighbors. Thereafter almost everything needed on the farm was made by his hands.

His interest in missions early came to the front. On the annual muster day his mother gave him seven cents to spend, of which she said he might put a cent or two into the contribution box for missions. A sudden thought struck him. He put all his money into the box and upon returning home and being questioned how he had enjoyed the day, reported the fact to his mother. As a result he got "such a bowl of milk as he had never eaten."

When seventeen years of age he joined the Congregational Church of Portland, where he was working as an apprentice, and Deacon Isaac Smith, who had been noting the development of Christian character in young Hamlin, as well as his unusual talents, called him aside one day and urged him to think seriously of the ministry as his life's work. His reply was, "The expenses make it absolutely impossible"; but the good deacon answered, "Oh, I will see to that. The Church has voted to aid to the extent of \$1,000." With feelings of great tenderness and gratitude he bade his friends farewell and departed for Bridgton, Maine.

Young Hamlin was an excellent student and by working extra hours, was enabled to take the fitting course in about half the usual time. "He began his studies at five o'clock every morning and kept at work until ten, allowing scant time for meals and exercise. He was ready to pass his entrance examinations for college by the autumn of 1830."

Cyrus entered Bowdoin college with fear and trembling and on account of poor opportunities for preparation secured his certificate of admission with great difficulty. Among his teachers, however, he had the distinguished poet, Henry W. Longfellow, with whom he came in close contact later as assistant librarian.

At school Cyrus' influence was for the uplift of his fellow students. At his time hazing was at its height in Bowdoin. Through his influence several of the hazers were brought before court and the evil was broken up. He was also president of the Pecunian Society, the Prayer Circle and Theological, in which capacity he was often called upon to deliver public addresses. After one such address Prof. Longfellow, congratulating him, said, "Hamlin, that was the best oration I ever heard from lips studential."

One day, after he had heard Professor Smyth lecture on the steam-engine, and learning that but few had ever seen one, he said to his professor, "I believe I could make an engine that would make any one see its working. He was urged to do so and in about three months Hamlin's steam engine, the first ever made in Maine, was completed and the school gave him \$175 for it as a model. It may yet be seen in Cleveland Cabinet in Bowdoin College.

Having graduated from the college with the highest

honors, he decided to enter upon missionary work. When he told his mother, she said, "Cyrus, I have always expected it, and I have not a word to say." To prepare he entered Bangor Seminary. During his second year there, he delivered lectures upon scientific and missionary subjects; but also practiced as well as preached; for he began missionary labors in a colony of 500 Irishmen located near the seminary. Temperature twenty-four below zero could not interfere with these regular visits. When he saw families destitute, he had food, clothing and even wood and bedding sent. Others became interested in his work and much good resulted.

Early in his senior year Hamlin offered himself to the American Board, and in February a letter from secretary Armstrong informed him of his appointment to educational work in Constantinople. He felt well pleased with the appointment, for since there the climate was healthful, he decided to ask the one woman of his election, Henrietta Jackson, whether she would not accompany him and share his life in that country. His offer was not despised. On September 3, 1838 he was married to Miss Jackson and after his ordination in Portland on October 3, 1838, he set sail for Constantinople, where he and his wife arrived in January, 1839, heartily welcomed by the missionaries already laboring there.

Despite hostility shown by the Russian government, Mr. Hamlin plunged heartily into the work. He decided to establish a seminary in that locality and after a long search decided upon the house. Though the school opened with only two pupils, the number soon grew to twelve. Instruction and board were free, though every pupil provided his books, bedding and other

necessaries. Soon Mr. Hamlin had a workshop fitted up where he made all sorts of tools and apparatus for philosophical demonstrations, although the Moslem Orientals attributed all mechanical skill to Satan.

One afternoon a shabby looking personage bent double with rheumatism visited Mr. Hamlin and warned him that on the morrow the patriarchate would throw all his students into prison. Hamlin at once sent his pupils home and asked them to go to the Patriarch and say, "Mr. Hamlin has come to assist your people, not to contend against you, and he has closed his seminary and dismissed every pupil." The plan worked and after a vacation of a few weeks school went quietly on with more pupils than ever. Yet the Greeks and Armenians hated the "heretic." They threatened to drive Mr. Hamlin away and the gamins threw stones from their hiding places on the hill and even stoned the house so as to break the roof. A complaint to the police, however, again secured quiet for a while.

Soon the seminary was enlarged and in 1841, removed to a new place overlooking the Bosphorus. The work needed more teachers and the Board sent Rev. G. W. Wood, "an able, faithful, honored and beloved coadjutor," to lift many burdens from the overloaded shoulders of Mr. Hamlin.

Learning that according to the Chapter of Privileges "every foreign colony settling at the Capital should have the right to its own mill and bakery free from interference from the guilds," Dr. Hamlin saw the opportunity, and, mentioning the matter to Mr. Chas. Ede, an English banker, received the reply, "Get your firman, and I will advance all the money you want." After some difficulties and through the kind assistance

of Mr. Tappan, Dr. Hamlin gained the permission of the station and also of the Board to build the mill. It met with immediate success. After the first year Dr. Hamlin was able to repay one half the money borrowed from Mr. Ede and eight per cent interest. Thus many poor but industrious natives were given remunerative employment, but no lazy person was tolerated.

In the autumn of 1853, during the Crimean War, Commissary General Smith made a contract with Dr. Hamlin, according to which the latter should deliver several thousand pounds of bread daily to the English hospital at Scutari. The purveyor and head physician, seeing the vast profits of the missionary demanded a share and being refused, attempted to force a compliance by heating the bread delivered and reporting it as "bad bread." The plot, however, failed and soon a new contract was made, according to which Dr. Hamlin furnished from twelve to twenty thousand pounds per day. Bread for Sunday, however, was always delivered on Saturday evening.

In various other ways did the inventive genius of Dr. Hamlin assert itself. When he found that the English soldiers were suffering from filth and vermin, he made washing machines from some oak beer-casks and engaged to wash their clothes. In this way 3000 articles were put through in one day.

The net proceeds from these various industries, \$25,000, Dr. Hamlin offered to the Board, but when they declined accepting it, he put it into the Church Building Fund, thus helping to build thirteen churches with school houses annexed.

After a brief visit to America, where he was everywhere received with honor, he resigned his connection

with the Board on May 1, 1860, and began with Mr. Christopher R. Robert the work of founding a college at Constantinople, now known as Robert College. A site for the college, overlooking the Bosphorus, was purchased for \$7000. Here was to be built a missionary college for all peoples and languages of the Empire, but the English tongue was to be the medium of instruction.

As a beginning of the building fund Mr. Robert donated \$30,000 worth of railroad bonds; but the difficulty lay in securing a permission to build. The Turks were adverse to the idea of permitting the college to occupy such a prominent site. All argument and effort in this direction seemed vain. Finally Admiral Farragut made his appearance in the Bosphorus with a few of his warships. Dr. Hamlin asked him to evince an interest in the school in the presence of the Grand Vizier. The effect was magical. In a few days Dr. Hamlin received permission to build as soon as he wanted to. Shortly afterwards he received an imperial irade, placing the school under the protection of the United States. Today the stars and stripes may be seen floating proudly over the main college building.

Dr. Hamlin now returned to America to attempt the raising of a \$100,000 endowment fund for the school, but through financial and other difficulties in America only \$56,000 could be secured. Dr. Hamlin wrote Mr. Robert that he had decided to give up the effort and return to Constantinople; but he was dismissed without explanation.

He was growing old now, and, having saved nothing of the \$30,000 given the missionary work from his own earnings, the question of his own and his family's support was seriously to be considered. \$500 received for

writing his book, "Among the Turks," provided sustenance for a few months. Soon he received a call to the chair of Theology in Bangor Theological Seminary, which was followed by a call to the presidency of Middlebury College.

At seventy-five years of age he resigned his office, which he felt that he should turn over to the cares of a younger man. With great reluctance the Board of Trustees accepted the resignation. Now he took up the work of field agent for the American Board, and continued advising the Board and speaking for it as often as his strength would permit, until his eighty-ninth year, when he fell serenely asleep in Portland, the city of his early struggles, honored and beloved by all who knew him.

JAMES HANNINGTON

Killing a Lion's Cub

In laboring among the natives of Central Africa, Bishop Hannington had many perilous adventures, from which, however, his quick, ingenious mind was never slow in extricating him.

Once, while he was hunting insects in a short mimosa tangle, he ran onto a strange little animal of about the size of a sheep and, without further thought, shot it. With terror written in every features of his face, the native lad with him took his departure as fast as his legs could carry him, for the bishop had killed the cub of a lioness! Fearing being momentarily infectious, Hannington also turned to flee, but at that moment a savage growl warned him that he was pursued, and a tremendous lioness shot directly for him. The loaded gun in his

hand now seemed of little avail, so, realizing his dangerous situation, since a lioness robbed of her whelp is an exceedingly dangerous creature to have any dealings with, he turned and ran a few steps, but now growls of increased volume and fierceness again caused Hannington to turn, only to see another lion, the mate of the lioness, also making for him.

Hoping that they might pause at the dead cub, he watched them closely a moment; but no. They went straight for him with all the determination of brute revenge.

Seeing that escape by running was impracticable, he halted, made a full stop and turned sharply on them. Instantly the lions checked their speed and then stood lashing their tails in boiling rage a few paces from him. They were, indeed, a royal looking pair, of a variety noted for fierceness; but that did not make the situation any more pleasant for their victim. Evidently thinking it unsafe to attack the strange being, which acted so peculiarly, the lions stood for some time eyeing the man.

In the meantime Hannington decided not to shoot, but to try what a little noise and dancing would do. Accordingly he suddenly threw up his arms in the air and, setting up a yell, danced about like a madman. Both lions, surprised beyond measure at seeing a bishop in such a strangely unnatural attitude, turned tail and showed themselves no more.

The coast was now clear, so Hannington seized the cub by the hind legs—a beautiful little creature—and dragged it for some distance along the ground as rapidly as possible. Then he swung it up over his shoulder and beat a hasty retreat to the camp, keeping a sharp lookout on all sides, lest the parents might return at

any time to reclaim their cub and thus put him in an embarrassing position.

The arrival of the cub in the camp caused a great excitement among the natives; crowds came to see it, and would not believe that the bishop had dared to kill the "child of a lioness," until they had seen its skin, for the killing of a cub is more dangerous than the shooting of a lion.

SUSAN B. HIGGINS

The Faithful Missionary to Yokohama

The daughter of a devout Methodist minister after much hesitation and prayer decided to offer herself to the Mission Board. With this determination she went to a quarterly meeting of the Missionary Society and after the meeting a Christian lady acquainted with her true character and worth remarked to her, "I think we will send you as a missionary sometime."

"Any time," she promptly replied with a spirit that made the lady look intently into her eyes and add,

"Apply, then, apply!"

Miss Higgins, after graduating from the High School of Chelsea, Massachusetts, had been a superior teacher in the public schools of Boston; but as a follower of Jesus she often thought of His missionary work in foreign lands, and often, when missionary collections were being taken, she was much tempted to drop in a slip with the words, "I give myself;" but inherent modesty forbade.

When, however, she had spoken the deciding words, "Any time," she made a firm resolution, and no longer shrank from avowing her purpose. She went home in a very thoughtful mood. Her room mate, observing her

humor, inquired, "Susan, are you going to be a missionary?"

"I am going to apply," she returned.

When Miss Higgins applied, there was no vacancy, but she was not made to wait long, for the resignation of a lady recently appointed left Yokohama open, to which she was appointed.

Tearful farewells were spoken and the heroic young lady was off, bound for a novel experience in a distant and to her a strange land. Her success there, however, was soon insured. Her affectionate and gentle nature soon won the love of the Japanese children, to whom she told "the old, old story of Jesus and his love."

Her bright prospect was soon clouded. In less than a year after beginning her work in Yokohama, she fell suddenly sick, and her physician frankly declared, "You may get well, but it is very doubtful."

"I am in the Lord's hands," was her calm response. "Living or dying, I am his."

The good Lord willed to take her to the ranks of the crowned heroes and heroines of the Cross above, and she died with a song of triumph on her tongue.

ELIJAH HOOLE

The Heroic Wesleyan Missionary to India

It was in the year 1820. The vessel "Tanjore" was at sea and already nearing her destination. Aboard was Elijah Hoole, accompanied by Mr. and Mrs. James Mowat, all Wesleyan missionaries bound for Madras, India. On a fine, warm September day, after Mr. Hoole had been standing on deck for some time, taking a farewell view of the mountains of Ceylon disappearing in the distance, a heavy cloud with a luminous center caught

his eye. He pointed the same out to the ship's captain, who thought it harmless. Then the storm, which had been rising, grew more violent, and the missionary retreated out of the rushing rain to the cuddy. Suddenly a blinding, crackling flash was accompanied by a deafening peal of thunder; the ship was struck by lightning. Two seamen fell dead on the deck and a third was prostrated.

"Fire in the hold! Fire below!" came the loud shout of the second mate.

Pumps were manned and buckets of water passed around. All worked nervously, madly; but in vain! The ship must be abandoned.

"Get out the boats!" rang out the command; but the long boat was already on fire. The "Yawl" and the "Gig," however, were, with much difficulty, got afloat, and into these the people of the ship crowded, overloading the same, so that they sank almost to the water's edge. In their haste they only took three oars. The Yawl had no rudder. Fortunately the sea was again calm by this time, and by skillful management they got clear of the ship, which was now enveloped in flames. Soon the greedy sea engulfed her, leaving forty-two persons on the deep, dark sea, without food, water or much clothing. Still the missionaries remained calm and peaceful, trusting in Him, for whose sake they had left their safe English homes.

Slowly, very slowly the night wore away, disclosing to their gaze a wild, uninhabitable jungle, bordered by forbidding, bristling rocks. This was disheartening. In the distance, however, they sighted a native vessel lying at anchor and, reaching it, at last persuaded its owners to take them all on board. Fortunately they were not

far from Trincomalee, Ceylon, where there was a Wesleyan mission station, and thus, forty-three hours after quitting the burning ship the unfortunate missionaries were safely housed there with these, their brethren in Christ.

Soon they again ventured on sea, taking a small schooner named the "Cochin" bound for Madras, in Southern India. The smallness of the vessel, together with a high sea, which often washed the decks, made the passage very rough and uncomfortable; but after three days and two nights on the deep, they were permitted to join their missionary brethren in Madras.

Having received their appointment to Bangalore, situated some distance in the interior, Mr. Hoole and Mr. Mowat were anxious to start at once for their post of duty; but they were detained by their considerate friends until they should have restored their missing wardrobes and libraries, and meanwhile their kind hosts offered them their own libraries for use while they studied the Tamul language during their stay in Madras. At this time Mr. Hoole visited the congregation of the Wesleyan missionaries, and was surprised and pleased by their rapt attention to the missionaries as they spoke and by their attitude of lying prostrate on their faces in prayer.

Soon thereafter the missionary at Negapatam one hundred and eighty miles south of Madras, asked for an assistant. Mr. Hoole at once consented to go. He had to travel in a palankeen, a sort of covered cot carried on the shoulders of carriers by means of two poles, and, though Mr. Hoole shrank from using men as beasts of burden, when he saw his ten carriers and six men to carry baggage and cooking utensils, he submitted to the

necessity. Four men carried the palankeen at a time. Changing hands every ten minutes, they kept a pace of about five miles an hour, until they reached a choultry, or resting place. These choultries were merely four stone or brick walls covered with a roof, where travelers could rest. Here Mr. Hoole drank some tea, and then slept. But that was not all. Through the aid of an interpreter, he also told the sweet story of Jesus, and found many interested listeners. Much of the traveling was done under the soft light of the brilliant moon, the bearers trotting along through swamps and jungles, over hills and bridgeless streams. In crossing swollen streams the bearers, stripped of their clothing, often had to wade across the swift current, with the water up to their necks, carrying the palankeen on their heads.

After eight days of this uncomfortable travel, Mr. Hoole reached Negapatam, which, for a brief space of time, was his field of labor. For eight years he labored in India, seeing rich fruit of his labors, until failing health necessitated his return to England. Other men took his place and now multitudes of Indians, who were formerly wretched heathens, have seen the light and have become devoted followers of Jesus.

WILLIS R. HOTCHKISS

A Remarkable Rhinoceros Hunt

During the first months of his work in the African missionary field, Mr. Hotchkiss' life was one of constant trouble and danger. Though he spoke and preached the Gospel, the natives would not hear him, but instead plotted for his removal from their midst, either by murder or otherwise. Supposing him to be a government official, it was at first rumored that he would soon have

soldiers to follow him, and though they later found themselves to be mistaken in this regard, they still hated him and wished to be rid of the white man. At length the missionary was informed that if he did not depart within three days, he would be killed and the mission house burned down; but the heroic man of God merely sent back the answer that he had come to teach them the Word of God, and that he intended to stay. Seeing that the white man was not to be frightened away, the natives resorted to a process of starving him out, issuing a proclamation that any one detected while bringing him food should be killed.

All this was quickly overcome in a strange and very unusual way, due to a peculiarity of the people: that of asking a favor of a person though they may be at daggers' points with him. A couple of rhinoceri had been ravaging the fields of the natives and destroying their crops, besides menacing the lives of the people themselves. A party of natives now came to the hated white man and begged him to go with a party to hunt down the destructive beasts.

Early on the morning set apart for the hunt, the missionary had just called his men together for worship and then appointed them to their several tasks, when a great clamor was heard from across the river. Supposing it to be a drinking party, Mr. Hotchkiss at first paid little attention to the loud yelling; but soon his old friend Mutu Nyaa came running to him, accompanied by a boy crying that the "Mbuzya," (rhinoceros), was but about a half a mile distant. The crowd was looking for the white man.

Thinking that God might have a purpose in all this, the missionary took his rifle, which a native brought

him, and, accompanied by one of the natives with another rifle, ran down the path, across the river and up the hill, towards the place where the rhinoceros was said to be. There a grand sight met his eyes. Every hill top, as far as he could see, was swarming with people, who raised a deafening clamor. Of course, it was a foolish way to hunt rhinoceri, who are dangerous enough when not excited.

On a steep hillside beyond a narrow, deep gully the rhino was reported to have taken refuge. The terrified natives had remained far from the spot. Making their way cautiously to this spot, Mr. Hotchkiss and the native peered cautiously into every bush, until near the top a man beckoned to the missionary and pointed out to him the animal's hiding place, after which he, too, beat a hasty retreat. Indeed, he could hardly be blamed for this, for the great animal, standing with its ungainly head swinging from side to side in excitement caused by the noisy crowd, truly made a very formidable appearance. Standing ten feet in length and six feet tall, he made a good picture at once of power and ugliness. Despite its ponderous bulk, the rhino's hideous head was set with little eyes no larger than a man's, while its snout was surmounted by two perpendicularly standing horns, about one and two feet in length respectively, which were its chief weapons of offense.

Having sighted the animal, Mr. Hotchkiss calmly prepared to shoot. Owing to the rhino's position among the trees, he could not hit him behind the ear as he desired, but had to aim at him squarely in front, a bad place, on account of the horns. The first ball broke off the front horn and buried itself in the center of his head. At once the animal began to snort fiercely and

tramp around among the trees. Again Hotchkiss shot, hitting him in the side of the head, whereupon the brute turned and ran away at full speed.

The natives, wild with joy at the sight of the trail of blood, set off in pursuit. Racing over fields, through bushes and across streams at breakneck speed, Hotchkiss and the swarm of Africans finally came upon the wounded rhinoceros in another clump of trees. Again the throng of excited negroes formed a great, dusky ring about the principal actors in the scene, filling every hill, tree and elevated place within seeing distance.

Praying mightily to God for a place in the hearts of these savages through that day's work, the missionary prepared for a fresh encounter with his adversary. Taking every precaution necessary to a rhinoceros hunter's safety, he at first had a tree conveniently near vacated of certain youthful occupants, who had already appropriated it to themselves, so that he might have a place of retreat in case the brute might take it into his dull head to make a direct attack. Then, taking off his shoes, he crept to within fifty yards and, aiming his gun at the head, with a prayer for steadiness of aim, he fired. Not a sound followed the shot, and Hotchkiss knew that he had conquered.

"Akawangamika!" (he is dead), he shouted to the nearest natives. A stampede followed. From every direction the mob poured in to view the fallen giant and everybody began telling everybody else just how it had happened, incidentally raising a terrific din by the process.

The white man had become their hero by a single stroke. On the following day a long file of men made their way to his door, bearing bags of millet and beans

as a present. The battle against prejudice and superstition was won and the Redeemer's kingdom was greatly advanced by the shooting of one rhinoceros.

JOHN HUNT

The Apostle of Fiji

The wonderful ways of God are in no way better revealed than in his direction of a man's life. In the life of John Hunt the hand of the Lord may be clearly discerned. The son of a soldier, his soul was often fired by his father's fireside stories, and he resolved to become a hero himself; though he little dreamed in what way his resolution would be carried out. When ten years old he was put to the hard labor of a plowboy. Six years later he fell ill of brain fever and, brought to the verge of the grave, his soul was filled with dread; and upon his recovery he began to attend a Methodist chapel and was soundly converted.

He did not hesitate to work for the Lord. Though he had no education, he was asked to address an audience and, though his first attempt was a failure, he was invited to try again, and this time was blessed of God. Despite his uncouth appearance and rustic brogue, he became the favorite of the rural congregations, which he addressed and a Methodist preacher, perceiving a latent power in the rough farm-hand, recommended him to the Missionary Committee, which, after examining him, sent him to the Hoxton Training School, where he devoted himself to philology and theology.

An appeal for more missionaries now came from Fiji, and in 1838 young Hunt and James Calvert, a young Yorkshire printer, were chosen to reinforce the small band of Christian workers among the cannibals. Hunt

wrote a manly letter to Hanna Summers, his betrothed, releasing her from her engagement, since he expected her parents to object to her going to Fiji; but the brave young woman avowed herself willing to "go anywhere" with him, so, after being united in marriage on April 19, they set sail for the heathen lands.

Arriving at Fiji on December 22, they were appointed to Rewa, and, though it was a solitary station, far from Christian sympathy and aid, they went, undismayed. "They soon found, that, so far as the cruelties of the people were concerned, the half had not been told them." These people were, without doubt, the most deeply degraded of the degraded. Cruelty, revenge and bloodshed, with them, was an everyday occurrence, while deeds of savage barbarity were committed by them, which cannot be described to Christian people. "Infanticide and cannibalism flourished in even darker forms than in other savage lands. Two-thirds of all the children were killed in infancy, and every village had an executioner appointed to carry out this deed of blood. Those who survived were early trained to the darkest deeds. Dead bodies were handed over to them to hack and hew; living captives were given up to them to mutilate and torture." It is no wonder that aged parents were butchered and eaten by their own children. Indeed, a man often cooked his best wife or most tender child, and invited his friends to the awful banquet. The horrid practice was mingled with all the acts of life and worship. Even in launching their canoes, chiefs used either live or dead men as rollers.

Though amid all this savagery, surrounded by such men, who had scarcely any regard for human life, Mr. Hunt, placing his life in God's hands, scattered the

seeds of the Gospel, and before long they began to take root. Converts were made and with conversion came persecution of the new Christians. They were pillaged of their property; but bore the cross cheerfully, testifying to the love of Christ.

After seven months' labor, Mr. Hunt and his colleague, Mr. Lyte and their wives, determined to carry the Gospel to the Samosamo, though they were reputed to excell the other Fijians in ferocity. Though they had been invited by the king, their reception was cold and the sights they were compelled to see were appalling. Within a week, upon the loss of the king's youngest son at sea, despite Hunt's protests, sixteen women were killed and roasted in front of the mission house, amid the blast of conchs and the yells of incarnate devils. Such sights were repeated and when Mrs. Hunt closed the window blinds against the horrible sight, the savages threatened to burn down the house, unless the windows were reopened.

In 1840, Commodore Wilkes, U. S. N., visited the island and, seeing the deplorable condition of the missionaries, offered to convey them away; but they refused to go, though even the chiefs commanded them to depart. Among all the perils and annoyances, Mr. Hunt worked steadily and earnestly, always, as he said, "turning his care into prayer."

Mr. Hunt labored three years at Samosamo. Though his labors were apparently unrequited, still, at his departure, the morals of the island were decidedly better than at his appearance. Great feasts were now held by the king, without a single dead human body, while trips were taken in boats without the aid of human bodies as rollers.

From Samosamo Mr. Hunt removed to Viwa, and, though now broken in health, he devoted himself with increased zeal to toil, study, teaching, preaching and translating. He first gave the Fijians the New Testament in their own language. Besides his other labor he also kept up his personal study of Greek, Hebrew and English literature, and wrote a work on sanctification.

Such devotion was not unrewarded. A great and glorious religious awakening took place, and among the converts was the Queen of Viwa. Though a strong woman, she fainted twice under the burden of her conviction, and revived only to renew her cries and tears. "The effect soon became more general. It was very affecting to see upward of a hundred Fijians, many of whom were a few years ago some of the worst cannibals, chanting 'We praise thee, O God;' while their voices were almost drowned by the cries of the broken-hearted penitents."

Soon the Christians of Viwa were bitterly persecuted. The neighboring tribes harrassed them by a relentless war and threatened to bake them in their ovens; yet they stood firm, only saying, "It is very easy for us to come to Mbau and be cooked; but it is very difficult to renounce Christianity."

Mr. Hunt's continuous toil at length broke down his formerly strong constitution, and now he was evidently dying. It was touching to see the sorrow of the converts. With sad faces they flocked to the chapel and prayed earnestly for their missionary. "O Lord," cried Elijah Verani, "we know we are very bad; but spare thy servant. If one must die, take me! take ten of us! but spare thy servant to preach Christ to the people."

But the Lord willed otherwise. As the missionary

neared his end, he confidently committed his wife and babies to God; but was sorely distressed for Fiji. Repeatedly he sobbed aloud, "Lord, bless Fiji! save Fiji!" Then, turning to his mourning wife, he said, "If this be dying, praise the Lord!" Presently, "as his eyes looked up with a bright joy defying death, he exclaimed, 'I want strength to praise Him abundantly!' and with the note of triumph, 'Hallelujah,' on his lips, he joined the worship in the skies."

The good work did not end with his death; but God has blessed abundantly the labors of His servants. Even the wicked king Thakombau confessed Christ before a multitude of subjects whom he had wronged; and Fiji is now not only a gem in the crown of Great Britain, but also "a jewel in the missionary diadem." For this the first honor belongs to John Hunt.

JAMES ADDISON INGLE

"The Trainer of Chinese Winners"

Of this man it is said that, "if God had seen fit to spare Bishop Ingle's life for twenty or thirty years, he would have become one of the greatest missionaries of modern times," and that is not improbable. Already in 1890, when he was a student at the Theological Seminary at Alexandria, the greatness of his mind was made apparent by his large ideals, yet his thoughtfulness of little things. Being in charge of the chapel for colored people near the seminary building, he began making a path to the chapel through the soft ground, using for the purpose the ashes from his stove. A fellow student, observing him one day, asked, "Why do you bother with the path, 'Bishop,' you won't be in the

seminary long enough to enjoy it?" "No," replied Ingle, but it will always be here for the other fellows."

One night this thoughtful young man heard an old Chinese missionary relate the various difficulties and blessings of his work. He ended with the words, "Gentlemen, must I go back alone?" Ingle responded to the call. He applied for an appointment, raised his own traveling expenses and first year's salary and was in Shanghai in 1891. As his post Hankow, six hundred miles up the Yangtze River, was assigned him.

In building up his church, Mr. Ingle firmly believed and preached that the Chinese Christians should be self-propagating, self-disciplining and self-maintaining. To attain this standard, he gathered about him Chinese laymen, whom he trained to go out and win other people. Thus he soon had about him groups of men, who appealed to the Chinese with good effect, because they were natives.

In self-discipline he was very strict. If an "offender" had brought public shame on the church, he was made to publicly confess his sin before the congregation and to make reparation as far as possible, while his name and an explanation of the wrong was posted before public gaze in the guest-room of the mission. Meantime he was obliged to attend the services as usual, occupying a bench assigned to the penitents until he had served his period of probation and, having proven the sincerity of his repentance, the sign was removed from the guest-room and he was declared forgiven and restored. This system was carried out in a loving spirit and met the approval of the native clergy.

In order that his church might be self-maintaining, each congregation was warned to keep within its income.

In new stations religious services were held in the upper room of some Christian's house, which was fitted up with rude benches, Chinese wall scrolls, a Chinese table for an altar, and the simplest cross, until a better meeting-place could be afforded.

In 1901, Mr. Ingle was made the first bishop of a new missionary district and entered with enthusiasm upon his great work. "Boone School for boys, St. Hilda's School for girls in Wuchang, a small boarding school for boys in Hankow, three hospitals, and churches in eighteen centers, were a great joy to him." Of this work he wrote, "We are striving for the salvation of the whole man, the whole nation."

Two years after his consecration as bishop he was stricken with fever and died. His system of training native workers is the most simple and most practical yet devised and sets the standard for all succeeding work in the Lord's vineyard.

FATHER ISAAC JOGUES

The Jesuit Martyr Missionary

True Christian heroism is not limited by religious persuasion of belief nor by denominational lives. The growing spirit of Christian tolerance and unity among the churches, especially in the foreign mission fields is a pleasing and promising omen of our times.

This volume relating so many missionary hero stories regardless of religious faith or church affiliation must not draw the line of fair and honorable recognition even between Protestantism and Catholicism. Even the most avowed adherent to the spirit of the reformation can not contemplate without feeling the courage and

self-sacrificing devotion of the Jesuit martyr-missionaries in Canada.

Among the faith heroes of that particular branch of Christendom perhaps none is more conspicuous and noteworthy than Father Isaac Jogues, one of the missionaries sent north to Saint Marie, Canada, in 1642. The journey hence by way of Ottawa and the rivers that interlock with it comprised a distance of more than nine hundred miles through dense forests and horrible obstructions difficult to encounter.

Among the Hurons, residing in that region of country between Lake Huron and Lake Superior the Jesuits made several converts, but on account of the fiendish superstitions of the Indians who blamed the missionaries for all manner of imaginary evils, the missions established were kept in a constant state of alarm by the intrusions of the Iroquois, or Confederacy of five nations, the unrelenting foes of the Hurons.

Father Jogues and other Frenchmen were made prisoners and during a long and terrible pilgrimage were led from one Indian village to another subject to all manner of cruel and barbarous torture without mercy and continually threatened with death.

Yet these missionaries sought to labor and be faithful and winning witnesses for their Master not only among the Christian Hurons, but even among the barbarous Indians who persecuted them without reasonable cause.

After days and weeks of turmoil, torture and travel, enduring hunger, sleeplessness and wounds, Father Jogues and his companion, Rene Goupil, were reduced to a state of pitiable exhaustion.

While in this condition, one day Jogues and Goupil

were walking in the woods, just outside of camp, a liberty accorded them, since they did not seek to escape, they were rudely accosted by two savages, who compelled them to return to the camp. At the entrance of the camp one of the savages struck Goupil a blow on his defenseless head with his tomahawk, killing him instantly. Overwhelmed with this murderous assault, Father Jogues knelt down on the spot, and uncovering his head, expected a like blow. But after thus kneeling for a minute or two he was commanded to rise. Afterwards he learned that his companion had been thus killed by the orders of an old Indian on whose grandchild Goupil had made the sign of the cross, which the Indians viewed with superstitious horror.

After months of suffering, Father Jogues, on his arrival at Fort Orange, was reminded of a means of escape, by the commander of the Dutch troops, offering him passage on board the vessel lying at anchor there. Father Jogues thanked the commander very much, but feared the Indians might suspect the Dutch of favoring his escape and perhaps retaliate by doing them some injury. "No! No!" he replied, do not fear, get on board; it is a fine opportunity, and you will never find a surer way of escape.

Much to the commander's surprise, even then the worthy Father asked for a night to consider the question, because his conscience was in doubt whether he might not be of some service to the captive Hurons. Finally being clear in his own consciousness that under prevailing conditions his chances of doing good where he was were poor, he accepted the commander's offer and returned home to Europe, reaching France on Christmas day, 1643.

Everywhere, by his many friends, by the college of his order and even by the Queen Regent, Anna of Austria, at Paris, whence he was ordered, he was royally received, because of what he had suffered for Christ's sake.

Father Jogues' sense of responsibility, however, was so great that he felt uncomfortable and could not rest until he returned to Canada, which he did in the spring of 1644. "I shall go and not return," he said as he set out for the scene of his former sufferings. His prophecy became true, for by the stroke of a treacherous Indian's ax he died as a martyr to the Master's cause.

LIZZIE L. JOHNSON

The Shut-in Missionary

"God hath chosen the weak things of the world to confound the things which are mighty." I Cor. 1:27. That affliction may be a blessing in disguise, and that saintly character and great usefulness in the Master's kingdom may, in the providence of God, emanate from weakness and obscurity, has been beautifully and wonderfully manifested in the life and labors of the late Miss Lizzie L. Johnson of Casey, Illinois. As the immortal John Bunyan, shut up in prison, providentially inspired, wrote the words that have guided the hosts of Christian pilgrims onward in their journey toward the celestial city, so this lovely Christian girl, this daughter of the King, shut up in the quiet little room of her humble cottage home and confined to her bed of affliction, set in motion noble missionary enterprises that honor God and bless mankind.

At the age of thirteen years she became an invalid and from twenty to forty years was bedfast and hopeless,

so far as her poor body was concerned. During the first years of her illness every effort was made to restore her health, but nothing availed. Her affliction was a spinal trouble, which, affecting her nerve centers, rendered her illness most distressing to herself and very difficult for her caretakers. At times the slightest noise occasioned her great pain. She seemed to have developed an abnormal degree of the sense of touch, and became very sensitive to the presence of persons in her room, or of anything touching her bed. She was never without pain, and yet she bore her affliction with Christian resignation and so applied herself to study as to become a polished scholar, widely read, a most interesting conversationalist and correspondent. A former pastor describing her says: "Personally she was a beautiful woman, lily white complexion, black eyes and hair, a radiant countenance and a character that, once met, left its imprint on you ever after."

Those who knew her best say she never seemed to want sympathy, and never appeared desirous of talking about her illness. There is one great subject on which she loved to talk, and that is missions. She was not only well informed, but also had some very original ideas on this great theme. Being an enlightened Christian mind and a consecrated spirit she was an inspiration to her visitors and to the loved ones in her home. Although shut off from the world and its pleasure, she always entertained a strong desire to do good and to be helpful to others. She did a great work for missions, not only through her personal work, but also through the inspiration she aroused in others.

She first became interested in missions in 1885, upon hearing her father read of William Taylor's sailing for

Africa with a band of missionaries. She learned more about the Dark Continent through reading "The Africa News." Her interest in the missionary cause led her to make a quilt which, through the friendly aid of Bishop Warne, was exhibited before Christian audiences and sold in shares for \$600, which amount was applied to Christian work in India. She undertook to make silk book marks, each of which bore some message of comfort, and sold them for fifteen cents, or two for twenty-five cents, and applied the proceeds to missionary work in the heathen world. God blessed her efforts with marvelous success. Her book marks found an abundant market and were sent to every state in the Union, as well as to Mexico, Canada, England, Scotland, Italy, Africa, South America, Australia, New Zealand, Hawaii, China and Japan.

During her years of suffering she made and sold over two hundred thousand book marks and raised for missions twenty thousand dollars, with which she supported, in foreign lands, native Christian workers that have given in the aggregate over a century and a half of service in the vineyard of the Lord. In addition to this she left in her home, at the time of her death, a very large supply of book marks, the proceeds of which, together with the royalty on her interesting biography, will be administered by her sister, Alice Johnson, in the continued support of her twenty native workers and four native students in foreign mission fields. All of her workers are educated people. Some of them speak two or three languages, and all are graduates of the native mission schools.

On September 14, 1909, came this saintly soul's coronation day. Realizing that she was dying she said:

"O how sweet, how sweet," and without a struggle fell asleep in Jesus. It was the eve of the Illinois Conference. The report of her death stirred the Conference. Bishop Goodsell designed a delegation of six ministers to attend the funeral services as honorary pallbearers. In death her face had a halo and on it peace. She was buried in white; a white casket enshrining the mortal remains of a white and radiant soul now translated to the glory world, where those who turn many to righteousness shall shine as the stars forever and ever.

WILLIAM AUGUSTINE BERNARD JOHNSON

Missionary Among the Negroes of Siere Leone

On account of personal character, as well as of the marvellous amount of successful work he was allowed to accomplish in his short career of seven years in the field, Johnson's name is worthy of mention among those of missionary heroes.

Johnson, by birth a Hanoverian, passed some years in a German counting house; but, when twenty-eight years of age, when the call to the mission field reached him, he was working in a sugar refiner's establishment in London. Three years previously he had been remarkably converted to God. It was during war time, and his wages were so low, and provisions were so expensive, that he and his wife were on the brink of starvation. One evening, as he came home despondent, he remembered a Bible verse, which he had learned when only eight years of age: "Call upon me in the day of trouble, I will deliver thee, and thou shalt glorify Me." "Call upon Me!" But will He hear me, who have sinned against Him? Oh, to have no worldly prospects, and

an angry God! Such were the tumultuous thoughts that surged through his mind that night as he tossed to and fro in wretched restlessness. He went to work early to distract his mind; but at the breakfast hour he returned home to avoid suspicion as to his misery, and was met at the door by his smiling wife, who joyfully told him that she had obtained unexpected employment, with wages in advance, and his breakfast was ready. His feelings overwhelmed him. How good God was, and to a sinner! He decided to go to the evening service of the German church at the Savoy. A Moravian missionary preached, and that sermon brought Johnson to his Savior.

From that moment he longed to bring others to that holy joy and peace which he was experiencing. His wife, the first object of his solicitude, at first resisted his endeavors; but later yielded and became his willing and devoted helper in his work. He also attended Bible and missionary meetings and as he thought of the misery of the heathen and of all that Christ had done for him, he felt that he too must go to the mission field. Many difficulties, however, were in the way and, quenching his new born desire, he drifted into carelessness and darkness, until another address from the pulpit, together with a personal call to the field aroused him.

A German, Henry Duering, led Johnson to the noble work, which was to occupy the remainder of his life. Himself accepted by the Church Missionary Society as a schoolmaster of Sierra Leone, he called on Johnson and asked him to accompany him, stating that the Society wished to send another with him in that capacity. The offer was accepted, Johnson was ordained and in 1816, the two men went forth in the same ship to become the

founders of those churches in Sierra Leone, which are now the hope and glory of the Dark Continent.

The work before Johnson was of a difficult nature, requiring great patience and loving kindness. It was principally among downtrodden slaves, who had little intellectual power and, generally speaking, no ambition for the betterment of their condition physically or spiritually. These poor wretches were captured in midnight expeditions or in cruel wars; were chained together, driven in gangs to the sea board, where they were penned up in barracoons until the arrival of the slave ships. On these 400 were crammed together in a hole no larger than twelve yards long and seven wide and, after a journey, during which seventy per cent of them died on account of the lack of pure air, water and food, they were sold and placed under their task masters. It is not surprising that all ambition was crushed out of the surviving slaves. After the praise worthy act of Parliament, which liberated all slaves on English soil, many of these freed wretches were sent to Sierra Leone and these were the material out of which Johnson was to fashion his church.

By the sainted Edward Bickersteth, Johnson was appointed to Regent's Town, to undertake the education of about 1500 of these wretched negroes, who, emaciated by hunger and ulcerated by disease, were dying at the rate of seven or eight per day. Johnson labored among them with loving tenderness; but their callousness and indifference was deeply depressing. On the first Sunday only nine attended services, and these were almost naked. Being badly treated by all whites with whom they had thus far come in contact, they were still suspicious of Johnson's intentions. He, however, persevered and, at every opportunity, even in giving out

the daily allowance of rice, which was one of his daily duties, he attempted to show sympathy and consideration. This soon had effect and his church, a large shed, was soon overflowed, so that the meetings had to be held out of doors, while pupils thronged to his school. It was impossible for him to do the teaching unaided, so he selected twelve boys and first taught these, beginning with the first four letters of the alphabet, and they in turn taught the others. So the work progressed and before a year had passed his pupils were reading the New Testament.

Johnson, however, was not content as a school master; but labored, in spite of the many disappointments, to raise the people from their spiritual bondage and degradation to a higher life. The first evidence of any impression having been made upon the native mind was detected by Johnson when he was almost ready to give up in utter despair. With this depressed feeling in his heart he had wandered out into the forest and sat down to meditate, when he heard a native voice among the bushes uttering the heart's anxieties in earnest prayer. Thus strengthened he returned to his labors; but the climate was deadly, and the fellow helpers who came to him were constantly dropping at his side, while he himself was frequently prostrated by fever, and his wife's health was failing; so in 1819, he returned to England, being able to give a report of a church being capable of containing 1300 people; of 263 communicants; and of a daily church attendance of from 500 to 900 natives.

The wisdom and good judgment used by Johnson in admitting members into the church is best proven by the fact that the church, from the beginning, maintained a character of piety and stability. Though he had to

contend, in this respect, with opposing influences, still he wisely followed his own judgment and carefully discriminated between mere emotion—for the negroes are excitable people—from real religious enthusiasm and zeal.

After a six months' visit home, Johnson re-embarked for Africa, despite the imminent danger to his health, ready to live or die for the Lord Jesus, as might be decreed. The joy and excitement caused among the natives by his return is touching. At the time of his arrival Mr. Wilhelm led the service. After the dismissal of the meeting, one of the natives rushed into the church and loudly announced Mr. Johnson's return. At once there was a dash for the door and windows and the congregation hurried out of the church. Some went to Freetown to visit Johnson that same night, while the others sang throughout the night for joy.

Again Johnson plunged into active work, correcting the mistakes, which had inevitably arisen in his absence, building up the native church in strength and godliness, introducing the arts of civilization, raising the schools to progress and efficiency and, above all, preaching the name of Jesus, our Redeemer, to sinners. He also felt that he should not confine his labors to Regent's Town alone, and so we find him making missionary explorations about the peninsula Sierra Leone, and in company with native Christians, preaching the Gospel amidst heathen greegrees and devil houses.

In 1822, his wife's increasing illness made it necessary to send her to England, but he labored on alone, despite his loneliness after his wife's departure. The end was drawing nigh, though he was ignorant of it. Ophthalmia broke out in the colony, and he suffered severely from it.

His general health was poor and he needed rest; so, following medical advice, he sailed for England in April, 1823, intending to rejoin his wife, and with her to return to Africa.

God, however, willed otherwise. Apparently three days after his embarkation symptoms of fever appeared, which daily grew worse. On May 3, he said to his attendant, Sara Bickersteth, a native convert, who was on her way to England, "I think I cannot live;" and then delirium set in. When reason returned he spoke lovingly of his wife and of his longing to see her, and asked Sara to read the twenty-third psalm, after which he said, "I am going to die; pray for me." After the prayer he gave instructions concerning the mission. The last words that Sara could catch were, "I cannot live. God calls me; I shall go to Him this night."

Thus, on May 4, 1823, died William A. B. Johnson, at the early age of thirty-five. Like Judson, he found his grave in the ocean; and needs no other monument than his blessed results, which he was allowed to accomplish. His last report was of 1079 scholars, of whom 710 could read, and 450 communicants. Glancing at such records we must thank God for raising up such men for the glorious work of spreading the Gospel, which alone can work such marvels as the missionary experiences and achievements.

ADONIRAM JUDSON, JR.

Missionary and Bible Translator, Burmah, India

On August 9, 1788, Adoniram Judson, Jr., was born at Malden, Massachusetts. Of his youth little is known. Being the son of the congregational clergyman, he had the advantages of a religious culture; but, though he set

his standards of intellectual education high, its spiritual training was neglected. Still, after he had graduated at Brown University in 1807, he began thinking seriously about religion, and was convinced of the validity of Christian evidences, though his piety was still equivocal. Now he applied for admission at the Theological Seminary at Andover, desiring to study for the ministry. After some hesitation he was admitted, and with serious application and a natural talent for learning he made rapid progress.

In 1809, he read Buchanan's "Star of the East," which suggested to him the importance of the mission work and awakened in him a desire to engage in it. The first persons to whom he communicated his feelings discouraged him; but finally he found several other fellow students, who sympathized with him. Seeing no avenue to the missionary field open in America, he determined to apply to the London Missionary Society for acceptance; but, though the reply was favorable, indications also became more favorable at home. Several more persons interested in foreign missions had been found, and a paper was drawn up, asking the advice of the Association, concerning the fulfillment of their wishes, with the result of the establishment of the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions.

After uniting in marriage with Miss Ann Hasseltine, on the 5th of February, 1812, Mr. Judson and his wife sailed for Calcutta. Difficulties with the Indian government, however, turned their attention to Burmah, and, guided by the hand of God, they arrived at Rangoon, in Burmah, July 14, 1813.

Though he was not the first to attempt missionary work in Burmah, when he reached the deserted station

in July, 1813, there was no perceptible result of former missionary labors. In the mission house, built by the English Baptist Society, he for three years studied the peculiar Burman language, without grammar, dictionary or English speaking teacher.

After careful and diligent study of the Bible, especially concerning baptism, Mr. Judson accepted the faith of the Baptist denomination. Hereupon he resigned from the American Board, and his appeal to American friends caused the organization of the American Baptist Foreign Missionary Society, of which he became a member.

The happy mission home was soon afterwards touched by sorrow. In 1815 the only child, Roger Williams, died—an especially deep bereavement to solitary Christian parents in a strange heathen land. A year later, when Mr. Judson was preparing a tract, entitled “Summary of Christian Doctrines,” his eyes began to fail, so that he could scarcely read, while his health also became poor.

Bright days, however, followed, when in 1816, Rev. Geo. Hough and wife arrived, with a printing press. Judson’s tract was now printed, together with a catechism, which he had prepared; and soon afterwards the gospel of Matthew. On March 7, 1817, he was gladdened by a visit from the first anxious inquirer after Jesus, and this was followed by others.

Soon afterwards Mr. Judson’s resolution and perseverance were tried. Sailing for Chittagong, to improve his health and to secure aid, he was blown by adverse winds from his course, and did not return for eight months. He was reported lost, and in this period of suspense cholera broke out, and Mr. and Mrs. Hough

sailed for Calcutta with their printing press, leaving Mrs. Judson alone amidst these fearful scenes. After a few days, however, Mr. Judson returned. Despite the dangerous disease raging around him and his wife, and in spite of the loss of the press and of his friends, he never lost heart nor faltered, nor was he tempted to look for another field. He considered his appointment to Rangoon providential and the thought of abandoning the work was never entertained, though later he was again sorely disappointed in the death of Mr. Wheelock and the sickness of Mr. Coleman, who had come in 1818 to assist him.

Now Mr. Judson began public preaching in a zayat, used as a chapel. All day long he sat in the stifling house, sacrificing the pleasure of home and friends, attempting to attract the attention of some wayfarer and to teach the name of Jesus; but he was usually rewarded by disheartening scoffs and reviling. Yet he would not give up, but believed in the power of the Gospel and in its ultimate victory; and his reward came. Two months after the zayat was opened the first convert was baptized in a pool, oramented with a statue of Buddha. It seemed to be a prophecy of the future victory of Christ over Buddha.

On December 22, 1819, Mr. Judson started on a visit to the new king, a grandson to the old king, who had died. Since people shunned him and even the converts, fearing persecution, rarely were seen, he had decided to seek royal favor. He took his translation of the Bible in six volumes, covered with gold leaf, as a present to the king, and having arrived at Armapura, he was put under charge of the prime minister, who introduced him to the king. The latter, taking one of Mr. Judson's

tracts, and seeing its proclamation of the one great living God, threw it to the ground and walked away, leaving Judson despairing of being able to continue his mission at Rangoon.

When he communicated his fears to the converts, the latter, to his surprise, seemed fearless, and confident in the success of the mission. They begged the missionary to remain, saying that they knew of several inquiring after the "new religion." He decided to remain, and was rewarded, for in July seven more members were added to the church, among them a native teacher of ability and influence.

While Mr. Judson was busy translating more of the Bible, and preparing other religious books, his wife's health began to fail, and it was decided to send her home to recuperate. Arriving in New York, September 25, 1822, she did all she could to promote an interest in the cause of missions, attempting to induce others to devote their lives to the cause of Christ in Burmah.

In 1821, Mr. Judson unexpectedly gained the king's favor. On December 18, 1821, Rev. Jonathen Price, a medical missionary joined him at Rangoon, and was followed by Mr. and Mrs. Hough, who returned from Calcutta with their press. The emperor desired an interview with the doctor and Dr. Price, ignorant of Burman court rules, desired Mr. Judson to accompany him. The latter very reluctantly sacrificed his time and did so. For about four days the king took no notice of Judson, except as an interpreter; but after that time he inquired into his occupation and success, and then turned the conversation to other subjects. Pleased with his replies, the king asked him to remove to Ava, and gave him and Dr. Price a house and tract of land in that great city.

When, on December 5, 1823, Mrs. Judson returned with Mr. and Mrs. Wade, Mr. Judson determined to accept the king's invitation and remove to Ava. After a difficult journey of six weeks up the river, they arrived at their destination. Finding the newly built brick house too damp for Mrs. Judson, another house was built, and Mr. and Mrs. Judson at once began the work of instruction. Mrs. Judson also began a school for girls, beginning with only three pupils, but the work progressed.

On account of difficulties between the English and Burmah governments, war broke out and Rangoon was attacked by the English. Mr. Judson and his fellow missionaries were at once seized, handcuffed and thrown into prison. The executioners were ordered to dispatch the prisoners, but were frightened away by the bombardment of the town by the English. Mr. Hough, one of the imprisoned missionaries, proposed to go to the English and to ask them to withdraw. The proposal was accepted; Mr. Hough went and the English at once landed, drove off the inhabitants and released the prisoners.

A few days later Mr. Judson was again arrested and cast into a deadly prison. Mrs. Judson, truly a heroine, buried his valuable translations and then appealed to the king and officers in behalf of her husband, and walked two miles every day to visit him. Finally her importunity prevailed, and he was allowed to remove to a healthier nearby house. During this time a daughter was born to the unfortunate man, which added some joy to these days of sadness.

When it was reported that the Burman army had been defeated and that the English were advancing upon the capitol, all prisoners were ordered to be massacred;

but on Mrs. Judson's account the governor had mercy and only removed them into the inner prison, out of sight, and loaded them with five pairs of fetters each. The heroine again repeatedly implored the governor to be merciful to her husband, and secured better quarters for him step by step, until he was again allowed to live with her in a house near by. Then the prisoners were suddenly driven to a prison in Oung-pen-la. The march was terrible. Mr. Judson had to march through the broiling sun, stripped of almost all his clothing, while the sharp stones mangled his bruised and bleeding bare feet.

The next day Mrs. Judson's adopted daughter, Mary, took small-pox. Then the little babe took it. Mrs. Judson's health now also gave way, and the little baby no longer had proper nourishment. The jailor's heart was touched and, as soon as Mr. Judson could stand upon his feet, he permitted him to help his wife; so he took the starving babe into his arms and, with the fetters upon his limbs, limped from house to house, begging milk for his babe.

The war was now over, and Mr. Judson's services as interpreter were in demand, so he was hurried to the Burman camp, burning with fever, and translated until he became temporarily demented, his senses left him. The treaty gave missionaries perfect liberty, and now Mr. Judson resumed his work. A commercial treaty was now to be made with Burma's king, and the missionary's services as interpreter were again desired. Mr. Judson went, only because he thought to gain some advantage for his work, and he sent his pay of 5200 rupees to the Board.

During her husband's absence, Mrs. Judson was

stricken down with fever. Though Mr. Judson was informed of her illness, it was not represented as serious, and his feelings may be imagined, when, on December 21, 1826, he received a note announcing her death. Native Christian women performed the last offices of affection for her, and after her death she was laid to rest on the bank of the Salwen, at Amherst, under the shade of the hopia (hope) tree. Six months later the only little daughter died and was buried at her side.

Mr. Judson, though heart broken at this loss of all that was dearest to him on earth, nerved himself anew to the fulfillment of his appointed ministry. He returned to Rangoon to revive the mission there and then applied himself to the translation of the Scriptures into Burmese, which task he completed on January 31, 1826. He continued his labors until 1850. On the 12th of April he died on ship board, and his body was buried in the Bay of Bengal. "His work is his highest eulogy. His name shall be held in everlasting remembrance."

KAPIOLANI

A Heroine of Faith and Courage

The most famous and influential of all Hawaiian converts was the high chiefess Kapiolani, who, though by right of descent a ruler over a large district in Southern Hawaii, had, before her conversion, been an ignorant, drunken, debauched and superstitious savage. When, however, the message of God's love touched her heart, she gave up her intemperate habits, dismissed all her husbands but the powerful national orator, Naihe, who promised to assist her in promoting the Christian religion, and became so ladylike in her deportment and so loving

of disposition that she won the respect and admiration of all who knew her.

The greatest act of her life was her defiance of the fire-gods of Kilauea and the consequent breaking of their despotic power. This event took place in the great crater of Kilauea, the famous volcano of Hawaii, a vast, sunken pit about eight miles in circumference, lying 4400 feet above the sea. Except in times of action, the steep precipice of the crater wall may be descended by a zig zag pathway and the bed of the crater can be crossed almost to the edge of the burning lake of seething molten lava. The impression made upon the spectator by this writhing, seething mass of boiling rock in the real "bottomless pit," illumined by the lurid never dying flames arising from the bowels of the earth, is beyond the power of words to picture. Isabella Bird Bishop, after viewing the place, wrote, "I feel as if the terrors of Kilauea would haunt me all my life."

In the minds of the superstitious islanders, the volcano was inhabited by innumerable gods and goddesses, among whom the most potent was Pele, the goddess of fire. To her they erected a temple near the crater's mouth and there priests and priestesses continually presented to her costly propitiative offerings. Even long after the overthrow of idolatry, the superstitious fear of this fire goddess could not be entirely dispelled.

In December, 1824, Kapiolani decided to free her people from the thralldom of this superstition by defying the fire-goddess in her own domains. Accordingly she set out on foot for the mission station at Hilo, intending to cross the mountain on which the crater lies, a difficult journey of one hundred miles over lava beds. The attempts of her dismayed friends to dissuade her proved futile. Even Naihe could not move her. Strong in faith,

she replied: "There is but one great God; he will keep me from all harm." Thus finding her determined, eighty of her people decided to accompany her and share her fate.

Again and again Kapiolani was stopped on the way by her frightened people, who pleaded with her not to destroy herself by risking Pele's anger, but she heroically replied: "If I am destroyed, you may believe in Pele; but if I am not, then you must all turn to the true God."

Near the crater a priestess of Pele warned the chiefess that if she entered the sacred precincts of the volcano with a spirit of unbelief and opposition in her heart, she would surely perish. In answer to these terrible predictions, Kapiolani simply opened her Testament and taught the priestess of the true God in heaven.

Along the crater grew flame colored ohelo berries sacred to Pele on account of their firey hue. They were very refreshing to travellers, but no Hawaiian dared to partake of them without first offering some to Pele. Kapiolani, however, now ate freely of them, without making the customary offering, though her companions dared not to do so.

Then entering the crater, she walked across the hot lava beds trembling beneath her feet with steam issuing from every crevice. At the edge of the opening whence issued the ever burning flames, she, to test the ire of the supposed goodess to the utmost, gathered a handful of stones and deliberately cast them into the lake of fire.

No one who is ignorant of the awful terrors with which pagan deities are clothed in the common mind, and of the tenacity with which these superstitions hold even professed converts, can appreciate the courage and faith evinced by this Hawaiian heroine.

Turning to her terrified people, she said: "Jehovah is my God. He kindled these fires, I fear not Pele. The gods of Hawaii are vain. Great is the goodness of Jehovah in sending missionaries to turn us from these vanities to the living God."

Then, at her direction, the whole company knelt in prayer to the Heavenly Father above, and the great crater rang with the music of a Christian hymn, re-echoing above the roaring and crackling of the flames, and consecrating the fire palaces of Pele as a temple of the only true and living God.

When the chiefess' beautiful and fruitful life ended in May, 1841, she was deeply mourned not only by her people, whom she had not only commanded but much more served, but also by the missionaries, who realized in her a potent helper and faithful friend.

JAMES KEKELA

A Rescue from Cannibals

The native Hawaiian missionary James Kekela was a man of deep piety and widespread influence. This was so well known and recognized that, in 1852, while a pastor of a church on the island of Oahu, he was asked to accompany several pioneer missionaries to Micronesia and assist them there in beginning a new mission.

In 1853, shortly after his return to Oahu, a chief from the beautiful Marquesas Islands, which lay directly east of Peru in the Pacific Ocean, arrived at Hawaii and pleaded for teachers for his people. Though the Hawaiians knew full well that the Marquesans were a race noted for cruelty and blood thirsty cannibalism, and that previous English and American missionaries, as well

as native Christians from the Society Islands, who sought to bring them the Gospel, were each glad to escape from the islands with their lives, yet they received the call with great enthusiasm and responded promptly. Among the first who volunteered for this difficult work was Kekela, who resigned his pleasant pastorate on Oahu and, with his faithful wife Naomi, followed the Marquesas chief to his islands.

For many years they labored, stationed at the village of Paumau, in a beautiful valley of the island of Hivaoa. Near their home, however, was located an immense heiau, or sacred place, where the most revolting rites are practiced. There, on a paved platform, elevated by means of a series of great stone terraces, were held their cannibal feasts and heathen dances.

In 1864, there occurred at this heiau an event that revealed clearly the fierce character of the people and also the indomitable courage of the missionary Kekela. The United States whale ship Congress had stopped at Hivaoa to take on board some fresh supplies. The natives' hatred had just before this been aroused against the white people by some Peruvian sailors, who stole and sold into slavery a number of Marquesan youths, so that the father of one of the stolen youths made a solemn vow to kill and eat the first white man caught on the island. Therefore, when Lieutenant Whalon of the Congress went ashore to purchase pigs, fowls and other such produce, he, suspecting no evil intention, allowed himself to be decoyed further and further from the shore until he was led into the woods out of sight of the vessel. Then, suddenly, at a preconcerted signal, a band of savages rushed upon him, stripped him of his clothing, bound his hands and feet and carried him to

the heiau to be slaughtered and eaten. The crew of the Congress was spared from a similar fate by a young servant of Kekela, who motioned them away, shouting, "Pull away! Pull away!"

Arrived at the heiau, Whalon was surrounded by a great crowd of grinning savages, whose elaborately tattooed faces and hair tied in two bunches on the top of their head made them look more like demons than men. As they danced about their victim in fiendish glee, they tortured him frightfully, pulling his nose, stretching his ears, forcing his thumbs backwards and forwards, while they flourished their long knives and spears about his defenseless head. Everything was done, which the savage tormentors could devise, to harass the poor wretch.

All night long the savages continued their horrible torture. Unfortunately Kekela was absent at the time. A German living on the island tried to rescue the victim but in vain; for the furious father who had previously vowed to kill the first white man captured, declared that he would not forego the pleasure of the revenge now in his grasp. Besides, white man's flesh tasted too good to be given up so easily. On the following morning, however, Kekela returned and, on learning of the cannibals' capture, went at once to the heiau at the risk of his own safety, to plead for the lieutenant's life.

Though the savages were at first obstinate, some happened to remember that the missionary was possessed of a fine six-oared boat recently sent him from Boston. Perhaps they might here get possession of that! Would Kekela trade his new boat for the captive's life? Yes, even that; although the much-prized vessel was almost indispensable to his work.



LOVEJOY MONUMENT, ALTON, ILLINOIS

Suddenly, when the transaction was about to be concluded, the chief of a hostile clan, who had often found it convenient to make trips in the boat with the missionary, which would have to be foregone if the boat should find other hands, put in a dissenting voice, and positively refused the relinquishment of the boat.

This deal thus being made impossible, the greedy cannibals finally decided to accept smaller articles in ransom—a gun and various other articles—and Mr. Whalon, weak from his terrible experience on the previous night, was led to the friendly home of Kekela and to the kindly ministrations of the good Naomi. As soon as possible he was put on board the Congress, which was waiting far out at sea to learn his fate.

When Abraham Lincoln, then president of the United States, heard the story, he sent Kekela guns, watches, a medal and other presents to the value of five hundred dollars, with a letter of congratulation and thanks for saving the life of a United States citizen.

Kekela's reply to the great man's letter was written in simple and beautiful terms, and contained the following paragraph:

"As to this friendly deed of mine in saving Mr. Whalon, its seed came from your great land and was brought by certain of your countrymen, who had received the love of God. It was planted in Hawaii, and I brought it to plant in this land, and in these dark regions, that they might receive the root of all that is good and true."

The world does not realize the debt she owes to foreign missions. Such an experience as that of Lieutenant Whalon make this more clear and gives us an insight into the missionaries' true work and value.

ION KIETH-FALCONER

"Pioneer in Arabia"

There was born in 1856 a Scotch nobleman, whose life, though short, made a profound impression upon the students of his day. As a boy, he was marked by conspicuous qualities. Six feet and three inches in height, he seemed a modern Saul among his fellows; and this physical power and superiority gave him a preference for athletics. At twenty years he became president of the London Bicycle Club, and two years later he became world's champion cyclist, by defeating John Keen, the world's professional champion, in a five mile race.

Not only was he physically strong; however, but his career is also marked by inward strength. He loved truth and sincerity; but had no patience with shams. He was an earnest student of the Bible and, obedient to his ever increasing knowledge of its true spirit, devoted much time to charitable acts. When but a boy of seven years he went about to the cottages of poor peasants, reading and, as best he could, explaining the Bible. On one occasion, he met a hungry boy in his walk and gave him a package of the baker's choicest cakes, for which he had spent all his pocket money.

Kieth-Falconer was also gifted with a fine intellect. While attending college, he mastered short-hand so thoroughly, that he fairly rivaled Pitman himself. His thorough understanding of the difficult art may be discerned by reading his clear and comprehensive article on the subject in the Encyclopaedia Britannica. Though he may not be called a genius, by "plodding" he won distinction, until his persevering labors were finally crowned by an appointment as professor of Arabic at Cambridge University.

"The mission spirit burned in him," even in the discouraging atmosphere of the university, and he fearlessly avowed his Christian faith in the hope of winning others for his Savior. He became the leader of a band of students, who began a "ragged school" and evangelistic services in an old theater at Barnwell, near Cambridge. From among themselves and friends they raised eight thousand dollars to purchase the building, and began there a wide-reaching service, of which the harvest is not yet all garnered. Kieth-Falconer labored earnestly and vigorously and, though he did not speak in the flowery language of the orator, he pleaded in the clear, common sense manner, which was convincing of the truth.

When fifteen years of age he became acquainted with F. W. Charrington, who had given up his great inherited share in a liquor saloon to work among his fallen fellow men in the east end of London. Despite the six years' difference in their ages, a friendship similar to that between David and Jonathan sprang up between them, so that while yet attending university, Kieth-Falconer often visited his friend in London and shared with him his labors, opposition and persecution. He went with him to the police office, when he was arrested on false charges, and, with him, also had his reward, in seeing drunkards reformed, gangs of thieves broken up, public houses deserted and homes redeemed from the curse of rum and crime. Soon he was appointed honorary secretary and, issuing the necessary appeals, became himself a beggar for funds and a donor to the extent of ten thousand dollars. He did all his work as a humble layman, who did often speak in public; but had learned the secret of "having a talk with a man," as Jesus spoke

to Nicodemus. Thus he would get in touch with one individual soul, and find the secret key that unlocked the heart.

Still the zealous and energetic young man was not satisfied with his accomplishments. After passing his examination at Cambridge in 1880, Kieth-Falconer concentrated his mind upon the study of Arabic and the Koran. After he had gained what preparatory knowledge he could from books, he sailed for the Nile, and, residing at Assiout for some months with the well known missionary, Dr. H. W. Hogg, studied the language and character of the Arabians and the Moslem faith.

Returning home again, he for three years continued his research, meanwhile filling the post of Hebrew Lecturer at Clare College. At this time he married a charming young woman, Miss Bevan, a fit companion for her zealous and devoted husband.

His eyes were opened to the possibilities of a missionary career by the life of Dr. John Wilson of Bombay, and about the same time General Haig called his attention to the neglected field of Arabia, and to the importance of Aden, on the Red Sea, as a mission station, thus determining him to visit that place.

In 1855, Kieth-Falconer had an interview with General Haig, and then went to Aden to prospect. As a result he determined to settle at Sheikh-Othman nearby. While exploring the neighborhood, he preached to the natives and personally proved to them that all Europeans are not "clever people, who get drunk and have no religion to speak of."

Returning to England in the spring of 1886, on Easter Day, Kieth-Falconer delivered the most striking address of his life in the Assembly Hall at Mile End.

As his subject he had chosen "Temptation," and, in the address seemed to be reflected the inward struggle he was then experiencing, as he neared the parting ways, where nobility, wealth and distinction were on one side, and seclusion, self denial and obscurity on the other.

At this juncture, to his great surprise, he was appointed Professor of Arabic at Cambridge. Since this position was partly honorary, however, and was not binding, it was accepted. Then, after a course of lectures on "The Pilgrimage to Mecca," he was again off for Aden, with his wife and accomplished colleague, Dr. Stewart Cowen.

"This was November 1886. He laid the foundation for his mission premises and work, and the force of his character was already making an impression on the Moslem mind, so that, within a few months, there were but few who came in touch with this Christlike man, who were willing to admit that they were followers of Mohammed; but they were wont to say, 'There are no Moslems here!' The Gospel in Arabic found both purchasers and readers with those who had read in this grand man the living epistle of God."

The Aden fever, however, proved an obstacle too great for even the indomitable will of Kieth-Falconer. Both he and his wife were stricken in February, 1887, and fresh, continued attacks rapidly weakened his stalwart constitution. While in this condition, he exclaimed, "How I wish that each attack of fever had brought me nearer to Christ—nearer, nearer, nearer." His wish was granted when, on the morning of May 10, 1887, Christ called him to himself and to his heavenly reward.

"After five months of labor in his chosen field, the body of Kieth-Falconer was lovingly laid to rest in the

cemetery at Aden by British officers of her majesty—fitting burial for one of the soldiers of a greater King, who, with his armor on and his courage undaunted, fell with his face to the foe. The martyr of Aden had entered God's Eden."

Though Kieth-Falconer was the son of the Earl of Kintore, a Scotch nobleman of great power and distinction, he ever retained a childlike simplicity in his relation to God and to his fellow men. With an unselfishness that characterized and directed his entire life, he denied himself the luxuries which he rightfully inherited and, as was his wont, chose that task, which he saw was most difficult—the conversion of the Arabian Mohammedans. Though, on account of his premature death, he did not live to see the great results of his labors, still his tombstone was the first milestone which has since directed a host of missionaries to that great country, for the good of which he so lovingly gave his life.

JOHN LUDWIG KRAPP

A Modern Elijah

Though the feeding of Elijah by the ravens at the brook of Cherith happened long ago, indeed, before the birth of Christ, still the same God lives today, and watches over his children here below in practically the same way, as was manifested by the remarkable preservation of Krapf, the great missionary explorer, as he was on one of his journeys in Eastern Africa.

Kivoi, the chief with whom Krapf was making the journey, had indifferently neglected his promise to supply his party with provisions, so that for a whole day the party had had nothing to eat but bananas and were get-

ting hungry as they wended their way up and down hill and along brooks and through tangled jungles. Suddenly, while seated beside one of these brooks, Krapf noticed a number of vultures flying up and down. His servant, hurrying to the spot thus indicated, found a great piece of fallow deer, which had apparently been siezed and partly devoured that morning by a lion. Thankfully having enjoyed the vension, they continued on their journey.

On the following day, however, a band of robbers frightened Krapf's servants into throwing away all his belongings, and consequently he was left without a guide, food and without a knowledge of the water stations. The reminiscence of how God had provided for him on the day before, however, strengthened him and he started in search of water, of which, having had no drink all day, he was now in great need.

Knowing that the Dana River could not be far away and seeing some tall trees in the distance, Krapf conjectured that they must be on the banks of that river, and wended his way towards them. Soon he struck a trodden pathway, which led him to the river.

"Praise and thanks be to God," he exclaimed; "and now I can slake my thirst and have water in plenty for my journey!"

After having thoroughly satisfied his thirst, the missionary, wanting better water bottles, filled his leather telescope case and the barrels of his gun, which was now useless to him, since he had accidentally shot away the ramrod. The mouths of the gun he stopped up with grass and bits of cloth cut from his trousers.

As nightfall was now coming on, he proceeded on his journey, tumbling into little pits and over stones and

trunks of trees, and impeded by thorns and tall grass. He became so weary that he once determined to lie down and sleep, regardless of the consequences, though he knew that there were very many wild beasts in the neighborhood of the Dana. But believing that no man should despair in any situation, but do his utmost towards self-preservation and trust in God as to the issue, he trudged onward until, at about midnight, he came to a mountain which he had noticed previously in the course of his journey, and believing to be on the right trail, he lay down to sleep, too tired to stand longer.

He awakened a few hours later to feel again the pangs of hunger and thirst. The water gathered in his telescope case and gun had been partly drunk and the rest lost. To somewhat satisfy his hunger, he tried to chew leaves and roots and, when day dawned, to break his fast on ants. The roar of a lion was music to his ears, since he still remembered his previous meal provided by that animal. He no longer feared any wild animal. When he again proceeded on his journey, he came upon four immense rhinoceri feeding behind some bushes ahead. They started at him, but did not move, and Krapf passed on unharmed and also unfrightened.

Coming upon a sand-pit with a moist surface, he dug eagerly in the sand for the precious fluid to relieve his parching mouth and throat, but was disappointed. He put some of the moist sand into his mouth, but this only increased his thirst. About ten o'clock he began to descend the mountain and reached the dry, sandy bed of a river, where he heard the chatterings of monkeys.

What a glad leap his heart gave at that welcome sound, indicative of water! Knowing that monkeys

only appeared in a low place when water was to be found there, he followed the course of the bed until he came upon a pool of the precious liquid and, again thanking God for his goodness, quenched his thirst and filled his powder horn, telescope case and gun barrels.

One month later he reached his hut in Rabbai Mpia, very tired and worn out. His friends, who had given him up as dead, received him with joy proportioned to their astonishment, thankful for his truly wonderful and providential deliverance.

WILLIAM KNIBB

Missionary to Jamaica

When the island of Jamaica was ceded to Great Britain by the treaty of Madrid in 1670, the place of the native Indians was taken by slaves imported from Africa by Spaniards. During the eighteenth century over half a million were brought over to suffer the curse of slavery.

When the poverty, wretchedness and degradation of these poor slaves became known in Great Britain the popular heart of the English freemen demanded their liberation from bondage. On August 1, 1834, the emancipation of the slaves began to take effect in the freedom of their children, but the midnight of July 31, 1838, was to usher in the complete liberation of all the slaves.

On that memorable night fourteen thousand adults and five thousand children led by their missionaries, William Knibb and James Philipppo, joined in praise and prayer to God as they waited and watched for the hour which was to terminate the life of slavery in Jamaica.

At the close of that season of prayer and in immediate connection therewith occurred a novel and remarkable

funeral service which stands unique in human history because it memorialized a death and burial that occasioned universal joy instead of sorrow to human hearts.

A large mahogany coffin had been made, polished and fitted by slave cabinet makers, and a deep grave had been dug.

Into the coffin the colored people crowded all the various relics and remnants of their bondage and sorrow. The rawhides, the whips, the torture irons, the branding irons, the coarse frocks, the ragged shirts, the great hat, fragments of the treadmill, the hand cuffs—whatever was in any way the sign and badge of seventy-eight years of thralldom, they put in that coffin and screwed down the lid tight.

Then, as the bell began to toll, announcing the midnight hour, missionary Knibb, speaking in a powerful and ringing voice, declared:

"The monster is dying, is dying, is dying," and as the last stroke sounded from the belfry: "The monster is dead! Let us bury him out of sight forever!" Then in the presence of that throng of thousands celebrating their redemption from bondage the coffin was lowered into its grave and the gratitude of joyful hearts found triumphant expression in singing the doxology.

Thus these liberated slaves took sweet vengeance on their former masters, not by violence and murder, but by burying the remnants and the recollections of their wrongs endured in the grave of eternal oblivion. That was Christian magnanimity in accordance with the forgiving love of the dying Savior who prayed: "Father, forgive them for they know not what they do."

WALTER LAWRY

Heroic Missionary on the Tonga Islands

When the enthusiastic missionary, Walter Lawry, touched the land of the deceitful Tonguese, he requested the chiefs of the island to meet him and after they and their vast crowd of followers had drawn a circle around the undaunted missionary, he told them why he had come and asked them whether they were willing to be taught the religion of Jesus.

"Yes," they said. "We will treat you well. We will send thousands of our children to your school."

This heroic missionary had been a Wesleyan preacher in New South Wales, but after he had heard from Mrs. Shelley, a widow of a Tonguese missionary, of the massacre of some and the expulsion of others of the first men of God in Tonga, his heart had burned with a desire to fill their place. Twenty-two years after the enforced departure of the first missionaries he, with his brave wife and some assistants, landed at Tonga.

True to their promise, the chiefs made Mr. Lawry presents, after the custom of their country, while the principal chief begged him to build a mission house near his abode.

This bright beginning, however, did not last; for these fickle people, after a few months, changed their attitude towards him. Soon talk, first covert and then open, was heard against him. Said one chief:

"See, these people are always praying to their gods as the other missionaries were, and what was the consequence of their praying? Why, the war broke out and all our old chiefs were killed."

Another professed to have had a dream, in which the angry spirit of a deceased chief had remonstrated

with him for harboring the dangerous missionaries, saying, "The Papalangi will pray you all dead."

These fiery speeches soon spread among the people, moving them to abuse the missionary, to rob him of his goods and to threaten him openly with death, shouting:

"Make ready! Let us put an end to this Papalangi."

For several months Mr. Lawry bore their ill treatment with patience, knowing that the fate of those men "whose graves were before his eyes," might become his at any hour. After fourteen months of this perilous life, Mrs. Lawry's health failed and made it necessary for her to leave Tonga; so our patient missionary also left and returned to New South Wales. When he was stepping from the ungrateful shore of these deceitful people into his own little boat, one of the chiefs said to him with seeming sincerity:

"We thank you for your visit. We hope you will soon come back."

The missionary carried away with him the impression that these natives, though less ferocious than those of Fiji, were vile people, living "in islands of peerless loveliness." Still he pitied them and, though the prospect of their conversion was most discouraging, he so represented their case that, in 1826, two other Wesleyan missionaries, Thomas and Hutchinson, landed at Tonga. Again the chiefs professed to be friendly towards the missionaries, but these poor men soon found that it was not them, but their property, that the savages wanted. Soon they, too, were insulted, robbed and threatened with death.

In this extremity, when they had already asked for a ship to take them away from amongst these treacherous savages, they were surprised and comforted by a

re-enforcement in Turner, Weiss and Cross. Under this strong missionary force the tide soon began to turn. Some natives were brought to Jesus in Nukualofa, where two Christian natives from Tahiti on their way to Fiji had stopped to teach the people. The natives became interested and would walk a distance of twelve miles to hear the missionaries preach in their own tongue, either directly or through an interpreter. Somewhat later the king himself and his household were baptized and the islanders asked to follow Jesus. In six years subsequent to Mr. Thomas' arrival over 8000 heathens had become Christian people. Today the Tonga Islanders are no longer heathens, but Christians. Glory to God!

DAVID LIVINGSTONE

Prince of African Explorers and Missionaries

On the 19th of March, 1813, was born a boy destined to gain world-wide fame, to open up a continent and to become one of the foremost heroes of the cross of Christ. David Livingstone, descended from a family famous for its integrity and honesty, added only glory to that name. From his father he inherited that strict sense of honor which has made him famous, and from his mother that warmth of feeling and sympathy, which enabled him to win the hearts of the African savages.

In his youth David worked in a cotton mill and there learned that love and respect for labor, which gained for him the love of his "honest, poor" countrymen. His thirst for knowledge early asserted itself in his taking a book to the factory, tying it to his spinning jenny and snatching a sentence or two whenever he had time.

Although his studying had to be done in this handicapped manner, at the age of sixteen he was master of Virgil and Horace.

At twenty years of age a change came into his life through his conversion. From works of Thomas Dick he gathered that religion and science were friendly to one another; and missionary biography, especially that of Chas. Gutzlaff, a medical missionary to China, determined his life's work. He got a medical education and was accepted by the London Missionary Society. It was his wish to go to China; but Providence willed otherwise. The opium war shut that country for him, and, through the pleading of Robert Moffat for the cause of Africa, he was induced to go to that continent.

He was ordained in 1840, and after spending a day at his home, where he saw his aged father for the last time, he sailed for the Dark Continent. Landing at Cape Town, he traveled north seven hundred miles to Mr. Moffat's station at Kuruman. Until he received an appointment from his Missionary Society he traveled from tribe to tribe, preaching the Gospel and healing the sick. His medical skill surprised them greatly. They thought him a wizard able to raise the dead—in fact, omnipotent. These travels were not unattended by danger. On one occasion his party was attacked by a lion and only Mr. Livingstone's revolver drove him off, at the expense of a broken finger to the rescuer.

After receiving his appointment he toiled for four years alone among the savages. These gradually became attached to him, so that, once, as a lion rushed from a bush, which Livingstone was passing and bit him in the left shoulder, a native threw himself before the beast, attracting its attention and thus drawing it upon

himself, almost at the cost of his own life. Both men were badly wounded, Livingstone suffering a compound fracture of the left arm.

Until this time he had not thought of marriage; but now, meeting Dr. Moffat's daughter, Mary, he fell in love with her and married her in 1844. Their first year was spent at Mabotsa; then on to Chonuane, forty miles north. Everywhere Livingstone was fearless and bold in doing what he considered his duty. Ofttimes did he tread paths infested by ferocious beasts and untamed savages to relieve some suffering brother man. After a time he and his wife went north to Kolobeng. When this place became uninhabitable on account of drouth, he pushed further north and discovered Lake N'gami in 1849. He now learned of the horrible slave trade in Africa and determined to give his life to abolish it, if necessary. He formed a plan to open up a path across the continent for lawful commerce to be carried on with the civilized countries, which would then overshadow, and thus put down, the awful slave trade.

On April 23, 1852, Mrs. Livingstone and the four children sailed for England, while Livingstone began to carry out his self-imposed task. He well knew the dangers, and therefore wrote his will before starting out. Then, alone, without scrip or purse, he traveled among the hostile and suspicious savages, with chicken-hearted guides, who were only too ready to turn back. Part of the country was flooded, so that they had to wade all day, at times forcing their way through sharp reeds and coming out with hands, knees and face cut and bleeding. Every night they slept on the damp ground, infested with insects, in many cases, and always pernicious to

their health. On the way Livingstone preached diligently, in the winning manner peculiar to himself, and won the confidence of many of the chiefs.

After seven months of toil, and after he had endured thirty attacks of fever, Livingstone reached Loanda, on the western coast. He was hospitably received by the Portuguese and British officers there and after being strengthened by proper food and attention, he started back with his natives, contrary to the entreaties of his newly made friends, who desired him to take passage on a ship about to sail for England. He had promised the natives that he would return with them, and he kept his word, though promised to only a savage, and though it involved two thousand miles of difficult travel through jungles, swamps and desert. Still, he sent some notes and dispatches on the ship, which however, sank and all on board but one were lost. It was unmistakably the providence of God that saved Livingstone from sharing this fate.

When he had reached Linyanti, he set out on a six months' march, through dangers equal to those just escaped, to Quilimane, on the western coast. On the way he preached and healed the sick, as the Savior had done before him. Healthy longitudinal ridges were discovered, and he also viewed the glorious Victoria Falls, before any other European. At the shore he was received kindly and embarked for England, sixteen years after his arrival in Africa.

Landing in England on the 9th of December, 1856, he found himself almost the most famous man in England. Honors enough to turn an ordinary man's head were showered upon him, and still he remained the "same honest, true-hearted David Livingstone." Besides

splendid receptions given by the Royal and London Missionary Societies, he was given the freedom of London and of the Scotch cities, and made numerous addresses in prominent places. Despite these exciting events, he was busy on his book, *Missionary Travels*, the net proceeds of which he gratefully dedicated to the cause of opening Africa.

After a visit of sixteen months he returned to Africa as the queen's consul, commanding an exploring party sent out to find the sources of the Nile. In 1856, he explored the Zambesi; in '59 the Shire; in '60 he discovered Lake Nyassa; in '61 he explored the Rovuma. Here he saw the horrors of the slave trade in their worst forms, and letters describing the same thrilled the civilized world.

In 1859, Mrs. Livingstone returned to Scotland, placed the children in a school and in 1862 rejoined her husband; but, in less than six months after her return, her health gave way and he laid her under a baobab tree to her everlasting rest, weeping like a child. But even broken-hearted grief must not hinder him from doing his duty. "He must penetrate to the fountains of the Nile."

In 1864, he returned to London to expose the slave trade and to obtain means to open up a mission above the Portugese lines. On the 1st of August he was with his mother and children at Hamilton. Only the eldest boy, Robert, was missing. He had enlisted in the Federal army in America, had been wounded and died, and now lay buried in the National Cemetery at Gettysburg. He had died for the liberty of the black man in America, while his father was giving his life for the same cause in the Dark Continent.

Though Livingstone was everywhere received with the highest honors, he returned to Africa after a few months, in 1866, ascended the Rovuma, disappeared for three years, and visited Lakes Meroe and Tanganyika. Here he preached the name of Jesus to tens of thousands of savages, degraded by the slave trade. Near the sources of the Nile Portuguese slave dealers, his direct enemies, doing all in their power to hinder him, destroyed his letters and stole the supplies sent him.

In 1871, his strength failed, his teeth came out, his feet became ulcerated and, as he lay in a hut, unable to proceed, he read his Bible through four times. Finally, when he became able, he went back to Ujiji for supplies only to find that they were stolen again.

As the world had not heard from him for years, Mr. Bennett, an admirer of the brave explorer, believing him still alive, sent Stanley to find him, saying: "Take what money you want, but find Livingstone." The heroic Mr. Stanley, determined to reach him, went through incredible difficulties and at last reached Ujiji soon after the arrival of the person sought. Then, in the heart of Africa, these two great men met each other in a simple, respectful manner, thanking God for his mercy in granting this meeting. After a few months, when Stanley had supplied the great explorer's needs, they parted; Stanley turning towards England and Livingstone towards the watershed of Africa. Though Stanley plead with him to return to England, and pictured to him the dangers of remaining and the joy of his friends upon his return, Livingstone remained implacable. His task was yet not quite completed.

Weary months of travel, of planning, of trial and hardship followed, until on the last of April, 1873, Living-

stone and his party reached Ilala, on the southern end of Lake Bangweolo. He had made his observations, written his journal, drawn his maps and given his orders. Though his spirit still struggled to finish his work, his body was in the grasp of one of Africa's deadly diseases, and on the first day of May, 1873, at 4:00 o'clock a. m., his attendants found him kneeling at the bedside with his head buried in his hands upon the pillow. "The sad, yet not unexpected truth soon became evident; he had passed away, after commending his spirit, his dear ones and his own dear Africa to the Avenger of the oppressed and the Redeemer of the lost."

His native attendants, who had become greatly attached to him, buried his heart at the place of his death, then dried his body in the sun, carefully wrapped it in cloths and carried it for nine months until they reached civilization—a journey made difficult by exposures, sickness and the superstitious opposition of hostile tribes, who would not let a corpse pass through their country. From the coast it was sent to England and was there buried in Westminster Abbey.

The influence of his life was not lost. England took up the work where Livingstone was compelled to leave it and, through negotiations with the Sultan of Zanzibar, made the traffic in slaves, both by land and by sea, illegal. His other wish is now also fulfilled. The European has come and is spreading his belief and is introducing his civilization.

ELIJAH PARISH LOVEJOY

The First American Martyr to the Freedom of the Press and the Freedom of the Slave

At the cemetery in the city of Alton, Illinois, on a beautiful elevation affording a commending view from passing trains and plying steamers of the great Father of Waters, the Mississippi, stands the magnificent and imposing Lovejoy monument. This memorial structure is a massive granite column, 93 feet high, surmounted by a bronze statue of Victory, 17 feet high, weighing 8700 pounds. This shaft, built of light Barre granite, in three sections, weighing together fifty six tons, is one of the largest columns in this country. It stands in the center of a terrace 40 feet in diameter, surrounded on three sides by a granite exedra wall eight feet high. The terrace is floored with six inch granite flagging and is reached by seven granite steps. Two large granite pedestals, surmounted by granite standard bronze tripods, finish the exedra walls. By the steps are two granite sentinel columns thirty feet high, surmounted by bronze eagles eight feet over the wings.

On each of the four sides of the die is a bronze panel with historic inscriptions representing Lovejoy, by quotations from his own writings, in the threefold capacity of editor, minister of the Gospel and opponent to slavery.

This splendid monument, erected by the State of Illinois and the citizens of Alton, A. D., 1897, at a cost of thirty thousand dollars, commemorates in loving recognition the immortal name and career of Elijah Parish Lovejoy, born at Albion, Maine, November 8, 1802, and assassinated at Alton, Illinois, November 7, 1837.

Though not distinguished either in war or statesmanship, Lovejoy was a foremost figure in that long and desperate struggle, beginning in peace and ending in war, which swept human slavery from American soil. In the irrepressible conflict for the freedom of the press and the freedom of the slave he occupied a heroic and a unique position which immortalizes his name and his record. He was the first man who dared to publish an anti-slavery paper in a slave state and the last and only man who lost his life for publishing an anti-slavery journal in a free state.

Lovejoy was the son of a Congregational minister, a graduate of Waterville College and an honored student from the Theological Seminary of Princeton, N. J. He was a man of heart and brain, a noble character of rare piety and devout loyalty to Jesus Christ. Though a bold and an uncompromising antagonist of slavery, yet he was decidedly a messenger of peace. His avowed hatred for slavery did not include the slave holders nor the slave states as such. In his opinion slavery was not a sectional, but a national sin in which the United States government as a whole was at fault, and upon this basis he advocated a peaceful and a gradual emancipation of the slaves by their masters voluntarily and that the loss thus sustained should be paid by the government. This opinion he expressed clearly and fearlessly in the editorials of his paper, *The Observer*, first established in St. Louis, Mo. in 1833, and which he continued later, up to the time of his tragic death, in 1837, at Alton, Illinois.

But the time for even such a moderate doctrine of emancipation had not yet come, and intense feeling was aroused against the editor of the *Observer*. The less

reputable classes called for violent measures of suppression. Even friends and supporters of the paper advised Lovejoy, as a matter of safe policy, for a time at least, to remain silent on the precarious subject of slavery.

Had Lovejoy been a self-seeking man of policy and not of principle, he would have yielded to the council of his cowardly advisers. Personally he was not responsible for the sin of human slavery. He was but one man among millions of the nation. He had his home and his family to care for, and by abandoning this contest and pursuing the more popular course of public journalism, he might have lived in comfort and in pleasing harmony with his fellow men. Why should he seek to disturb the existing order concerning slavery? Why should he sacrifice his peace of life and his hope of success, by standing out boldly against overwhelming odds and thus expose himself and his family to social ostracism, financial ruin and even mob violence?

But for the heroic Lovejoy there was but one course to pursue, and his bold replies to all opposition stand recorded in the immortal declarations inscribed on the monument that perpetuates his memory. As did the great Reformer Luther in his day, so did Lovejoy dare to face danger and stand by his convictions. Read his declarations:

"I have sworn eternal opposition to slavery, and by the blessing of God I will never go back."

"But, gentlemen, as long as I am an American citizen, and as long as American blood runs in these veins, I shall hold myself at liberty to speak, to write, to publish whatever I please on any subject—being amenable to the laws of my country for the same."

"If the laws of my country fail to protect me, I appeal.

to God, and with him I cheerfully rest my cause. I can die at my post, but I can not desert it."

Lovejoy never deserted his cause or his principles, but his loyalty to truth and righteousness cost him his life and he died at his post of duty. Though he, as a faithful minister of the Gospel and as moderator of his Presbytery was a man of high honor, and though his paper the *Observer* was a religious journal of pure gospel sentiment and was recognized as the organ of the great Presbyterian Church, yet the diabolic hatred against this man of God and his journal wreaked maddened vengeance and sought his destruction.

His first press in St. Louis having been destroyed by violence, he sought a more congenial location in a free state by removal to Alton, Illinois, whence the mob from St. Louis and St. Charles, Missouri, pursued and prosecuted him with the result that his second, his third and even his fourth presses were destroyed and thrown into the Mississippi River. It was at the instance of the destruction of his fourth and last press, when assailed by a mob on the night of November 7, 1837, that Lovejoy was shot and fell as the first American Martyr to the freedom of the press and the freedom of the slave.

Thus the noble and heroic Lovejoy sealed his gospel of liberty with his own blood. But "the blood of martyrs is the seed of the Church." God buries his workmen, but he carries on his work." The death of Lovejoy wrought a crisis by repudiating forever the idea of gradual emancipation and by concentrating and intensifying, as never before, the anti-slavery sentiment, making it strong, united and aggressive. The olive branch of peace was now forever buried in the grave of the heroic martyr, and from the hour of Lovejoy's death there never

could be any more re-conciliation or compromise between the slavery and abolition forces and the strife went on from bad to worse until it culminated in the great civil war which settled the slavery question forever in America.

Thus slavery was abolished, not by gradual emancipation, as Lovejoy would have had it go, but by fire and sword, at a cost, in money alone, which would have bought every human chattel at the highest market price, and have furnished him with a small capital to begin life anew as his own master. Long live the memory of Lovejoy, and may Christ's Gospel of liberty continue to breath into our nation the breath of a purer and a broader national life.

MARTIN LUTHER

The Great Reformer

Among the great Protestant reformers of the sixteenth century Martin Luther ranks as a star of superior magnitude. He was born at Eisleben, November 10, 1483, of humble, but pious parentage, impressing him both by inheritance and youthful training with moral earnestness and downright honesty. After preparatory training in the schools of Mansfield, Magdeburg and Eisleben, he entered the University of Erfurt, took the bachelor's degree in 1502, and the master's degree in 1505. He was set apart by his parents for the career of a lawyer. But terrible fears now began to oppress his mind. The death of a dear friend impressed him seriously, and inward anxiety, which would not be quieted, induced him to form the sudden resolution of becoming a monk. Terrified by a storm, he entered the

Augustine Convent at Erfurt, in 1505 and two years later he was ordained priest. He was zealous in the practice of the monastic rules, and no less so in the study of theology, but the conflict going on in his own soul, and the doubts of his own salvation, pious exercises failed to put to rest. In his soul struggle for liberty, he finally immersed himself in the study of the Holy Scripture until God's truth re-echoed within his consciousness saying: "The just shall live by faith." Then he was at peace with his Maker and received the witness of the Spirit as the seal of his sonship with God.

The year after his ordination to the priesthood he became a teacher in the University at Wittenberg. In 1509 he became a bachelor of theology, and commenced lecturing on the Holy Scripture. His lectures were inspiring, and the novelty of his views already began to excite attention. Besides lecturing he began to preach and the sermons reached a greater audience, and produced a more powerful influence. In 1510 he was sent on a mission to Rome and underwent some remarkable experiences. On Luther's return from Rome he was made a Doctor of the Holy Scripture, and his eventful career as a reformer may be said to have commenced.

Money was largely needed at Rome to feed the extravagances of the papal court; and its numerous emissaries sought everywhere to raise funds by the sale of "indulgences," as they were called for the sins of humanity. The principal of these emissaries was John Tetzel, under the commission of the Archbishop of Mainz. Luther's indignation at the shameless traffic which this man carried on finally became irrepressible. He warned against the abuse of indulgences at the confession and from the pulpit. He embodied his opposition in letters

to the magnates of the church, and drew out ninety-five theses on the doctrine of indulgences, which, on October 31, 1517, he nailed up on the door of the Castle Church at Wittenburg. The general purport of these theses was to deny to the Pope all right to forgive sins.

This bold step of Luther awakened a widespread excitement. Tetzl fled from the borders of Saxony to Frankfort, on the Oder, where he drew out and published a set of counter theses, and publicly committed those of Luther to the flames. Luther received a summons from Pope Leo X. to appear at Rome and to answer for his theses. His university and the elector interfered, and a legate was sent to Germany to hear and determine the case. The papal bull was issued against Luther; the dread document was burned before an assembled multitude of doctors, students, and citizens at the Elster Gate of Wittenberg. Germany was convulsed with excitement. The Diet of Worms met in the beginning of 1521; an order was issued for the destruction of Luther's book, and Luther himself was summoned to appear before the princes of the empire assembled in the Diet at Worms. Luther was cautioned not to go; but he answered: "Though there be as many devils in Worms as there are tiles on the roofs of the houses yet would I enter, and though there be a fire burning from Wittenberg to Worms, yet would I go." Luther went and before the Diet at Worms he refused to recant, saying: "I shall not be convinced, except by the testimony of the Scriptures, or plain reason; for I believe neither the Pope nor councils alone, as it is manifested that they have often erred and contradicted themselves. I am not able to recall, nor do I wish to recall anything; for it is neither safe nor honest to do anything against conscience.

Here I stand, I can not do otherwise. God help me. Amen."

Luther left Worms the next day, composed in mind. On his journey he was, by his own foreknowledge and consent, seized by the order of his elector and carried to the Wartburg, a romantically situated old castle near Eisenach. This residence at the castle marks the second period of his reformatory activity, the period of construction for the work of the great reformation. In this retirement, which he called his Patmos, he, with the assistance of Melancton, Jonas, Bugenhagen, Auregallus, and Dr. Koerrler, translated the Holy Scriptures into German, which contributed more than anything else to make the reformation permanent. He also wrote the first part of his German Postilla here, and a number of tracts and letters, while outside the Wartburg the progressive work of the reformation was going forward. The victorious result of that great struggle is now a matter of history well known in all evangelical Christendom.

One hundred and fifty million Protestants now honor the immortal memory of the great Reformer. Luther stands forth as the great faith hero not only of the German people, but also of the Protestant world. He was great in his private life as well as in his public career. His home was the ideal of cheerfulness, music and song. He was not only great in thought, but great also in action. Though a severe student, yet he was skillful in the knowledge of man. He believed in a personal Devil and was bold and defiant of satanic designs and powers. He boldly and fearlessly antagonized the papacy and defied the councils of his enemies, yet he bowed humbly and trustingly before the cross of Christ. By one of his

biographers he is justly characterized as a man who embodied in his single person the boldness of the battlefield, the song of the musician, the joy and care of the parent, the skill of the writer, the force of the orator, and the sincerity of rugged manhood, with the humility of the Christian. The great historians of the world honor and revere the name and the record of the Great Reformer. Such writers as Coleridge, Julius Hare, and Carlyle recognize his true worth and eulogize the importance of his career and the manliness of his character. Says Carlyle: "I will call this Luther a true great man, great in intellect, in courage, affection, and integrity; one of our most lovable and precious men. A right spiritual hero and prophet, and, more, a true son of nature and fact, for whom the centuries, and many that are to come yet, will be thankful to Heaven."

ALEXANDER M. MACKAY

"The Hero of Uganda"

Alexander Mackay, the son of a minister of the Gospel, was born on October 13, 1843, in the village of Rhynie, Aberdeenshire, Scotland. He early evinced a remarkable intellectual power; for when only three years old he read the New Testament, and when seven years of age he was fond of Paradise Lost and Gibbon's Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire, and kindred literature. His father now taught him geography, astronomy and geometry, while he also paid much attention to mechanics. At eighteen years of age he entered a teacher's training college, where he studied applied mechanics, higher mathematics, and the like. Six years later he went to Berlin and there became a draughtsman in a large

engineering establishment. While there, he was intent on spreading a knowledge of evangelical truth among the Germans; and later, when Stanley's call for men for Uganda reached him, he offered himself to the Church of England Missionary Society and, being gladly accepted, left on April 25, 1876, for Lake Nyassa.

The same heroic element dominated Mackay, that has sent all great missionaries to their fields of labor—a love for God's fallen people and a desire to rescue them from their wretched state. His resolution and enthusiasm was shown by his parting talk to the missionary society, in which he displays an unflinching determination to prosecute the work before him, in spite of the dangers, which he realized would beset him.

Arriving at his field in the African forest, Mackay saw the necessity of a road for bullock wagons through the forest, from the coast to the interior. The thicket of vines and underwood was such that Mackay, in describing it, said, he could not "pull a donkey through it." Equipping the ignorant Africans with saws, hatchets, axes, sword-bayonets and other tools, however, he cut this road through dense jungles, where even when a tree was "cut down," it would not fall on account of the thick creepers clustering in festoons from one tree to another. Over one ravine he built a bridge as strong as iron, to the amazement of the curious natives, and in about two years the great road, two hundred and fifty miles long, reaching from the coast inland to Mpwapwa, was finished, though only such food as could be procured from the natives along the road was eaten, and though the workers often slept without shelter.

His chief work was to have been to take the small steamer, the *Daisy*, to the great lake, Victoria Nyanza;

but, while he was building his road, others had done this for him; and now, when he reached the inland sea, he found the little craft sadly out of repair. The freed slaves, left in charge of the boat, had left, after helping themselves to what they desired, and the rest was now in poor condition. Tools, machinery, edibles, books, chemicals, clothes and toys lay promiscuously piled in heaps, while the Daisy lay rotting, without a sound plank in her. Under such discouragements, Mackay began the task of repairing the boat.

Mr. Mackay found the political and social conditions of Uganda, a territory covering about seventy thousand square miles, and bordering on the north-east coast of Victoria Lake, in general, resembling those of the surrounding tribes. The government was a limited monarchy, of which the king was the all-powerful head, though he was advised by a sort of "Mayor of the palace" and by a cabinet, chosen by himself. The social condition was as among other savages. Polygamy prevailed, and the women were practically slaves' to their husbands, though the latter were not as harsh and cruel as those of the surrounding tribes. In matters of religion they were in strong contrast with the natives on the west coast. They recognized one supreme and omnipotent God; but He was esteemed as being too exalted to pay any attention to human interests, wherefore they worshipped numerous inferior deities and spirits. This religion was naturally attended by superstition, and many charms were worn to keep off evil spirits, while medicine men had great power over them.

When, on February 14, 1879, Mackay began his work in this country, in company with Wilson, another English missionary, he had, at once, more work than he

could do. Besides working in a wickerwork work-shop, translating, brickmaking, printing, making a vocabulary and learning the language, he found time, if only late at night, to teach the natives letters. This teaching was carried on by what Mackay called the "look-and-say" method, for he prepared large fly-sheets printed in the Uganda language, and warriors, chiefs and slaves, standing at his side, shouted out their lessons as he worked.

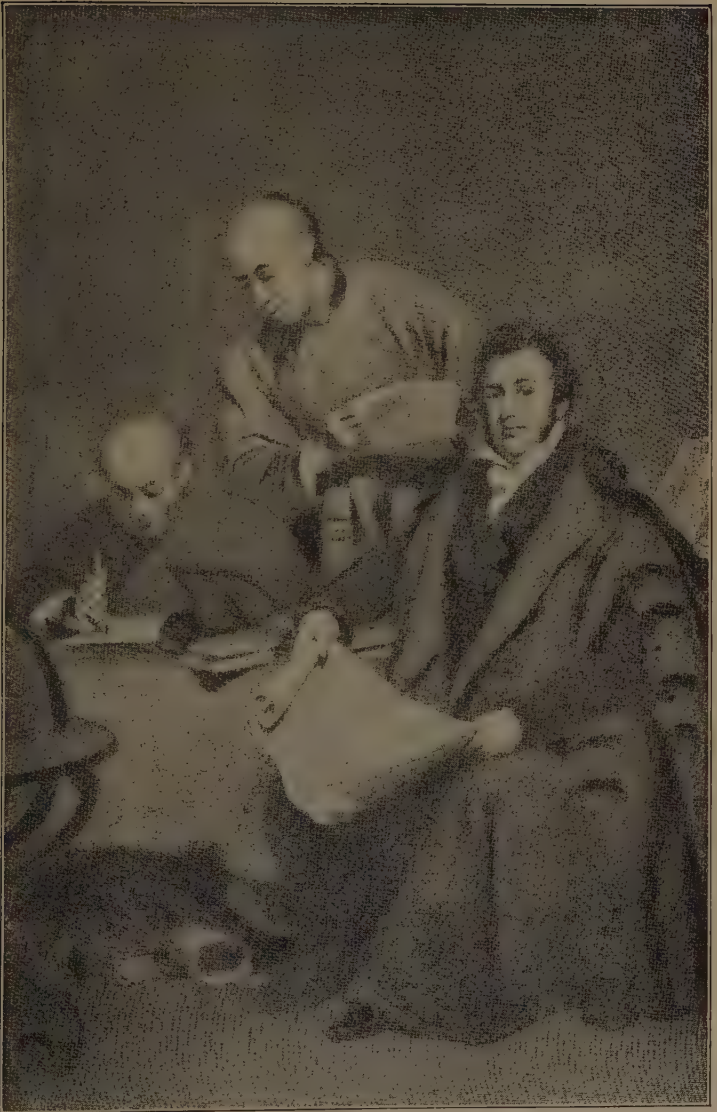
As his work progressed, opposition became stronger. The Arabs had no fondness for the missionaries, since they antagonized Mohammedanism and the slave trade, of which they were the chief agents. They had extended their influence greatly through Uganda, though Stanley later turned the king, Mtesa, from that faith. Besides this, a revival of the worship of the lubari, or spirits now broke out, due to vigorous efforts of the enemies of Mackay and the Christian religion. Jesuits now also reached Uganda and did all in their power to proselyte the Christians and to gain control of the king.

Mackay, however, as a true and indomitable champion for his religion, took up the fight, regardless of its attendant dangers. He, no less than the natives, was subject to the tyrant king's will, and hence it required coolness, courage and infinite tact to make any headway with him, without losing his own head. Still, with remarkable adroitness, he kept up the religious discussion with the king, while he also worked among the common people, often by object lessons, such as the burning of a charm or idol before their eyes, in order to show its helplessness.

In October, 1884, Mtesa died and his son, Mwanga, a weaker and far more wicked man than his father, came to the throne. From various causes he began a persecution of the Christians. The Arabs said that the converts

were harboring malefactors and various other slanderous reports were spread about them. Converts were caught and taken to the borders of a dismal swamp, a rough scaffold was erected and heaped with firewood. Then, amid inhuman jests and mockery, the limbs of the poor victims were cut off and thrown into the flames, and their bleeding bodies, quivering with agony were roasted alive. Mackay was heartbroken; but he fearlessly continued his labors. His one joy was that the Christians had died bravely, fearlessly enduring the persecution for Christ's sake. An attempt made to entrap and kill Mackay was unsuccessful; but Bishop Hannington and all his party, who had just arrived in Africa from England, were murdered at the king's command. This murder was followed by more persecution, and all Christians were alike in jeopardy, since the king feared vengeance on the part of Great Britain for the murder of the bishop.

Mackay was now shut up in this fierce country, unable to leave, and suspected by both king and nobles, while plots were made by his arch-enemies, the Arabs, for his destruction. Though he repeatedly asked leave of absence from the king, the latter would not let him leave his kingdom, under pretense of great affection for him. Therefore, while king and nobles watched his every movement with jealous suspicion, he continued busy, now making an enormous flagstaff for the king, now translating the Scriptures, now freely using his printing press and now arguing with the king. Meanwhile the Arabs endeavored to arouse the king's anger and distrust against him; but were unsuccessful. Finally Mwanga decided to let Mackay leave the country, on condition of sending another missionary to take his place; for he wanted a hostage in case of an attack by



DR. MORRISON AND HIS CHINESE ASSISTANTS

England. This spoiled the plans of the Arabs, who had planned to plunder the station in Mackay's absence, and they asked permission to conduct the missionary across the lake, which plan, however, Mackay was able to avert. Therefore, on July 21, 1887, Mackay locked up the mission premises, left the keys with the French priests and started, in the *Eleanor*, on his voyage to the south end of the lake, leaving seventy-five hundred pupils behind him.

He arrived at this point on August the first, and here he met five missionary friends. Two of them, however, were suddenly stricken with fever, and died, while the others soon afterward departed to other places and he was once more left alone. He occupied himself with his retranslation of St. John's gospel and with gathering material for building another steam launch, with which he purposed to carry on mission work on the shores of the lake. Suddenly smallpox broke out and raged everywhere about him, and, feeling it his duty, he began vaccinating hosts of people, both old and young. Before the close of the year a number of Ugadna Christians found their way to Mackay at Usambiro and there supported themselves by agricultural employment.

On February 8, 1890, shortly after he had implored the society to send "a host of English teachers," he himself received a call higher; for on that day, at 11 o'clock p. m., after a four days' sickness from fever, he entered the land of perfect peace and happiness. A coffin was made from the wood, which he had collected for his boat, and at his grave the Christians from Uganda and Usambiro sang, in their native Uganda language, the song, "All hail the power of Jesus' name."

The Christian world received the knowledge of the

hero's death with sincere grief and with expressions of admiration for Mackay's accomplishments and remarkable character, which he truly merited, for his career exhibited such versatility of talent as rarely centers in one man. "He could grapple with Mohammedans in sharp theological controversy, or sit for hours teaching boys to read, or patiently translate the Scriptures into a language, that had neither grammar nor dictionary, and was thus a many sided and an intense missionary." The great variety of his industrial and civilizing agencies made him a lofty exemplar of what lay missionaries and industrail missions mean.

GEORGE LESLIE MACKAY

"Formosa's Preacher and Teacher"

The Saint Peter of Formosa, George Mackay, was descended from a respectable ancestry, Scottish Highlanders, who loved and served God, accepting and using the Bible as His inspired Word, a veritable spiritual sword, given of God unto man for the conquest of the world for Christ. Driven out by the king, who desired their lands for deer parks, they had sought refuge in Canada, and there built comfortable, Christian homes. Under such influence George Mackay came into the world, in the town of Zorra, on March 21, 1844. He learned the "three R's" in an old log school house, "chunked" with wood and clay. He was early intensely fond of study and of acquiring more knowledge, and remained so during his entire life. After teaching in the public school to obtain means to continue his education, he attended Knox College.

He early heard the call, which became a dominant

chord in his life. Before he had reached the age of ten, the blessed name of Jesus was sacred in his ear, and then the thought of telling it to benighted peoples, to whom it was yet unknown, first came to him. With this intention he attended Princeton Theological Seminary and, at the same time, attended the missionary lectures of Dr. Alexander Duff, which aroused in him an enthusiasm in God's work, which never left him. He now began missionary work among the outcasts of Cowgate and Grassmarket of Edinburgh, and was considering the advisability of applying to be sent abroad under one of the Scotch or American societies, when, on April 14, 1871, he was informed of his appointment as the first missionary of the Presbyterian Church of Canada. At once starting homewards, he made a tour of the churches, and the necessary preparations for departure, and sailed for China on October 19 of the same year.

The separation was painful for him, and at the time he encountered what he later called his Gethsemane, but "the Word brought light." Retiring to his stateroom he read over and over again the psalms beginning, "I will lift up mine eyes to the hills;" and "God is our refuge and our strength," while he also found comfort in the Savior's promise, "Lo, I am with you alway."

Since the choice of his location in China was left to Mackay, he decided upon Tamsui, on the island of Formosa ("Beautiful"), which lies off the coast of China. Though the Japanese subsequently got possession of the island, it was largely peopled by Chinese, and Mackay's work was carried on in the Chinese tongue.

After a short visit with his English co-workers in southern Formosa, he went to his first field. His home was neither pleasant nor healthy. Built on the side of

a hill, the water, in rainy weather, rushed down the steep hill, across the earthen and board floor to the river directly below. The furnishings consisted of two pine boxes, a bed, a chair and an old pewter lamp. Still, nothing daunted, and thankful for the privilege of being his Lord's emissary, he turned to his first duty of learning the language. His first teacher was his Chinese servant; but he soon forsook him, and Mackay turned to the herdboys out in the wild for help. At first they fled at his appearance; but patience and his harmless appearance finally conquered their fears, and, conversing with them with what Chinese he had learned, he greatly increased his vocabulary, so that, in five months, he could preach his first sermon in Chinese.

Two months after his arrival, Mackay's faith was strengthened by an answer to his prayer. Since beginning his missionary labors it had been his desire and prayer that his first convert might be an intelligent, active young man, who could assist him in his labors, and upon the arrival of such a man, he knew that the Lord had granted his wish. He presented the inquirer, A-hoa, a song book, and a succession of interviews quickly followed, in which prayerful and earnest teaching of the story of the cross won the young native's heart, and he became a staunch advocate for Christ.

With the help of the new convert, five more were won for Christ in one year, and a chapel was needed, which God also supplied. The first woman convert, Thah-so, living ten miles from Tamsui, was touched deeply by the living words of God's truth, and brought boatloads of other women down the river to hear the glad tidings, and finally induced Mackay to visit her village. The head man of the village was converted and

gave a plot of ground for a chapel. With great enthusiasm stones and bricks were collected, and the chapel was begun; but the suspicious heathen, aroused by the progress of God's work, sent a detachment of soldiers, who, by yelling and threats endeavored to stop the work. Thah-so and the head man, however, boldly announced their conversion and declared their determination to live for Christ, which discountenanced the soldiers and secured freedom from further molestation. The chapel was finished and regular and effective preaching begun.

Later other chapels and churches were established. Bang-kah, the largest and most Chinese and anti-foreign city on the island, stood out strongly against the new religion. Upon their appearance in the city, the Christians were jeered at and maligned and pelted with refuse, mud and rotten eggs. A law was passed warning the inhabitants, on pain of death, not to rent or sell houses to the missionary. Mackay, however, felt that the city must be taken for Christ, and, in December 1877, he succeeded in renting a wretched hovel, and placed over the door the inscription, "Jesus' Holy Temple." Soldiers, noticing it, threatened him with violence and reported it to the general, who claimed the building and ordered Mackay to depart. The claim proving correct, Mackay decided to leave; and the next morning hurried to his boat, jostling through the crowds and dodging the filth and missiles hurled at him from the house-tops. The next evening he besought God to open Bang-kah to them and, rising from his knees, he returned to the city under the cover of darkness. An old man was found, who was willing to sell the missionaries a house, and on the following morning the

inscription, "Jesus' Holy Temple" again stared the enraged populace in the face. The city was in an uproar and hundreds donned their war dress, ready for the fray. The devoted and dauntless Mackay, however, still moved about among them, extracting teeth of sufferers from time to time. On the third day the storm broke, and a terrible scene ensued. Amid shrieks of rage, Mackay's house was literally torn to the ground. The Chinamen actually dug up the stones of the foundation with their hands and then stood spitting on the site. Mackay meanwhile moved across the street to an inn; but the mob followed, and the crash of tiles told of their frenzied efforts to force an entrance. The inn-keeper came to him, with keys in his hand, and begged him to leave, lest the inn be destroyed. Then a Chinese madarin and the British Consul arrived and the madarin begged the consul to send Mackay away, but this he refused to do. He then personally begged Mackay with bended knee, but he declined, declaring that he would remain to preach the Gospel and to extract the teeth of the sufferers. Though, during the long negotiations that followed, various sites were offered, a new chapel was erected on the place of the one torn down, and though the former owner was forced to flee for his life, and hearers were boycotted, while soldiers stood on guard during services, Mackay did not retreat, but was determined to win for his Lord, and win he did; for in 1893, as he left the city to visit Canada, he was escorted out by a grand procession, such as is only given to great men on special occasions.

More persecutions followed. In 1884, the Chinese, aroused by the French invasion, vented their rage on the Christians. Seven of their best churches were

utterly destroyed, while the converts suffered tortures and death in various forms. Some were drowned, others were hanged, while many suffered horrible tortures. Still the work increased. God's people remained constant, and after the invasion new churches, of better structure than that of the old, pointed the persecutors to God with their tall spires.

Mackay's school, or "Peripatetic University" was his chief means of conquering the savages. Traveling with his leaders from place to place, he trained them for their work by teaching them by word and example. A clump of bushes sufficed as a class-room, while the Bible was the text-book and specimens, geological, botanical and zoological, were used as auxiliary volumes to prove the greatness of God. Later, however, the people of Oxford, Mackay's native county, becoming interested in his work, donated the money to establish a college, and thereafter teaching was carried on in the Oxford College.

Another great influence over the people came through his wife. For two great reasons Mackay was induced to marry a native Chinese lady. It was evident that a Chinese wife could most easily reach the native women, and through them the children; and that the wives thus reached would have great influence over their husbands. Besides this, the climate of Formosa was very unhealthy, and Mackay felt that it was unwise to ask Occidental women to come to a land of death. Therefore, on May, 1878, he was married to a most estimable Chinese lady, and the results, from the standpoint of effective service, and from that of family felicity, show that his decision was not unwise.

While engaged in making modifications required by the Japanese government, into whose hands the island

passed in 1896, Mackay was troubled by his throat. A treatment at Hong Kong for ulceration of the throat was of little benefit, and on June 2, 1901, he passed through the pearly gates into the city of supernal beauty.

Mackay's life is an ideal of missionary consecration. He spared time for only two visits to his home land, and then only to stir the churches to more life in regard to the mission work. He burned the midnight oil to increase his range of knowledge and often caught only three hours' sleep. In three months he traveled 1600 miles on foot, besides repairing two other chapels and opening a new station. He is indeed "an illustration of what God will enable those to do, who fully consecrate themselves to His service."

JOHN KENNETH MACKENZIE

"The Beloved Physician"

On the twenty-fifth of August, 1850, there was born at Yarmouth, on the Isle of Wight, a lad later known in China as "our beloved physician." In his early youth the family removed to Bristol, where the boy spent his youth, under the Christian influence of his Scotch father and Welsh mother, people of earnest, simple-hearted piety. "He showed little liking for study and left school at the age of fifteen to become a clerk in a merchant's office.

Later he joined the Bible class of the Young Men's Christian Association. Two days in this class were of greatest importance for him. On the first of these days, in 1867, Dr. Moody spoke, his theme being, "A Good Conscience." The talk left Mackenzie full of doubt and questioning and, with a stricken conscience, he, with

several others, arose for prayer. He realized his need of help, but found it difficult to believe. One year later found him again in the Bible study class. On this day the Association secretary from London asked the men either to accept or reject Christ. The appeal made a great impression upon Kenneth, and he, with several others arose. "His doubts and questionings were met in the blessed person of Jesus Christ Himself."

He at once took up Christian work, holding open air services, visiting the poor, distributing Christian literature and working at the Midnight Mission. Feeling the need of proficiency in public speaking, he and several friends met in an old cow shed in the country and there delivered carefully prepared sermons and prayed in turn. While working at the evangelistic services in Bristol Theater he met a friend, Colonel Duncan, to whom he first mentioned his desire to become a foreign missionary. The Colonel advised him, since he was still young, to study medicine and go as a medical missionary to China, and at the same time he handed him a pamphlet, entitled "The Double Cure; or What is a Medical Mission?" This led Mackenzie to his decision.

When he asked his parents' consent to become a missionary he met with a most serious obstacle, for neither entreaty nor argument could move them to a consent to his plan. Hence a triumvirate of friends was formed and these joined in pleading with God to remove this obstacle from His young servant's path. The prayers were answered on the very night that they were uttered and Mackenzie's faith was strengthened greatly.

After a careful preparation of four years, especially in the study of the eye, he was sent by the London Missionary Society to the great city Hankow, in 1875.

He began his struggle with the Chinese language in the hospital and was at once besieged by patients, among whom eye diseases abounded. Many of those cured were deeply interested in the Christian teachings, and several were baptized at once.

Daily preaching is carried on in most of the mission chapels in China. A shop is fitted up where the foreign missionary and his native assistant can proclaim the glad tidings to any who happen to come in from their work or amusements; but no regular sermons are preached. Services are carried on in the Socratic method of asking and answering questions and thus, by patient repetition the missionaries try to show these benighted people the love of Jesus for them.

Mackenzie also did country work, or work as a traveling preacher and doctor. Stopping at some place, such as a tea shop, Mackenzie, with his companion, would talk to the gathering crowd about God. Then, when he mentioned that he was a doctor, and the sick in the neighborhood were brought to him, he would have them taken to the hospital, "and thus the teaching could be followed up."

In many places Mackenzie carried on his work with great opposition and danger. Upon visiting the village of a convert, Wei, the missionary and his attendants attracted much attention and soon a crowd was at their heels. The rudeness of the crowd grew worse as its numbers grew. "Then the heathens threw hard clods at the missionaries (for fortunately there were no stones), and Mackenzie found himself the center of a howling mob of about one thousand men and boys. The native Christians behaved nobly, one of them saying, "You may kill me, but don't kill my pastor." Mackenzie

guarded his head with his hands; but Mr. Griffith John, who had opened up work in Hankow, was cut and bleeding. Finally, while the mob was crossing a bridge, the missionaries broke through the crowd and escaped; after which a native Christian took them to the home of a friend, who received them kindly.

The next few years were eventful ones for Mackenzie. In December, 1876, the lady to whom he was betrothed, came from England to Shanghai, and they were married. The same year he treated over a thousand persons in the wards, and almost twelve thousand in the dispensary. Many difficult operations, such as the opening of the windpipe, were performed. In October of the next year Dr. Mackenzie's heart was gladdened by the birth of a little daughter, Margaret Ethel.

After four years' labor in Hankow, the doctor decided to go to a place with a healthier climate. Accordingly, amid loving farewells he left for his new field, Tien-tsin. Traveling had to be done in heavy carts, without springs. Since the roads were rough and dusty, traveling was anything but pleasant, and bedding and pillows were thrown into the carts in order to make riding somewhat bearable.

On account of his early experience, Dr. Mackenzie was a full believer in the power of prayer. In his new field there was neither money nor drugs to open his work. It would take five months before help arrived from the home Board; and, upon suggestion, the doctor sent the viceroy, Li Hung Chang, a written request, setting forth the advantages of establishing a hospital for the Chinese. No answer was given, though the little mission circle prayed mightily for success. The viceroy's wife became ill and was soon at death's door. The

native doctor gave up all hope. Finally the viceroy was prevailed upon to call Dr. Mackenzie, and under the latter's skillful attention she recovered. When she was convalescent, Miss Dr. Howard of Peking was called for a few months' stay, and the result was that Lady Li established a woman's hospital, with Miss Howard at its head.

A further attempt was made for a dispensary. Dr. Mackenzie invited the viceroy to witness several difficult operations. He became interested and gave one of his rooms for a dispensary; but when court business was impeded by the throng of patients, a part of the temple, the finest building in Tientsin, was set aside for the doctor's use. This, however, was three miles from the Mission compound and Mackenzie determined to build one nearer. Accordingly he asked his rich patients for subscriptions and received lavish gifts. "The hospital was built, and publicly opened by the viceroy, amid imposing ceremonies, at which the British and Russian consuls spoke."

Mackenzie's diligence and faithful activities may be judged from his program. Rising at half past six, he was busy all day teaching the Bible class, studying the language, working in the dispensary, teaching a medical class, attending to correspondence, leading prayer meeting and so forth, doing the work of several men besides himself. Surgical operations were especially distressing to him, because all of the responsibility rested upon him, and if the patient should die, the news that Mackenzie had killed him would be spread abroad.

He saw a rare privilege in influencing the educated young Chinese from a Christian standpoint and, to accomplish this, began a medical school with himself

taking the place of the faculty. A delegation of young Chinamen, who had been sent to the best schools in America, had been recalled in a few years to avoid their becoming Americanized. Dr. Mackenzie took them into his medical school and, besides giving them medical instruction, spent much time in preaching the name of Jesus to them.

"At this period of his life in 1881, when Dr. Mackenzie needed the comforts of his home and family most, his wife's health failed and she was obliged to go to England."

The work now became harder and, pressing him heavily in many different departments, began to tell upon him physically. He no longer had time to read anything but his Bible, and from this source he received the necessary strength and comfort. His great joy was to watch the spiritual growth of his mission and the growing thirst for the Gospel evinced among this benighted race.

In the midst of his work he was stricken with smallpox, contracted from his patients, and, after a few days' illness, on Easter day, April 1, 1888, while it was yet dark, he left the cheerless plain of Chih-li to join Him, whom not having seen, he so deeply loved. Chinamen thronged the little church and cemetery and the viceroy sent high officials to represent himself and his wife. Thirty-six different men were bearers, changing places as they moved to give all the privilege of carrying the body a little way. Then, amid demonstrations unusual among the Chinese, they laid their "beloved physician" to his eternal rest, while the strains of "Rock of Ages" arose from the graveside.

CARRIE L. M'MILLAN

A Marvel of Consecration

A motherless infant lay sick unto death. Beside the bed knelt her father, deep in prayer with the Almighty, pleading for the life of his darling girl. "Spare the life of my child, O Lord!" he cried. "If thou wilt save her, I dedicate her to thy service as a missionary to heathen lands."

The prayer was heard and Carrie M'Millan recovered. Even when yet a little girl she secretly cherished the thought that she would become a missionary, and when, in her study of geography, she would trace the ocean paths to India and locate the great cities of that country, she did so, saying to herself, "My school-mates and teachers little think I shall see those places."

After her conversion at the age of seven years her love for her Savior ripened into a deep, undying desire to experience her secret dream. When she had grown to glorious womanhood, she told her longings to her pastor and his wife, who, realizing her fitness for the work of her choice, arranged to have her presented before the directors of the Woman's Missionary Society for acceptance.

Then, while her case was pending, her father first told her of his prayer for her life while she was an infant and of his dedicating her young life to the Master's service.

"I hope, Carrie, you will yet live to fulfill this vow!" he added in conclusion.

Then the young woman for the first time realized the connection between her father's prayer and her desire to work among the heathen, and her soul was filled with a great joy. She was convinced that her desire

to labor in the Master's vineyard was of the Lord, and she now felt satisfied.

Her appointment was to India. Now she, a defenseless maiden, was to venture across the trackless sea to a strange, unfriendly land, leaving behind her the affectionate care of a devoted father and the shelter of a comfortable home. For the first time she and her father realized the bitter trial of saying adieu. After his daughter had taken ship, he poured out his grief to his Heavenly Father, finding there a sympathizing ear. The Spirit comforted him and, arising from his knees with a radiant face, he exclaimed to his son,

"I have gained the victory! Glory, glory! I am glad Carrie is gone, and glad she has such a message to deliver!"

Miss M'Millan entered on her work with the full spirit of her undying love for her Savior, which made failure an impossibility. In one of her letters to her friends, she wrote, "Of my work in India, I love it. I love the people with a peculiar love. I am glad I have a place in this field. I am glad that prayer for India's redemption is being answered. The time is coming when India's daughters, so long bound by the fetters of superstition, shall hear the voice of Christ. The door of the zenana shall swing back and in the light of God's countenance they shall come forth."

When men and women enter into the spirit of God's work with such zeal and faith, what forces can prevail against them? They must conquer and will conquer, laying the whole world at the feet of the blessed Redeemer, and the glorious Millennium shall be ushered in.

JERRY MCAULEY

A Marvel of Grace

In the year 1850, there came to New York an old grandmother and her thirteen-year-old grandson, fresh from Ireland. They settled down in the "Bowery," near Brooklyn Bridge, where, unfortunately, the influence pervading the young lad was of the worst, for in this part of the city the powers of darkness ruled supreme. Drinking, gambling and every other imaginable vice were here so powerful that the churches had been closed and moved to a more pleasant district. Soon the old grandmother, despite her praiseworthy efforts, lost all influence over little Jerry, who boldly went from one misdemeanor to another until he had developed into a thorough rascal. It did not take long until he could surpass all his degraded companions in chewing, smoking, drinking, stealing, gambling, lying or any of their low tricks. Honest labor he had never learned. He became a notorious outlaw, of whom even the police were afraid and sank constantly lower, until he had reached the lowest depth of degradation.

Finally, when as a nineteen-year-old youth he was sentenced to fifteen years' and six months' discipline in Sing Sing prison, a halt was called to his sinful practices. Here he met the renowned prize fighter, "Awful Gardner," who had been as bad a scoundrel as Jerry, and had reached the prison somewhat sooner. He had now, however, become converted from his sins and was striving for the welfare of his fellow convicts' souls. Though a rough, unpolished man, he was inspired with the fiery love and power of the Holy Spirit, and preached with convincing force. When Jerry first heard Gardner, he mentally observed: "I know that man. He was sunk



CATHERINE BOOTH

ISABELLA THOBURN

MARY LOUISA WHATELY

ELEANOR CHESTNUT

CLARA BARTON

as deep as I. He is converted. He is honest. Something marvelous must certainly have happened to him." Soon he became convicted and was converted to God, and so thorough was the change that after eight years' imprisonment he was released by a pardon from Governor Dix.

Now that he was free a great problem faced him. Whither should he go? What should he do? What could he do? He seemed helpless, for he had never learned to work. Shelterless he wandered through the streets seeking an opportunity to earn food and lodging, but was met everywhere by a cold refusal and even a rebuke, until finally, hungry and desperate, he returned to his old form of life. Several days later a missionary met him in his sinful ways and asked him, "Jerry, whither to?" Jerry was frightened, but answered desperately, "I cannot starve." "Come with me," urged the kind-hearted man of God, "I shall pawn my coat, if it has any value, to care for you and myself." McAuley was surprised. "If you are willing to do that for me, I would rather starve than steal again." He went with the missionary and found shelter and protection. Under his gentle guidance he mended his ways, and, though he fell back to his old life several times, his better self finally conquered and he began missionary labors among those who were leading lives similar to that which he had left, becoming the renowned "Apostle to the drunkards."

McAuley now married a corpulent, saucy woman, with whom he had lived in years previous. She, too, had now found the Lord Jesus and had discontinued her life of shame and disgrace. A missionary had once asked her whether she knew Jesus. The name had persistently stuck in her mind, until it had led her to the

seat of mercy, and now her one and leading passion was to save unfortunate "bums" from destruction.

In 1868, Jerry McAuley founded his "Rescue Mission" on Water Street, in the most degraded, God forsaken section of New York. Here he and his wife labored earnestly for ten years for the salvation of the fallen, with great success. Hundreds were saved and thousands were given a new incentive to lead a better and higher life. The attention of the New York churches was arrested and they extended ready assistance. This was the beginning of similar missions which have been founded since.

Later Jerry decided to move his mission to 23rd Street, near the famous Cremorne Garden with its debasing play houses, and there he founded the largest and best furnished mission station of its kind. For two years succeeding he and his wife labored there with wonderful success, until consumption suddenly took the great apostle to his reward.

How well New York loved McAuley and appreciated his work, was shown at his funeral. He was buried like a prince, with a funeral such as had been given to no private citizen before him; and well did he deserve it, for despite the strong influence of the degraded environment in which he had grown to manhood; in spite of the discouraging suspicion cast upon him as an ex-convict, he had become a staunch apostle of Jesus and as such had not disdained to labor among the degraded comrades of his early life. He had made a heroic struggle against sin and had won and had helped others to win. In him a curse was turned into a blessing, which greatly glorified the grace of God.

HENRY MARTYN

God's Messenger to India

On the 18th of February, 1781, was born a lad, who, though granted a short life-time here below, won a distinguished name in missionary annals. In his youth, this lad, Henry Martyn, though proud and sensitive and of a retiring disposition, was ambitious and possessed a talent for learning which won him high standing in the schools. He was, however, only formally religious, but, after the death of his father, under the instruction of his friend, Rev. Charles Simons, his thoughts were turned to man's highest duty; and after his early graduation, he fully realized, that life, to be worth living, must have a noble aim, above the petty rewards of the world. He read the "Life of David Brainard" and his work among the American Indians, and this reading marked an era in his life, for he felt his "heart knit to the dear man" and, wishing to lead a life of similar noble sacrifice, determined to devote his life to the ministry, though he had been preparing himself for the law.

With this decision a great change came over Martyn. "His soul was filled with divine love, and his mind was awed under a sense of his great obligations." Subdued and gentle, he was yet earnest and bold in his reproof of wrong; and though as tender as a father, he was often times a stern preacher.

When he offered himself to the Church Missionary Society for work in India, he was promptly accepted and ordained at Ely, on October 22, 1803. Desiring more experience as a preacher of the Gospel before he sailed, he, for a time, assisted Mr. Simons at the university as his curate, and also served the parish at Lolwirth. Then, when he prepared to depart, the lady, whom he ardently

loved, refused to go to Hindostan. He hesitated, but his love for souls conquered, though the intensity of his feelings was such, that he fainted away. When the East India Company, which was hostile to the missionary enterprise, refused to transport him as a missionary, he accepted their offer to serve the company as chaplain, and thus secured a passage.

He sailed on July 17, 1805. On board the ship were soldiers for the capture of the Cape of Good Hope, and it was with feelings of horror that Martyn contemplated this attack upon the almost helpless people of the Cape; but, as soon as possible, he prayerfully pointed the poor, bleeding and dying wretches to Christ. After an eventful voyage, he arrived at Calcutta, in May, 1806.

Here he was joyfully received by the English people who were charmed by his culture and talent. He became an intimate of the home of Rev. David Brown, at Aldeen, near the city, and the latter gave him a beautiful pagoda on his grounds, which he was to use as his study. He was charmed with the present, and the people desired him to settle there as a permanent minister; but his missionary zeal could not be cooled. He must go on to yet more heathen districts. He sought and obtained an appointment to Dinapore, and on the 26th of November, he arrived at his destination.

At Dinapore he applied himself unsparingly to learn the Hindostani language, though his duties as chaplain only required him to attend to the spiritual wants of the Europeans. Despite the opposition of the natives and the indifference of the Europeans, he established a school for natives and began the translation of the Bible into Hindostani. In the two years and a half which he spent at Dinapore, he learned to speak the native language,

fluently, and translated the New Testament into that language, besides translating a great part of it into Persic. Though busied in this way, he founded five schools and in these spent much time in the instruction of the natives. Here he met Mr. and Mrs. Sherwood, in whose friendship he found a great comfort, but soon Mr. Sherwood was ordered to Cawnpore, and Mr. Martyn was left lonely and sad. This grief was added to the information that his two sisters had died of consumption, while he himself began to show symptoms of the disease; but his activity did not abate. Early in 1809, he was also ordered to Cawnpore, and made the journey in the hottest season of the year, over desert and through tangled jungles. Though his resolute spirit bore him through, he fell fainting when he reached Mr. Sherwood's house, at the place of his destination.

When he could again be out of doors, the devoted man again began his labors. Since he could not build a chapel, he preached to the regiment of soldiers unsheltered, under a tropical sun, while at almost every service soldiers sank to the ground, overcome with heat. Besides these services, he became known to beggars and mendicants, who appealed to him for help. To these he appointed a time, when they should come for their alms, and then, when they were assembled, he would preach the name of Jesus. This was, by no means, a pleasant task, for these filthy, diseased and crippled men were the scum of their race, sunk into sin and degradation. While he spoke of the greatness of God, they would listen attentively; but when he accused them as sinners, who had displeased God by their tresspasses, his words would be drowned by hisses and execrations.

It now became necessary for Martyn to leave Cawn-

pore, for in the heat of India, and during his close application, consumption was making alarmingly rapid progress. Since a return to England would probably mean the cessation of his labors, he decided to make a journey to Persia; for there he would have the two-fold advantage of a change of climate and of greater facilities for the revision of his Persic Testament, which he had undertaken. His friends at Calcutta, alarmed at his appearance, were unwilling to let him undertake the journey; yet it seemed to be the only recourse, and on January 17, 1811, he bade them a sorrowful farewell, and turned his face to Shiraz.

Five months were consumed by his passage, during which time he was exposed to almost unendurable hardships. The part of his travel conducted on land exposed his enfeebled frame to the most violent extremes of temperature. By day he often weltered in a heat sometimes reaching 120 degrees in the shade, and in a few hours afterwards he was chilled by a cold that made him tremble as though in an ague fit. Often he could steal only a few hours of rest during the night, while sometimes he pursued his journey with wet towels folded over his neck and head. "At rare intervals, he could find shelter in some caravansary, erected for the benefit of travelers."

When he was in the beautiful, refined city of Shiraz, with its genial climate and charming scenery, his sinking system was once more braced for his labor of love. He at once began making the revision of his Persian New Testament. As his assistant he chose Mirza Khan, a patient and scholarly Persian; and the translation, begun in June, 1811, was completed on February 24, 1812. Besides translating, he taught the people the Word of

God, receiving his audience in a booth in a garden. The Mohammedan and Soofeeist leaders attempted to trip him up in arguments; but he could answer all questions in such an earnest and convincing manner, that all felt that he was sapping the foundation of their faith. This roused them to a grand attempt at defense and he was challenged to a debate with their most learned professor of Mohammedanism. The challenge was accepted. A treatise supporting Mohammed and the Koran was issued; but Martyn, who now spoke Persic fluently, replied in a treatise, which completely sifted the claims of Mohammedanism and supported the Christian religion so strongly, that his antagonists were glad to proclaim a truce.

Mr. Martyn was tireless in the performance of his labors, unto the end. He attempted to present the king a copy of his Persic Testament, but admittance was curtly denied him. He was now stricken with a burning fever, and was kindly nursed by the English ambassador and his wife, until he recovered. He then concluded to visit England and, leaving manuscripts in the care of the English ambassador, set out for Constantinople, which was 1200 miles distant.

The journey was very trying. He had overestimated his own strength and had underestimated the hardships of the journey. His escorts were a set of inhuman wretches, who seemed, without sympathy for him, to be hurrying him to death. "Alternately burning with fever and shivering with ague, at times almost frantic with agony, he was forced to pursue his journey on horseback at a rate which would have tried the strength of a strong man; in some instances he was raised from a pallet, on which he lay prostrated by fever, to face the

fury of a tempest." The strain was beyond what he could endure and, on the 16th of October, 1812, when but thirty-one years of age, he died, at Tocat, twenty-five miles from Constantinople.

Claudius J. Rich, an English resident at Bagdad, in 1823 consecrated a stone to his memory, but more durable monuments are the lives of the Christians, brought to the light through his guidance, and his versions of the New Testament, as well as his translation of the English liturgy, with the aid of which many a Christian congregation will, in future years, offer prayer and praises to their Lord and Redeemer.

SAMUEL MARSDEN

The "Apostle of New Zealand"

This brave Yorkshireman, whom neither dangers nor difficulties could deter from performing what he considered his duty among cannibalistic savages, was born of humble parents at Horsforth, near Leeds, in 1764. He spent some time at the anvil; but also received an elementary education, after which he was placed under the tutorage of Dr. Milner of the Grammar School of Hull, where he evinced such literary talent and promise that he was adopted by the "Eland Society," which sought young men of talent for the ministry, and was by it sent to St. John's at Cambridge to complete his education. Before he had taken his degree here, however, the offer of a colonial chaplaincy amongst the convicts of New South Wales was made to him, through the influence of Mr. Wilberforce and Rev. Charles Simeon, who clearly perceived the fitness of this young

mechanic for the rough and difficult, yet noble and self-denying position.

While waiting, with his newly wedded bride for the sailing of the ship which was to bear him to the new field allotted him, he entered the pulpit on Sunday morning; but before he could begin his sermon, the ship's signal-gun fired, and after his parting benediction, he set out for the beach with his wife, accompanied by the whole congregation, and set sail amid their prayers and farewells.

The work awaiting Marsden at Parmatta was very rough and unpleasant in many respects. "The colony was composed of the worst of felons and bush-rangers, the very scum and refuse of a vicious population, who had been banished from their own land for every conceivable crime, and for whose reformation and instruction scarcely anything had been done." The work thus was difficult enough to daunt the stoutest heart; but the heroic young chaplain, though thwarted constantly by those in authority, carried out the well-laid plans for the benefit of the reckless criminals and British population in his charge with the faith of a man who believes in the ultimate success of his mission. Through base self-interest the officials in power in the colony resisted all attempts made for the reformation of the criminals in their charge; and the devoted chaplain, as he persisted in his work, was assailed at every step by abuse, official misrepresentation and newspaper libels. Repeatedly he had to appeal to the laws of his country for protection and it was a consolation to him that it was with success on each occasion. Finally his persistent efforts won the approving notice of such philanthropists as Lord Gambia and Elizabeth Fry; and the moral and spiritual im-

provements of the colony, which he suggested, were then taken in hand by the government at home.

In 1807, after fourteen years of labor, he visited England to lay his plans before the authorities and to plead the cause of New Zealand with the Church Missionary Society. In response to his appeal the Society placed under his charge two skilled mechanics, who were to visit the islands, establish friendly relations with the natives and to use the arts of civilization as an introduction to the Gospel of Christ. Thus he laid the foundation to one of the most remarkable missions of modern times.

Though he did not lose sight of the despised Australian natives and even made frequent but abortive efforts for their evangelization, still his main attention was centered upon the New Zealanders. He found the latter, contrary to their general reputation in New South Wales, a noble type of savage, inquisitive and enterprising; though constantly engaged in internecine wars and often stirred to murderous revenge upon the white people by the ill treatment received at their hands. One remarkable chieftain, Tippahee, with his four sons, visited the colony in 1806 and Marsden found in this tattooed cannibal a wonderful ability and a spirit anxious for the improvement of his people. He sent him back laden with seeds, tools and useful gifts, and thus prepared the way for the execution of his nobler projects.

Through God's providence, Marsden's own kindness gained him an entrance into New Zealand and to the hearts of its cannibals. On his return voyage to Port Jackson, with his two associates, he met on the ship a poor, sickly New Zealander, who had been enticed on the ship by English sailors, who promised him that he should see the white man's country. Being cruelly treated and

overworked and then left in poverty and sickness to find his way back as best he could, he was now returning home when Marsden found him. Under the missionary's care and tender treatment he soon regained his health and gratefully promised his valuable services in aid to Marsden's Christian enterprise. Valuable services they were, indeed; for it was found that this mistreated wretch was Ruatara, a nephew of Tippahee, a powerful chief, and that he was endowed with many of his uncle's noblest qualities and with earnest desire for the advancement of his people.

The enthusiastic missionary now wished to visit these people at once; but his enterprise was unexpectedly arrested by the disastrous news of the merchantman "Boyd," which, having put into the harbor of Whangaroa, had been plundered by the natives, and all the passengers and crew had been murdered and devoured. The terrible tragedy, as was afterwards ascertained, was in revenge for a most wanton provocation given by the captain to a young chief, who had been aboard. Terrible reprisals, nevertheless, followed. Some whalers, hearing of the loss of the "Boyd," determined to avenge it and being unable to distinguish the innocent from the guilty, attacked Tippahee in the Bay of Islands, put his people to the sword and burnt their homes. This naturally incensed the natives to such a degree that, for some time, Marsden could not venture to visit the island.

At length the two mechanics ventured to the shores of New Zealand and, being joyfully received, returned to Marsden at Port Jackson with Rautara and his friends. The good chaplain now saw that the time was ripe for his long contemplated work, but he could find no ship captain but one who would transport him and his party

to the land of cannibals; and that one asked six hundred pounds for the single venture. As this was beyond the means at the chaplain's disposal, he, at his own risk, purchased the little brig "Active," the first of those missionary vessels which have since then been of so much service in the spreading of the Gospel.

On November, 1814, he embarked, with a motley crew of Europeans, New Zealanders and various animals, and dropped anchor on the day before Christmas in the Bay of Islands, near the scenes of recent blood-shed and horror. The natives were at war, and Marsden saw that, if he went first to Rautara's friends, it would be misrepresented by their enemies, the Whangaroans, as an act of partiality. He must show himself a friend to both; so he determined to land unarmed amongst the Whangaroans and to spend the night with only one other person in their company.

Perhaps no missionary has ever undertaken a braver deed than that performed by Marsden when he landed among the Whangaroans. Ruataura, knowing the unscrupulous ferocity of his race, and that they were now burning with the spirit of revenge on account of the recent dastardly deed of the white whalers, did all he could to dissuade the missionary; but in vain. The sight which met Marsden's eyes as he advanced was anything but assuring. A band of naked warriors, armed with clubs and spears, appeared on a hill before him. Presently a native advanced and, flourishing a red mat, cried, "Haromai! haromai!" ("Come hither! come hither!") Then the warriors advanced. Their decorations were horrible. Some wore necklaces made of the teeth of unfortunate enemies, and others were decorated with silver dollars plundered from the dead people of

the Boyd, while their naked bodies were covered with gaudily tattooed designs. Demonic screams and cries now resounded on every side, and with horribly distorted features the incarnate demons began gesticulating wildly with every limb. This was their welcome to him! The name of "Marsden," "the friend of the Maories," had reached them from Paramatta through their countrymen, and they were welcoming him with their war-dance. That night he passed on the island, surrounded by the wild cannibals and the next day, Christmas day, he preached of God's great gift to man, under the open sky, from a rude pulpit erected by the natives for the purpose. Such was the entrance of the Gospel into New Zealand.

From that time onwards, for over a quarter of a century Marsden waged unceasing battle with vice, ignorance and all the evils of heathenism. The Active passed to and fro continually between Port Jackson and the mission carrying, from time to time, fresh laborers to the field and bringing over young and intelligent natives to be trained. Seven times the noble-hearted man crossed over himself to the field, to install new workers, open up schools, conciliate enemies at war and always to proclaim the Gospel of God and to further His work. At first the work seemed fruitless, but at length a spirit of inquiry was manifested and then one chief was baptized and then another, and the people followed their example. Houses of prayer sprang up; the incessant warring ceased; honest labor was begun and the people adopted the habits of civilization.

After a seventh and last visit to his dear New Zealanders, when the native Christians received the old patriarch with tears of joy, and even the heathens ex-

pressed their joy over the reappearance of their benefactor in war-dances and the firing of muskets, the end drew nigh and on May 8, 1838, Samuel Marsden departed hence to the eternal world. His last words, spoken in response to a remark on the preciousness of a good hope in Christ, were, "Precious, precious precious;" and so died the founder of one of the grandest missions of the century, to whom, under God, Great Britain owes both the colony and the church of New Zealand.

ROBERT MOFFAT

Christ's Messenger to Africa

An anxious Christian mother was talking earnestly to her rather lively sixteen-year-old son. He was leaving home to take a position as an under-gardener, and the fond mother wished him to make her a promise before leaving. He did not wish to promise until she had stated her request. "Oh, Robert," she pleaded, "can you think for a moment that I shall ask of you, my son, to do anything that is not right? Do not I love you?"

"Yes, mother, I know you do; but I do not like to make promises which I may not be able to fulfill," he replied; but when he saw her eyes fill with tears, he quickly said: "Oh, mother, ask what you will and I shall do it."

"I only ask," she said, "that you will read a chapter in the Bible every morning and another every evening."

"Mother," he interrupted her, "you know I read my Bible." She replied, "I know you do, but you do not read it regularly, or as a duty you owe to God, its

author. Now I shall return home with a happy heart, inasmuch as you have promised to read the Scriptures daily. Oh, Robert, my son, read much in the New Testament. Read much in the Gospels, the blessed Gospels, then you cannot well go astray." Such was the tender solicitude of the devoted mother for the welfare of her son, and he did not forget his promise to her. Though there were times when he mingled in the gay amusements of worldly companions, among whom he easily became a leader, he never forgot his morning and evening chapter in the Bible.

One day while Robert was walking from his place of work to a neighboring town, he noticed on a bridge that he was crossing a placard announcing a missionary meeting. The novel notice interested him, and he read it over and over, while there surged through his mind memories of missionary stories which his mother was wont to read to her children in the evenings, and of the missionary impulses of his childhood. From that moment he was resolved to turn from the worldly prospects and to become a missionary.

Successful in his struggles and studies, he set sail for Africa in 1817, when not yet twenty-one years of age. He was assigned to Namaqualand, the territory of the fierce chieftain Afrikaner, the terror of the surrounding country, a brutal savage noted for rapine, murder and lust and destruction. The noble young missionary, however, traveled on into the interior, nothing daunted, over dreary wastes of burning sand, famished with hunger and parched with thirst, kept constantly alert by howling hyenas and roaring lions, but especially by the prowling Bushmen ever ready to attack the defenseless.

While on the way, Young Moffat stopped with a rich Boer farmer, who requested a service. When the Bible and Psalm book had been brought and the family were seated, the missionary asked, "May none of your servants come in?"

"Servants! What do you mean?"

"I mean the Hottentots, of whom I see so many on your farm."

"Hottentots!" cried the surprised man. "Are you come to preach to the Hottentots? Go to the mountains and preach to the baboons; or, if you like, I'll fetch my dogs and you may preach to them."

Moffat wisely said no more, but with consummate tact read of the Syrophoenician woman, and chose as his text the words, "Truth, Lord, yet the dogs eat of the crumbs that fall from their masters' tables." Soon the missionary was interrupted by the farmer, who cried out: "Will Mynherr sit down and wait a little?—he shall have the Hottentots." Soon the astonished negroes were ushered in and had a sermon, and the Boer avowed all objections concerning preaching to them to have vanished.

Arrived at the krall of the terrible Afrikaner in January, 1818, Moffat was hospitably received by Mr. Ebner, a missionary already stationed there, and when the chief learned that the newly arrived missionary had been sent by the directors in London, he had his women put up a house for him in a half an hour. Of course, it afforded some protection, but it sheltered him little from drenching rain, scorching sun, raiding cattle, or biting dogs and snakes. Until he was able to raise some vegetables, he had to subsist on dried meat and milk. To make matters worse, Mr. Ebner soon moved, and

he was left alone in the midst of the ignorant, superstitious and cruelly jealous savages. Encouragement soon came, however, and from an unexpected quarter. Afrikaner became regular in his attendance at the daily services, and began to read his New Testament as well as he could. The terrible lion became as meek as a lamb, and instead of destructive war, he sought to make peace throughout his domains. When the missionary became sick, he personally nursed him as tenderly as he knew how, and upon his return to the Cape accompanied him as a living testimony of the refining grace of God. One farmer, upon seeing this wonder, exclaimed, "Oh, God, what a miracle of thy power! What cannot thy grace accomplish!"

At the Cape Moffat met his betrothed, Mary Smith, and after their happy marriage they went to a new field in the valley of the Kuruman among the Bechwanas, a jealous, sensual and superstitious people, who had no idea of God, who observed no idolatrous rites and who saw nothing better in the customs of the missionaries than in their own. Consequently the Gospel message made no impression upon them and they seldom entered the church, but persisted in their polygamy, robbery, lying and murder without compunction of conscience if they escaped punishment.

At one time, when the country was suffering from a long drouth and the professional rain-maker had gone through his antics in vain, Moffat was accused of having frightened the rain away. A chief man and a dozen attendants came to the missionaries' house and informed them that they desired their departure and assured them that measures of violence would be resorted to if they disobeyed. They received the answer that the mission-

aries would have been sorry to leave, but they were now determined to stay. The Master had bidden them to flee from one city to another if persecuted, but this they did not consider persecution. Then, throwing open his waistcoat, Moffat stood erect and fearless as he spoke: "Now then, if you will, drive your spears to my heart, and when you have slain me my companions will know that the hour has come for them to depart."

The natives were astonished. "These men must have ten lives, when they are so fearless of death," they said. "There must be something in immortality."

After ten years' painful labor in this field, Moffat baptized his first six converts. With renewed zeal he continued the difficult labor, ever developing the work of the mission in many directions. By visits to surrounding tribes he opened fields for other missionaries, and in spare time he translated portions of the Bible, which he completed in 1870. To have it printed, he was persuaded to take it to England, and, being now an old man, he did not expect to return, but bade his sorrowing people farewell, as they came from far and near to catch one last glimpse of his venerable face and of that of his revered wife. As the wagon drove away, a long pitiful wail arose from the natives, who realized that they were giving up their loving teacher and friend.

The great and godlike man departed to his rest on August 9, 1883, but his work was continued by other hands. Now the scene of Robert Moffat's trials and triumphs is surrounded by native towns and villages, clustering about the Moffat Institute, where native teachers are trained, who go out into the surrounding world, dispelling the darkness of superstition and ignorance and leading the heathen to Christ.

WILLIAM MOISTER

God's Messenger to the Island of St. Mary

As the brig containing the missionaries, Mr. and Mrs. Moister, neared the Island of St. Mary in the mouth of the Gambia river, the mission converts gathered along the shore to welcome them. Some of them rushed into the water when the boat neared the landing place, and carried them ashore, where a crowd of negroes gathered about them weeping for joy and exclaiming fervently, "Tank God, tank God! Mr. Marshall die, but God send us nuder minister."

The missionaries began their work with light and hopeful hearts. The reception had been delightful. The place, too, was beautiful; for beneath the tall and stately pines lay a verdure deep and rich, adorned with flowers of the most brilliant hues. The beautiful scenery gave no indication that this was a land of death.

They soon saw fruits of their faithful teaching and preaching. Many souls sought Jesus, while their children soon learned to read and sew—and pray.

After a few months Mr. Moister felt that he should ascend the river Gambia to preach Jesus in a trading settlement there located. Therefore, for his beloved Master's sake risking the dangers of death by murder or fever, and leaving his brave young wife behind in similar danger to take care of the children in their schools, he sailed up the river in a little sloop. When he went ashore the negroes, believing him to be a slave trader, fled. They had never yet seen a missionary. He, however, soon won the confidence of a few, and the others then returned also. The children gathered about him, surprised at the whiteness of his skin, felt of his hand and asked, "Is the white man all white, or are

only his hands and face of that color?" To satisfy them, he turned up his coat sleeves, and, clapping their hands gleefully, they cried to each other, "He is every bit white. We never saw such a fine white man." When he spoke to the natives about God, they only smiled and said, "White man's religion is good for white man; black man's religion is good for black man." When he spoke, however, they listened.

Pressing onward despite a fearful tornado, which warned him of the approaching rainy season, he was painfully annoyed by the vile natives, who crowded about the sloop in canoes, crying for sugar and rum. The white slave-traders who had preceded him had disgraced their race and name by distributing the deadly fire-water among the natives. He told the wretched savages that he had come to deal out the water of life and not of death; and after spending a week or two at a village on M'Carthy's Island he found the people so interested in his preaching that they begged him to return or send them a "white minister."

During her husband's absence, Mrs. Moister was annoyed and frightened by parties of natives who came to "pay their respects to their white minister." The information that the minister was not at home only brought the reply, "Then we wish to see the white lady;" so the savage, half-nude creatures filed in, squatted on the floor around the woman's chair and gazed with curious eyes upon her, the only white woman on the island, still holding in their hands their spears and war clubs. No wonder that her voice trembled as she asked, "Why have you come here? What do you want?" The stolid reply was, "We have come to pay you compliment, ma'am." Then she told them of Jesus, and gave them

some pieces of red cloth, a few needles and some beads. They were well pleased, and with many bows and grimaces they filed out.

The missionaries' worst enemy was the deadly fever. On a Sunday evening it smote Mrs. Moister, and sent her blood coursing through her veins like liquid fire. Her husband hurried to the doctor of the colony, and all in the power of medical skill was done; but the young woman only sank lower and lower. Hope was changing to despair, when the Master suddenly touched the fountains of her vital forces and she slowly recovered.

Following her the minister was stricken. Realizing this he battled mightily against the disease, but he was no match against the terrible coast fever, and was brought to the brink of the grave. His physician watched him closely. His negro converts held prayer meetings night after night, pleading for his recovery. The crisis came, and he, too, rallied and recovered.

The missionary had hardly left his bed when the fierce war-cry of the Mandingo tribes resounded through the island. Owing to the vast numbers of the savages and the smallness of the British force holding St. Mary's Island, their mission field was in great danger. Stone was carried for the erection of a fort, while Mrs. Moister and her school girls made sand bags for batteries. The principal fighting was done within sight of the Island and the dead and wounded were brought in after every conflict. The noise and carnage of war almost broke up the mission schools while the congregation grew small and irregular. Happily, however, some English war vessels came and, routing the Mandingoes, restored peace in the island.

Our missionary now resumed his labors, happy that

his beloved wife and also his mission field had been restored to him by the grace of God. Often while on his missionary journeys he had to sleep in damp, filthy huts or perhaps in open sheds, exposed to reptiles and insects; but he did this cheerfully, for did he not do this for Jesus, who had given his life for him?

Two years of hardship and faithful work, interrupted by frequent attacks of fever, so weakened the missionaries that, on the brink of the grave, they felt that they must leave the country or die. They had led almost a hundred of those degraded Africans to their Savior, but now others had come to take the missionaries' places, so they bade farewell to their weeping converts and, taking a ship, returned safely to their native land.

Surely, as long as men and women will endure hardness, as did these noble souls, in the mission field, those who love Christ will not refuse to give the money needed to send them forth to reap God's harvest in the fields already standing white awaiting the reaper.

ROBERT MORRISON

The Pioneer of Protestant Missions in China

The fifteenth of January, 1782, is a day that will long be remembered by the friends of the missionary cause as the birthday of the great Robert Morrison. He was born in Morpeth, Northumberland, England; but in 1785, his parents removed to Newcastle—upon Tyne, where he passed his youthful days. Under the influence of religious parents and of the Rev. John Hutton, Robert's thoughts were early turned to religion and to a better life, while secular education was also not neglected. Elementary instruction was given by a maternal uncle,

during the progress of which the youthful student evinced a thirst for knowledge, which foretold a great man.

The turning point in his life was his conversion, when he was sixteen years of age. A great deal of time was now spent in visiting the poor and the sick and in instructing the ignorant. In 1801, he felt God's call to the ministry of the Gospel, and had a desire to become a foreign missionary. Accordingly he entered Hoxton Academy to prepare for the work. His mother, shocked when he intimated his desire to her, declared that she could not be separated from her boy; so Robert promised to remain at home during his mother's life-time. This proved not to be very long, for she died the next year.

The London Missionary Society accepted him in 1804. His desire to enter the most difficult field, China, was granted, and he now went to London to study astronomy, medicine and the Chinese language; the latter subject under Yong-Sam-Tak, a Chinese of some education. Though his father pleaded with Morrison to change his plan and to help him in keeping up his failing business, and though the lady of his heart broke her engagement with him when she heard of his intention to go to China, he remained fixed in his purpose, knowing it to be the Lord's will, and was ordained on the first of January.

Because the East India Company was hostile to, and refused to transport missionaries, he set sail for New York on January 31. Arriving there, he set sail thence for China in an American ship on May 12, bearing letters for the Secretary of State, which requested him to favor the bearer's work as far as was practicable.

Arriving at Canton, he found himself in a great, walled city, surrounded by countless multitudes of suspicious heathens, with no common belief or religion, he alone, suspected, hated and shunned generally, striving to introduce a new religion and thus to break down the customs of ages, which were introduced by the worshipped ancestors of these conservative Chinese. The East India Company, not favoring the missionary enterprise, refused to shelter him, while the Chinese were forbidden, under penalty of death, to befriend a foreigner or to teach him their language. Even in this strait, however, he was not to be discouraged and managed to rent confined quarters in the American Factory at an exorbitant price. As his teacher he secured the Chinese Roman Catholic Abel Yun.

He remained quietly in his room, daring to take little out-door exercise. When the Americans, in whose name he had found some protection, became uneasy he assumed the Chinese garb, mingled with these people, ate with them and spoke their tongue exclusively, which, however, was prejudicial to his health and could not be practised long. His servants were his congregation in his religious services, which had to be held behind locked doors, and upon these he prayerfully expended his efforts as a missionary. Close application to work and his economy soon preyed upon his health, and in 1808 a removal to Macao for recuperation became necessary. When, after a three months' visit, his health had improved, he returned to Canton; but all Englishmen had been barred from the city and he was forced to return to Macao. He now turned his attention towards the acquiring of the Chinese language with such intense application as only a Robert Morrison was capable of.

Even his secret prayers were uttered in Chinese, in order that he might become perfect in the language. Here also he did not venture out of doors, fearing detection by the Chinese or by the bigoted Romanists. Consequently he lost much strength, until finally, it is said, he could with difficulty walk his room.

He now made progress in different lines. A Chinese grammar, upon which he had been working, was now finished. In 1809, he became acquainted with Dr. Morton, from Ireland, whose daughter later became his wife. Later the factory of the East India Company appointed him as their translator, at a salary of five hundred pounds sterling, which dispersed trouble as to the permanence of his station and the payment of his expenses. One year later one thousand copies of the Chinese version of the Acts of the Apostles were printed and distributed.

In 1810, sorrow entered his home in the death of his first son. This was followed, in 1812, by an edict issued by the Chinese government, denouncing death upon all propagators of the Christian religion and banishment upon its converts. Still Morrison was not frightened off the field, although he informed the Society and the latter decided to send a colleague, the Reverend W. Milne, to assist him. He arrived on July 4, 1813, and his presence was a source of present and of anticipated happiness to Morrison; but how great was the disappointment, when the Portuguese authorities, under the direction of the Roman bishops and clergy, ordered Milne to leave in eighteen days! The agents of the East India Company did not interfere in their translator's favor, so Milne removed to Canton. Morrison's own name was now discovered to the government authorities; but, as he was in the employment of the East India Company, he was

not molested in any way, excepting that his assistants were ordered to be arrested and therefore had to be dismissed to be saved from punishment.

Still, the work went on undisturbed. After the New Testament had been completed in September, the printing of it was carried on secretly. At the same time an outline was made of the Old Testament history to aid in the missionary work. In 1814, Mr. Morrison had the joy of baptizing Tsae A. Fo, who was his first convert after seven years of labor. In the following year the book of Genesis was translated and printed.

Mrs. Morrison's health was now failing and, according to medical advice, she was sent to England with her two children that she might recuperate. Though the separation was sorrowful, Morrison did not permit his feelings to overcome him, and soon afterwards received an appointment as secretary to Lord Amherst on an embassy to the court at Peking, which opportunity he gladly seized in order to study the people.

Morrison was now at the busiest period of his life. He wrote a book entitled "*Horae Sinicae*," upon China and its literature. He also founded an Anglo-Chinese college at Malacca, to which he himself contributed a little fortune, besides giving many valuable books. In 1819, he finished his translation of the Old and New Testaments, of which he himself translated the New Testament and twenty-six books of the Old Testament.

This period of prosperity was soon followed by grief. Morrison's family rejoined him in 1820, but only for a short time. Mrs. Morrison became sick immediately afterwards, and in 1821 passed away. The children were sent back to England and Mr. Morrison was left more lonely than ever before. To this loss was added,

in the next year, the death of his co-laborer and intimate friend, Mr. Milne, which left him lonesome indeed.

After serving as an official interpreter in negotiations between the English and Chinese governments, he set sail for England. Arriving there, he was received with an enthusiasm wholly unexpected. Benevolent societies, other public bodies and distinguished individuals united in honoring the path-finder of the mission world. Even the king received him with marked attention, and when he preached in Newcastle, crowds thronged to hear him. He worked to deepen their interest in his mission and published several essays on the Chinese language.

In 1826, after he had married a second time, he returned to Canton with his wife and children. From now on his work was mostly devoted to missionary labors exclusively. In 1830, upon his appeal to America, assistance arrived from that country. After the dissolution of the East India Company, he was appointed Chinese secretary and interpreter, with a salary of over six thousand dollars. Constant worry, however, and vexatious negotiations broke down his already weak constitution and on the first of August, 1834, he passed away.

Friends of missions the world over united in tributes of highest esteem and sorrow. Though his work was to lay a foundation, without the hope of seeing a superstructure, and to forge weapons which were to be bequeathed to others for use—a naturally arduous and disheartening task—Morrison was not discouraged at the prospect, and, feeling its hardships in its progress, though sad, never fainted. Beyond accomplishing the task set before him by the society—the translation of the Scriptures and the preparation of a Chinese-English dictionary—he gathered into the church ten sincere converts

and was permitted to ordain one of these to the ministry. When the millions of that idolatrous empire are won for the Lord, and the living God is recognized as having the only true claim to worship, all must recognize that, of human agency, first place belongs to the pioneer of protestant missions in that country, Robert Morrison.

GEORGE MUELLER

A Hero of Faith and Prayer

George Mueller, the great faith hero of modern times, was born at Kroppenstadt, Prussia, September 27, 1805; though his youth was passed at Heimersleben, whither his father removed in 1810, upon receiving an appointment as collector of the excise. His parents, having decided to make him a Lutheran minister, sent him, with his elder brother to a classical school at Halberstadt for preparation; but he took no pleasure in religious occupation, and spent his time in novel reading and other sinful practices. Even the death of his mother made no impression on him; but, on the contrary, he sank continually deeper in dissipation, and guilt, and even practised dishonesty with his father. When, in 1821, his father removed to Magdenburg, George persuaded him to let him remain in Heimersleben, for several months, and thus he was left without restraint. In November of that year he obtained a leave of absence from his tutor, on false pretences, and went to neighboring towns, living at hotels in an expensive manner, until all his money had been expended. On his way back he pursued the same course, but, being suspected, he was followed; and when he attempted to run away, leaving his debt unpaid, he

was arrested and imprisoned, on December 18, 1821, and remained in prison about one month, until his father paid all his debts.

In October, 1822, he entered the school at Nordhausen, where he studied diligently and won the admiration of teachers and scholars alike; but still he was unhappy and dissatisfied. In his soul there was a craving, an uneasy feeling, which he did not understand and which, despite many attempts now made, worldly pleasures and diversions could not dispel. Though he had three hundred books of his own, he now had no Bible, and had no religious instruction whatever.

God, in his goodness, however, had mercy upon him. One Sunday afternoon, in November, 1825, while he was walking with a university friend, named Beta, who had found the Lord, the latter mentioned that a Christian man at Hall was holding meetings every Sunday evening. Instantly Mueller believed that he had found the remedy for his unquiet feelings, and asked his friend to conduct him to the meeting that evening. Beta, though at first unwilling, promised to do so. At the meeting, the kneeling in earnest prayer, the Scripture passages read and the hymns sung deeply moved the troubled Mueller. He recognized that only the blood of Jesus could cleanse his guilty soul and save him from eternal damnation, and, throwing himself wholly upon God's mercy, was pardoned of all sins.

He at once entered upon a new life, determined to do something in return for the merciful kindness of his Redeemer. He now read the Bible diligently and led an earnest, prayerful life, facing, without shame, the taunts and ridicule of his former associates. One day, when he urged two friends to accept the Lord, and they

replied, "We do not feel that we are sinners," he knelt down in their presence and asked the Lord to convince them of their perverted, sinful natures. Going to his bedroom, he continued to pray for them and, upon returning, he found them in tears. The Spirit of God had worked upon their hearts, in answer to his prayer.

Mueller was interested in missions and eagerly read the missionary papers. The accounts therein of noble sacrifices and self-denial aroused him to enthusiasm. The example of a devoted young servant of Christ, moreover, who gave his life as a missionary to the Jews in Poland, made a deep impression on him, and determined him to surrender his whole life unreservedly to the will of God.

Up to this period, Mueller had never preached; but, when asked to assist an aged clergyman, in a village six miles distant from Hall, he consented to preach at several services. His first sermon was carefully written out, and was delivered on August 27, 1826; but it evidently took little effect on his audience. On the same day it was repeated in another church, with a similar lack of success. He determined to try again; but this time to place all things in the Lord's hands, even the delivery of the sermon. Accordingly he selected the first six verses of Matthew v. as his text; and without study or extra preparation, he determined to preach as the Holy Spirit might enable him. He had scarcely commenced his exposition, before he was consciously assisted by the Holy Spirit; and he was enabled to speak with so much liberty, joy and power, that his hearers were visibly impressed.

In 1828, Mr. Mueller went to London, in connection with the London Missionary Society, to promote Chris-

tianity among the Jews. About two months after his arrival, however, extreme application resulted in illness and necessitated a removal to Devonshire. Here he was greatly benefited by intercourse with a London minister; and he also made great progress spiritually while studying the Bible. Upon his return he found it difficult to restrict his ministrations to the Jews, and therefore conscientiously terminated his connection with the Missionary Society, which had sent him to preach to the Jews.

He now became pastor of a church at Teignmouth, Devonshire, where he at first received a small salary for his services; but, after some time, having conscientious scruples about accepting it, he refused it and thereafter trusted to the Lord to put it into the hearts of his people to send him sufficient temporal support. Since that time, he never received any salary and, though he had no property, he was never forsaken. On October 7, 1830, he was united in marriage with Miss Mary Groves, who was a great assistance to him in his labors for the Lord.

After a two years' residence at Teignmouth, Mr. Mueller, believing it the Lord's will, removed to Bristol, to assist Mr. Craik in the ministry of the Gospel. Their labors were blessed with many conversions, until 1866, when Mr. Craik died, leaving Mr. Mueller to continue the work, which he did prayerfully with gratifying success.

He noticed destitute, neglected children running about the streets, with no one to care for their souls' salvation, and his heart yearned to care for their temporal and spiritual wants; but such a decided step seemed beyond his power. Still the heroic man, had boundless faith in his almighty Father and brought the matter to Him in prayer, confident of an answer.

At last, in 1834, he founded the "Scriptural Knowledge Institution for Home and Abroad," to establish and maintain Christian schools, to circulate the Bible and Christian literature and to aid missionary operations; while in the following year the orphan work was established. His strictly honest and conscientious character is reflected in the two principles of the latter institution, that debt should never be incurred, and that no rich man should be the institution's patron; but that God alone should be at its head.

Mr. Mueller did not cease praying for the poor orphans, who were only too abundant in Bristol. He prayed for a house, for suitable helpers and for one thousand pounds sterling. The first answer came on the very next day, December 6, 1835, in the form of one shilling, from a poor missionary visiting at his house. Large and small contributions were now added, until he could rent a house on Wilson Street, St. Paul's. When this was filled, another house was rented, fitted up and furnished, and in nine months, a third house. In March, 1843, a fourth house was rented; but in about two years Mr. Mueller was requested to remove the children from Wilson Street, since their noise disturbed the neighbors.

After much deliberation and prayer for guidance, he determined to build a large Orphan-house for three hundred children. Soon the first donation of 1000 pounds was received. Through providential guidance, he was enabled to purchase a seven-acre tract of land at a cheap rate. A Christian architect now offered to superintend the building gratuitously, as well as make the draught for it, and on June 18, 1849, the "New Orphan-house, No. 1 on Ashley Down," was opened, and a surplus of over 600 pounds remained from the building fund. Not nearly

all the children who sought admission were yet cared for, and Mr. Mueller determined to build two more orphanages for 850 children, though the cost would be forty thousand pounds. Despite particular trials connected with the enlargement of his work, he unwaveringly trusted in God for his strength and help, and not in vain. After six years Orphan-house No. 2 was completed, and after five years, No. 3 was ready, with 1,400 pounds from the building fund remaining in hand. Later two more houses containing 450 children each were opened, No. 5 being finished in the year, 1869.

The Lord was unmistakably the helper and support of Mr. Mueller in these great enterprises. Confiding prayer, and prayer alone, was the means of founding and sustaining the great institutions, which Mr. Mueller undertook to found. Though nobody was ever asked to contribute one farthing towards the work, still the stupendous amounts necessary were all voluntarily contributed. On the building of the five orphan-houses alone seven hundred and fourteen thousand, one hundred and twenty-two pounds were expended, which, estimating roughly, is equivalent to three million, four hundred and seventy thousand dollars in United States money, while immense sums were required to support these and other Christian institutions.

In the seventieth year of his life, Mr. Mueller and his wife began the first of their eleven great tours through Europe, Asia, America, Asia Minor and Australia. On all of these tours they encouraged and helped the missionaries and preached the Gospel to large and attentive audiences.

Though now an old man, Mr. Mueller was still remarkably strong and was still active in his benevolent

work. From May, 1892, when his last mission tour closed, he devoted himself mainly to the work of the Scriptural Knowledge Institution, and to preaching at Bethesda and elsewhere, as God seemed to appoint. Towards the close of his life, however, acting under medical advice, he abated somewhat in his activities, though he still preached once every Sunday.

On the evening of March 9, 1898, he took his wonted place at the Orphan House prayer meeting, seemingly as well as ever, and, upon retiring, declined a night attendant, who was offered him, on account of signs of heart-weakness noticed in him of late. On the following morning the attendant, bringing a cup of tea to him, found him dead beside his bed; he had, according to the statement of the physician, who was summoned at once, died several hours before of heart failure.

He had died after a ministry of sixty-six years, when ninety-two years of age. His remains were silently followed by sorrowing friends and by weeping orphan children, to Arno's Vale cemetery, where he was laid to his last rest. Hearts bled all over the globe, when it was announced, by telegraph wire and ocean cable, that George Mueller was dead. "He belonged to the whole church and the whole world, in a unique sense; and the whole race of man sustained a loss when he died." It has been truthfully said, that the influence of George Mueller could not be measured by meridians and longitudes.

DR. ROBERT H. NASSAU

An Encounter With an Angry Elephant

In his missionary career in Western Africa, the great missionary, Dr. Nassau had dealings with animals as well as with men, one of which, an encounter with an elephant, almost cost his life.

One day the camp in which he was working was thrown into the wildest excitement by the news that a herd of ten elephants was approaching and could be seen quietly feeding in a grove about half a mile distant. Men, women and children at once ran to the scene of action, with their mouths already watering at the thought of a possible, but rare feast of elephant's meat.

At the grove every precaution was taken to avoid failure in the hunt. First a fence was built around the entire grove by means of saplings cut and stuck into the ground at intervals and strong vines tied from tree to tree. The unsuspecting brutes thus firmly enclosed, the witch-doctors were next consulted as to the best time for attack and for prayers to the spirits for assistance in the hunt.

After some time of impatient waiting, the time appointed by the witch-doctors arrived. The chief came to Dr. Nassau and begged him to help them.

"You can help us so much," he said, "you are such a good shot and your rifle is new and trusty, while ours are old and unreliable."

The doctor did not wait for a second invitation, for he knew that any assistance rendered the people in such an occasion of danger would greatly increase his influence over them, so that they would be more inclined to hear his message of Jesus and His redeeming love. When he reached the grove he found four elephants

already killed. One had made its escape through the fence, thus leaving five behind still living. Four of these were soon slain without further difficulty, but the remaining one sought shelter in a thicket, completely hiding itself from view.

Seeing the people already eager for the feast, Dr. Nassau offered to go inside the fence and despatch the remaining elephant. At first the chief hesitated on account of the danger, but Dr. Nassau declared that there was practically no danger and so, accompanied by the chief and seven of his most experienced hunters, he started for the elephant's hiding place. Finding their victim standing in the thicket, each dropped on one knee to get accurate aim, and all fired at once.

Imagine Dr. Nassau's surprise when, as the smoke cleared away, instead of finding the elephant lying dead on its side, he saw it plunging furiously directly toward him. It was now almost upon him. Its gait was so rapid and the distance so short that it would avail nothing to run. For an instant the missionary stood face to face with the furious beast, while the panorama of his past life flashed vividly before his mind.

"I am going to die," came the thought, "but it won't hurt much. He will simply put his proboscis around my waist, lift me up and then put me down and trample on me—that's all. But what will my friends in America say? I came to Africa to preach the Gospel, and here I am losing my life at an elephant hunt." All this passed through his mind in an instant.

The elephant hunt, however, was clearly in the line of his duty at that time of his career, and God did not let His servant suffer death for his faithfulness. The thought suddenly struck Nassau that elephants were said

to be unable to see well out of the corner of their eye, and, uttering a prayer to God for deliverance, he jumped to one side just in time to permit the great beast to rush by. Its momentum carried it past the missionary and, seeing the chief and his hunters running toward the gate, it made after them. They, however, suddenly turned and, emptying the barrels of their guns full in the elephant's face, it sank down on its haunches, overcome by the blinding powder. Seeing this, the crowd outside rushed upon it and killed it with spears.

In this way God spared His servant for the life of great usefulness and good that was still before him.

JOSEPH HARDY NEESIMA

A Christian Maker of the New Japan, 1843-1890

In the midnight darkness of a summer's evening in the year, 1864, a keen observer standing on the banks of the "Sunrise Kingdom" might have seen two young men stealing down to the water's edge and, slipping into a little boat, row cautiously towards a brig lying at some distance from the shore. These men were Joseph Neesima and his friend.

Mr. Neesima, now a young man twenty-one years of age, had been born in Tokyo, February 12, 1843, in the house of Itakura, a prince of that province. Joseph's moral earnestness and religious fervor led him before his conversion to worship the Japanese gods with as much reverence as he later showed towards his true and living God. When he was about ten years old, the coming of Commodore Perry into the Bay of Yedo greatly stirred his boyish heart. He wanted to become a great soldier and consequently offered many prayers to his god of war. A famous motto penned by a Chinese hero,

whose life he was reading, however, determined him to give his energy to the cultivation of his mind and he began to study Dutch. One day he picked up a book borrowed from a Chinese friend. The opening sentence was "In the beginning God created the heaven and the earth." The great question, which had troubled him so long, and to which parents and teachers had vainly endeavored to give a satisfactory reply, was at last answered. He at once recognized his Maker's claim to love and obedience, and began to yield them. His heart yearned to read the English Bible, and he burned to find some teacher or missionary who could teach him, but was made to wait for six years in darkness, until finally he gained permission to go in a sailing vessel to a distant port. Yet to leave Japan at that time was punishable with death, and so great care had to be exercised in his departure.

The passage, though difficult, was successful. The captain of the brig *Berlin* befriended him and stowed him so effectually that government officers who searched the ship the next morning did not find him. Arrived at Shanghai, he engaged to work his passage to Boston on the *Wild Rover*. Providentially, it seems, the owner of that ship was that Boston merchant prince, Alpheus Hardy, whose aim it was to "make money for God." Upon the exile's arrival, Mr. Hardy took him to his heart and for ten years gave him the best education which New England afforded.

Mr. Neesima soon made manifest his earnest intention by publicly accepting Christ and entering the church. After some years of preparation in Phillips Academy, Andover, he entered Amherst College, from which he graduated in 1870. In the fall of the same year

he entered Andover Theological Seminary, and devoted himself to his studies there with the same earnestness which he had manifested in his earlier courses, and which gained for him the admiration of pupils and teachers alike.

In the winter of 1871-2, the second Japanese Embassy arrived at Washington and asked Neesima's assistance. He spent a year with the Embassy, visiting the capitals of Europe and endeavoring to gain the knowledge which the Japanese desired. His firm Christian principle shone out during this time. The Embassy often traveled on the Sabbath, but he always stopped off Saturday night and followed on Monday morning. Thus by his conscientious adherence to principle he gained the confidence of these men who remained friends until his death.

Graduated from the Theological Seminary in June, 1874, he became a corresponding member of the Japan Mission of the American Board, Mr. Hardy assuming his support. He was to speak at the closing meeting of the Board, at Rutland, Vt., in October, 1874. His heart filled with emotion at the thought of his wretched countrymen, he could not make a careful preparation. When he arose to speak he had almost forgotten his prepared piece; but a new thought flashed into his mind, his shaking knees became firm and he spoke something quite different than he had intended. Greatly moved for his people, he "shed many tears instead of speaking in their behalf." Yet, before the close of his talk, which did not last over fifteen minutes, about \$5000 were subscribed to found a Christian College in Japan.

When Mr. Neesima returned to Japan in 1874, he found that remarkable changes had taken place in his home country. The Mikado was reinstated, the capital

was changed from Kyoto to Tokyo and the civilization of the West had exerted a powerful influence in general. One important change was the introduction of a general system of education, which Mr. Neesima had helped to prepare, all over Japan. The men, whose confidence and love, Mr. Neesima had gained in his intercourse with the Embassy, were at the head of the government. He was repeatedly offered high governmental positions under these men, but nothing could turn him from his high purpose of establishing a Christian college in his native land.

After a short visit to his old home, where he boldly preached the Gospel, Mr. Neesima went to Kobe and Osaka, where the preceding spring the first two churches were organized. He tried in vain to gain the governor's permission to open a school in Osaka. No missionary, said he, would be allowed to teach in it. God, however, prepared a way for a Christian school to be opened in Kyoto, which had for more than a thousand years been the center of Buddhism and Shintoism in Japan. By the influence of his blind counsellor, who was much interested in Christianity, the Governor of Kyoto Fu was moved to Mr. Neesima's opening his school in Kyoto. With Neesima and the blind Yamamoto as the first Japanese board of directors, it was opened with eight students in a rented building, November 29, 1875. The name "Doshisha," "One Endeavor Company," was chosen for the institution.

In Kyoto, Mr. Neesima became acquainted with Yammotoo Yaye, a sister of the blind counsellor, and, meeting her repeatedly, acquaintance soon ripened into affection. In the autumn of that year they became engaged. On Sunday, January 2, 1876, the Lord's

Supper was celebrated and O'Yaye received baptism. On the following day, Mr. Neesima and O'Yaye were united in marriage, the first one of its kind in the city.

Outside difficulties now awaited our newly wedded hero. The ten thousand Buddhist and Shinto priests in the city were not to be easily beaten by one solitary foreigner. They banded together to crush the Christian school just started. The governor also turned against it and for six years Mr. Neesima had to labor against his opposition; but he wrote, "We are hated by magistrates and priests; but we have planted the standard of truth here and will never more retreat." He was greatly encouraged and helped the coming of the Kumamoto Band of over thirty young people of Captain Janes' English school at the beginning of the second Doshisha school year. Yet it often seemed as though the enterprise must fail. He once exclaimed, "Oh, that I could be crucified once for Christ and be done with it!" He held out, however, for six years until victory rewarded his exertions when a governor friendly to the school came to Kyoto.

Mr. Neesima now began to think and plan for the broadening out of Doshisha into a Christian University. Heretofore the leading men of Japan seemed to look upon it as a Christian school for the training of Christian preachers and evangelists, since most of the graduates were engaged in active Christian work. Therefore it was a very difficult matter to appeal to the Japanese public for help for the school; but Mr. Neesima was not to be held from his purpose. In his appeals to the people, which were both by voice and by pen, he made it very clear that Christianity was the foundation of the morality taught in the school, but that instruction

was given in other branches besides the Bible and theology.

In 1884, Mr. Neesima's friends saw that the strain of the last nine years had so exhausted his strength that a complete change was necessary and at last prevailed upon him to accept Mr. Hardy's generous offer and return to the United States by way of Europe.

Having returned to Japan in 1885, Mr. Neesima began to work quietly for the establishment of the university, gathering subscriptions and distributing circulars, holding meetings, etc. Much interest was aroused, so that early in August, 1888, the amount was brought up to 31,000 yen.

Now Mr. Neesima had become so weak that some physicians in Tokyo told him that he had only a short time to live; but that if he took a complete rest of two years, he might possibly live several years. He decided to do what he could while life lasted. In the autumn he prepared an appeal for the university, which was published simultaneously in twenty of the leading Japanese papers. In spring he seemed to regain strength in a measure and spent the following summer at a seaside resort. While there he received the news that his alma mater, Amherst College, had conferred upon him the degree of LL. D. By this he was greatly troubled for a while. He felt unworthy of the honor, and asked in perplexity, "What shall I do with it?"

From now on Mr. Neesima grew worse. On January 17 the physician summoned pronounced it a serious case of peritonitis. Mrs. Neesima reached him on the 20th. Though growing steadily worse, he remained conscious to the last, dictating his last words concerning his beloved school and letters of thanks to

his kind friends who had befriended him. "A few hours before his death he asked that the third chapter of Ephesians be read to him, friends prayed with and for him and at twenty minutes past two o'clock, January 23, 1890, with the words, 'Peace, joy, heaven,' on his lips, he entered into rest."

In the presence of 3000 people assembled at the funeral, the body was laid in its final resting place at the foot of the mountain on the eastern side of Kyoto. In accordance with his direction a simple rough stone marked "Joseph Hardy Neesima," indicates the spot where his ashes repose. His life speaks for itself, giving us a beautiful example of what God can do with one man willing to be an instrument in His hands.

JOHN LIVINGSTON NEVIUS

The Christian Organizer

John Livingston Nevius, who in his later years became one of the foremost missionaries in a great Oriental Empire, was in his youth, "a precocious boy, willful and envious and always ready for a quarrel with his brother Reuben, giving religion serious thought at seven only to decide not to embrace it until fourteen, delighting enough in a horse to be a centaur, glorying in the prospect of some day owning a real gun, and rambling and roving by the banks of Seneca Lake, little dreaming of his later life's work. His advent into the world on March 4, 1829, rejoiced the hearts of Benjamin Nevius and Mary Denton, his parents. His mother was a veritable Monica to him and never ceased to labor and pray for his and his brother's salvation. For a time, however, her prayers remained unanswered."

After the completion of a course in Ovid Academy in New York, near their home, John entered Union College as a sophomore in 1845, and graduated three years later. That he had there made having "good times" an important object in his life may be judged from the following words, written in one of his letters to his brother: "We have thus far fooled away our time. If we ever do anything in this world, we must begin living on a new system."

Thinking that he was too young to decide upon a profession, John determined to go South, as many Northern graduates did before the Rebellion, to begin work as a teacher. He had great success, and, moreover, here he experienced the turning-point in his religious life. Before leaving home his thoughts had been directed toward his relations to God, and "in the loneliness of a far away land he was led into the light." A happier mother cannot be imagined than John's when she received the glad news, especially as almost at the same time Reuben Nevius also gave himself to God.

As a result of his conversion John now turned from the law, to which he had inclined, away from his dreams of wealth and distinction and, determined to prepare himself for the ministry, entered Princeton Seminary in December, 1850. "He was a faithful student, a fairly active worker in churches and communities to which he ministered as a supply and he had an ear open to the call of God." Partly due to the influence of Princeton, he decided, in his senior year, to give his life for the cause of foreign missions. In the following month he was appointed a missionary of the Presbyterian board and designated to China.

After a quiet wedding had united Nevius to Helen

Coan, whom he had admired from her girlhood, the happy pair embarked on the wretched sailing vessel, "Bombay," in a palatial stateroom six feet long and three and a half feet wide! After six months of discomfort they landed in the Orient.

Taking up his abode for a time with resident members of their Board in Ningpo Fu, the "City of the peaceful wave," the Neviuses devoted themselves with laborious and persistent application to the study of the Chinese language. "For ten years Nevius did not read one English book except theological works and commentaries." At the end of nine months he was able to do considerable work in the street chapel and soon he began to preach whenever opportunity offered itself.

During his second year in China Nevius was elected as pastor of the Ningpo Church, but also did much work in San-poh field, being especially interested in the prison there, which he finally entirely reformed. After Mrs. Nevius, who had been in the United States to regain her health, returned to China, Nevius was sent to Hang-Chow to open up a work for the church there. Some idea of the beauty of this place is conveyed in the well known proverb: "Above is heaven; below are Su-Chow and Hang-Chow." Yet the "red haired devil" missionaries did not find this such a delightful place of residence. Dr. Nevius cultivated the officials through an interchange of presents and calls and for a time lived quietly in his rooms at a monastery outside the city and later at a monastery even within the city. Disaffection, however, soon became noticeable and the landlord of the Neviuses was maltreated. Officials desired the missionaries to leave, but thinking that the difficulty arose from the defeat of the allied forces at the Taku forts and since the American

ships were not in the engagement, they declined to go. The natives became suspicious and the rumor arose that Nevius had soldiers drilling on the hills near their temple. Finally, at the request of the United States consul, they reluctantly left. Their stay, however, had not been in vain, for several persons, among them an interesting woman named Su, who had for years been longing for such a religion as ours, gave evidence of the true faith in Jesus.

Now Dr. Nevius returned to Nengpo, where he resumed charge of the boys' boarding school until 1860, when he and his wife were sent to Japan by the Board to assist the Hepburns in opening a work for their church. Here, however, they remained but a short while for in February, 1861, the war between China and the Western powers being closed, they returned to Shanghai.

Since the T'ai P'ing insurgents now made a return to Hang-Chow impossible, the Neviuses were sent to Shantung, China's Holy Land, at first to Tneg-Chow Tu, a city of less than 100,000 inhabitants, located at the apex of Shantung's camel-headed promontory. For ten years it was Dr. Nevius' headquarters.

Before they were fully settled in their new home, the Neviuses found themselves threatened by the T'ai P'ings, insurgents, who, through the influence of a man named Hung had adopted certain forms of Christian worship which were carried to extremes. Every night the red glare of burning villages in the neighborhood could now be seen. Dead bodies were found under the walls of the city and "multitudes who succeeded in reaching Teng-Chow walked the streets with heads apparently half-severed from their bodies, while wounds and bruises made them revolting spectacles." Though two mission-

aries were killed, the Neviuses escaped without bodily injury, though they suffered much mentally.

In his missionary work Nevius adopted a plan unlike the old system, which strives by the use of funds from foreign countries to assist the native churches in the first stage of development, until they are strong enough to exist independently, but thought that "the desired object might be best obtained by applying principles of independence and self-reliance from the beginning," and this is the plan which has been adopted by many of his contemporaries and successors in the mission field.

Much of Nevius' work was done while traveling from town to town. When not traveling on horseback he used his famous spring wheelbarrow, the platform of which was about six feet long and four wide, with a wheel in the middle and handles at both ends. Into this he would pack his books, a little portable kitchen, clothes, bedding and himself, a load of possibly 500 pounds, and with a horse attached in front and assisted by two barrowmen, one supporting the handles and the other steadying the vehicle and driving the horse, he would set out on his trip.

"Arrived at the town to be evangelized, the advent of a 'white devil' would be loudly proclaimed and the whole town thrown into excitement. Women forgot the proprieties of social life and mingled in the jostling crowd to catch sight of the strange apparition." Schools were emptied at once and pupils and teachers as well as business men from their shops ran to the scene. Only a few more staid and respectable citizens looked on with a smile. Taking his stand in an open area, examined from head to foot by the curious natives, the missionary told the "Old, old story" as clearly as possible, hoping

to leave behind him at least the thought of the love of God or of the salvation through the redeemer. Often Nevius thus visited twenty villages in a single day. When conversions began the strongest Christian person in the village became the leader of its converts and inquirers, assisted in this work by Dr. Nevius' valuable book, "Manual for Inquirers." The station leaders would be qualified for their position by personal instruction under Dr. Nevius. Thus a great number of stations could be run under the oversight of the missionary, and the work could be extended indefinitely.

To aid his stations to come to a position of self-support, Dr. Nevius introduced small fruits, such as strawberries and various fruit trees. He also imported Jersey cows, "the native cows being essentially heathen in their unwillingness to contribute to aliens the product of their rumination." The setting of full tires on wheels was also introduced by him.

During the awful famine of 1877 and 1878, when an average of 15 per cent of the people died in six months and the remainder were reduced to eating the bark of trees, roots and grass seed, Dr. Nevius did his utmost to relieve the extreme suffering about him. When his work was over he could report that with the \$10,000 distributed, he had aided 32,539 persons residing in 383 villages. Many honorary scrolls were presented him by the villages, expressing the gratitude and admiration of the senders. He was also held in honor by the entire missionary body, among whom he was rated as the strongest representative of the Protestant enterprise.

Though little has yet been said of Nevius' literary works, they occupied no small part of his time and thought; but since they were mainly in the Chinese

tongue and intended for native use, they are little known to Occidentals. Among these his "Compendium of Theology" and "Manual for Inquirers" are probably of the greatest value. He also wrote "China and the Chinese," a large volume for the general public.

The frail health of his wife, which necessitated her repeated return to the West, caused Dr. Nevius great anxiety and concern, for "though the Nevius home was not made glad with children, and while his wife's health was always a problem, the tenderness of early espousals was never absent. Friends were impressed with the entire devotion of the pair to each other."

"The last months of Dr. Nevius' life were quiet ones. He had just finished a revision of a part of the Mandarin version of the Bible, as the Shanghai Conference of 1890 had requested. His brother Reuben had just paid him a pleasant visit. He awoke on the morning of October 19, feeling weary, though he had slept unusually well, but he went on with the work of the day. At Chinese prayers he read the last half of 1 Thes. 2, commenting on the words "glory" and "joy." Noticing that his pulse was intermittent, a physician was summoned, but scarcely had he entered the study before his head fell forward and his spirit had fled to Glory.

HARRIET NEWELL

The Proto-Martyr

At the beinning of the mission movement the call of the Master to the field was first heard and responded to by Messrs. Judson and Newell and their wives.

Harriet Atwood, later the wife of Samuel Newell, the pioneer missionary, was born in the town of Haverhill, on the sloping banks of the winding Merrimac, on October

10, 1793. Her father was Moses Atwood, a merchant of that village, who was universally respected and beloved for his generosity and benevolence. Her mother's piety left a lasting impression on the heart and conscience. She was a fit mother to train such a daughter for her holy mission to a world in ruins."

In extreme youth she enjoyed gayety and mirth, especially dancing. It had never been impressed upon her mind that such amusements were both sinful and dangerous. "She deemed them consistent with the highest state of moral and religious enjoyment, and pursued the miserable phantom of human, earthly pleasure, until aroused by the Spirit and made sensible of sin." She had early been taught to revere and study God's Word and to pray to her heavenly Father for his blessing, but after commencing her gay life and dancing the Bible became uninteresting to her and prayer and meditation were dull and tedious, so they were discontinued. God, however, who orders all things, had selected her as a chosen vessel to bear the name of Jesus to the unknown heathen beyond the sea.

In 1805, when about thirteen years of age, she was sent by her parents to the academy at Bradford, and soon distinguished herself as a quick and ready scholar. She took peculiar pains in doing her duties well. Her entries in a diary, which she kept at this time, give us an idea of the superiority of her mind and the excellency of her heart. Soon a religious revival began, during which many in the school were converted. Miss Atwood's attention was arrested and she asked her own heart, "Must I be born again?" The answer was clear to her and she began to seek the Savior. She recognized Jesus as the Savior of sinners, of whom she was one, and in faith glad-

ly laid hold on Him as the one refuge from an awful death. "A wonderful change took place; she lost her love of folly and sin; prayer was sweet again; the Bible was drawn from its resting place and perused with new pleasure, . . . and she passed from a state of nature to a state of grace."

At this time the church in Haverhill was in a low and languishing condition, due to internal divisions, and thus to a great extent without the influence of the Holy Spirit. In consequence she did not unite with the church, nor did she make an open confession of religion. This neglect of a plain duty shrouded her soul in darkness and God withdrew His presence from her in sadness. She fearfully realized the truth of the divine declaration, "The way of the transgressor is hard," for her diary speaks of sleepless nights and anxious days, resultant of her disobedience.

On June 28, 1809, relief came in the form of a discourse, which was the instrument, through God, of again prostrating her at the foot of the cross. She again felt the awful pangs of remorse and was induced to turn to that kind and compassionate Redeemer, who had previously forgiven all her sins. Her prayer was heard and her bleeding heart, torn and wounded by sin, had peace.

At fifteen years of age she was called upon to endure deep suffering through the loss of her father. Her letters to her friends, however, abounded in words of sweet resignation, for she found great comfort in his calm and peaceful departure, which served to give her a more lofty idea of the power of faith to sustain its subject even in the hour of death.

In October, 1810, an event occurred which gave direction to all her subsequent life. She became acquainted

with Samuel Newell, an enthusiastic apostle of missions. Laying his plans and purposes before her, he asked her to accompany him as his co-laborer and companion. She had long prayed that she might be the source of good to her fellow men, but the idea of leaving mother, friends and home to tell of Jesus in wild and barbarous lands was new and strange. She prayerfully considered the matter, divested of its romantic drapery. The subject had an importance and awfulness which it does not now possess, for no one had ever left our shores to preach the Gospel in heathen countries, while those who were agitating the matter were considered fanatics. Even her most trusted friends counseled against her leaving. Driven to the throne of God, she there wrestled until her course was clear; for to her question, "Lord, what wilt Thou have me do?" she heard the response, "Go, work today in my vineyard," and she hesitated not any longer.

Her decision was given to Mr. Newell in firm and decided language. She was united in marriage to him on February 9, 1812, and on the 19th they set sail for Calcutta. The voyage, though unpleasant, was not severe. The weather was generally pleasant, while rarely did the waves sweep the vessel's decks or flow through the windows into the cabin. Thus Mrs. Newell could spend her time in writing letters to her friends and in preparing herself for her missionary work.

On the 17th of June the Caravan anchored in the harbor of Calcutta, the water swarmed with boatloads of naked natives, who brought on board cocoanuts, bananas and dates. Others were diving beneath the surface or basking in the sun. The missionaries were kindly received by Dr. Carey, Mr. Marshman and Mr. Ward, all of whom were connected with the English Baptist mission

station at Serampore. Their hopes of usefulness, however, were destined to be blasted, for the East India Company, opposed to all attempts at Christianizing the natives, threw their influence against the mission cause and soon the government ordered Mr. Newell and his associates to leave the country. After much parleying with the civil authorities, permission was obtained to reside at the Isle of France and for that place Mr. and Mrs. Newell took passage on board the Gillespie on Aug. 4, 1812.

The passage was very unpleasant. Not only was the crew profane and irreligious, but coarse and even disrespectful towards the weaker sex, so that the pious woman was often compelled to listen to expressions which would have brought a blush to the cheek of a strong man. The weather was also boisterous and unpleasant, while the delicate state of Mrs. Newell's health rendered their sorrows doubly annoying.

About three weeks before their arrival at their destination, Mrs. Newell gave birth to a little girl. The sweet infant, however, lived but five days before its little form had to be sunk into the cold waters of the deep.

Soon after the death of her babe, Mrs. Newell discovered symptoms of the slow, wasting consumption that was soon to sap her life. Though she wondered why she was so soon to be taken away from the side of her husband and from the great task to which she had so earnestly and with so much sacrifice consecrated her life, yet she remained patient. On her dying pillow she read through the book of Job and in contemplating the sufferings of that Godly man lost sight of her own anguish.

She died on November 30, 1812, at the Isle of France, leaving her husband to labor alone for the conversion of

the heathen. Her last words were, "How long, O Lord, how long?" and with these words on her lips, she passed away.

The grandeur of a spectacle such as the departure of Harriet Newell to teach the lessons of Jesus in distant lands is seldom appreciated. We consider the career of Napoleon a glorious one. The gorgeous glory gathered about this great emperor of blood hides his many faults and dazzles our eyes with its brilliancy; but the true glory of that little band of missionaries which left the well-known shores of their beloved America to find homes and graves in strange and distant India, far outshines all the glitter and pomp of this greedy French monarch. Their names are mentioned with affection by the church and if when the glad millennium comes and the whole world is converted to God, some crowns brighter than others will be seen among the multitude before God's throne, one of these will be worn by Harriet Newell, the proto-martyr of American missions.

FLORENCE NIGHTINGALE

"The Angel of Crimea"

The life of this benefactress of the human race forms one of the most brilliant chapters in the history of England. Her unprecedented deeds of kindness and mercy have gained for her a world renown and her name is, without doubt, the most generally known and honored of any of the present day.

She was born on May 12, 1820, as the daughter of a wealthy Englishman, who gave her the name of the beautiful Italian city of her birth. Soon the family returned to Derbyshire, which they had left only shortly

before on a visit, and here Florence and her elder sister spent their youth.

Even Florence's childhood life was typical and prophetic of her later occupation and character, for she early began assisting the poor and doing what she could to alleviate the suffering of those sick about her. Even the animals shared her mercy and, as she was traveling with her parents through Egypt, Arabians benefited in sickness by her kindly ministrations, worshipped her as an angel.

Mr. Nightingale gave his daughters a good education, so that Florence could later speak German, French and Latin fluently; but she early became interested in nursing and determined to seek training in that direction. There were, however, no schools for this purpose in the country, so she turned to the hospitals, where she picked up what knowledge she could and then went to Kaiserswerth in Germany, where, sixteen years previously, Pastor Fliedner had opened the deaconess motherhouse, which has now spread to every Protestant land, and of which the Methodist deaconess work in our own country is a descendant. After thorough training there she went to Paris, where she was received by the Catholic nursing sisterhood of Saint Vincent de Paul and, sharing their labors of mercy, she learned better methods of nursing and of caring for the suffering.

Her country's call came in 1852, during the awful Crimean war, when Englishmen were dying like flies in the camp hospitals, and it found her ready. The reports of the wretched condition of the wounded and dying soldiers in the hospitals on the battlefields of Sebastopol and Scutari aroused the keenest excitement and horror. In this extremity the secretary of war, Lord Sidney Her-

bert, sent an appeal to Florence Nightingale, who was then at the head of one of London's governess hospitals, that she might undertake the necessary reform in the care of the wounded in Crimea. As a strange coincidence, she, aware of the urgent need, had already proffered her services, and the letters crossed. Though a pioneer in her newly accepted capacity, she at once started to Scutari on October 21, 1854, and reached the hospital on November 5.

She found the army hospitals unworthy of their names; for they were poorly ventilated, with insufficient skilled attendants and there was an utter lack of cleanliness; and the result was that fifty-two per cent of those who went in for treatment were carried out to their graves. At her arrival there were already 2,300 patients in the hospital suffering from cholera, fever and other camp scourges; but the battle of Inkerman, waged on that same day, increased the number to 5,000. Here to bring order out of chaos, to revolutionize the methods in use in the hospitals, to transform filth to cleanliness, to give the victims attention instead of neglect was the task placed before Miss Nightingale. With thirty-eight nurses she led her battle and she herself worked almost without rest. Sometimes she was on her feet, directing the work of her faithful volunteer nurses for twenty hours of the day; and as if under the spell of a magic wand in her fairy hand, order came about in the great institution of suffering. Cleanliness became compulsory, intelligent nursing succeeded indifference and the hospital household was completely reorganized and a new regime began. At first the jealous army surgeons only tolerated her, and she had many struggles with red-tape and officialism in behalf of the sick and wounded soldiers; but all preju-

dice was soon removed by the gentle woman and the doctors were praising her efficiency and worth when the percentage of mortality was reduced from 52 to 2.

The soldiers idolized her. It is not a poetic figure when Longfellow records, in a poem written about her, that the soldiers in the hospital tents before Sebastopol kissed the shadow of Miss Nightingale as, in her going to and fro with her lamp at night in search of wounded men, it fell on the tent wall beside their beds.

In the autumn of the year 1856 she returned to her home in England. Though she avoided the great public reception that was intended for her, England nevertheless showed its high appreciation for her services. Queen Victoria sent her a jeweled red cross on a white field, decorated with the initials "V. R." and the inscription, "Blessed are the merciful," etc. A national testimonial was talked of, but the heroine refused to accept a personal reward, so a fund of 50,000 pounds, of which 4,000 was given by Crimean war veterans, was raised to be devoted to "an institute for the training, sustenance and protection of nurses and hospital attendants." Miss Nightingale undertook the direction of the work and thus the Nightingale Home at St. Thomas' Hospital was founded.

The stress of the service in Crimea was too much for Miss Nightingale's health and she was an invalid for half of her lifetime in consequence of overwork. In her old age King Edward granted her the Order of Merit, an unprecedented honor for a woman, and the most exclusive distinction in the gift of the British sovereign. The membership of the order is limited to twenty-four, and includes only the most select of personages. In 1908 she received the freedom of the city of London, which had

been bestowed upon but one other of her sex. Besides, she received presents from no less distinguished personages than the Sultan of Turkey and the Grand Duchess of Baden. She, however, cared not for these worldly honors; her mind was upon God. An invalid and seldom leaving her room, she was now awaiting His summons to that better world, where she would realize that blessed promise, "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto . . . these, my brethren, ye have done it unto me." On May 12 she celebrated her ninetieth birthday. A week before her death she had been quite sick, but improved; on Friday night, however, alarming symptoms developed and she sank gradually, until an attack of heart failure released her angelic spirit from its tabernacle of clay on Saturday afternoon, August 13, 1910.

Besides herself laboring in the field, which she had opened, and which was of such great importance, Miss Nightingale did much for the work by enlightening others on the subject and thus interesting them in it. In 1859 she published her first book, treating the subject of hospitals, and in 1860 appeared a book treating the subject of nursing, which had a circulation of 100,000. Besides this she also made many literary contributions to papers and magazines.

The world owes Florence Nightingale a measureless debt for succor and comfort in affliction; for her example made nursing a profession and put skilled service into the field. Not only did she induce thousands of her sisters to enter the loving work of human help, but the reaction of her influence also deepened the sympathy and tenderness of physicians throughout the civilized world.

JOHN G. PATON

The Dogs to the Rescue

John Paton, and Mr. and Mrs. Johnston had been sent as missionaries to the New Hebrides. There they spent the New Year's Day of 1861, as a kind of festival, happy though solemn, consecrating themselves anew to the service of God and, in a covenant with the Lord Jesus, giving away their lives for the conversion of the New Hebrides savages. It was a New Year's day ever to be remembered.

After the evening family worship, Mr. and Mrs. Johnston started for their own house about ten feet distant; but Johnston soon returned, reporting two men with great clubs and faces painted black at the window. When Paton went out to inquire what they wanted he received the answer,

"Medicine for a sick boy."

"The missionary invited them into the house, but they replied only in a sullen and evasive refusal. Finally they reluctantly entered, apparently for appearance's sake, but their manifest agitation and disguising black paint surprised him and made him suspicious that they had come to murder him and his friends. Therefore, keeping his eye constantly on the black men, he prepared the medicine and offered it. They rejected it, but each man grasped his killing stone. This would have been a fatal moment for a man less firm and fearless than was Mr. Paton, but he faced them boldly and spoke:

"You see that Mr. Johnston is now leaving, and you too must leave this room for tonight. Tomorrow you can bring the boy or come for the medicine."

They were unwilling to leave, and only seized their clubs to be ready for action. The missionary walked

deliberately towards them, as though he would push them out, and they turned to go. Mr. Johnston preceded them out. In the open door he bent down to lift up a little kitten that had escaped, when one savage aimed at him a cruel blow, in avoiding which Johnston fell to the ground with a scream. In an instant both men sprang for him; but at that moment two faithful dogs of the missionaries leaped in their faces and saved his life. Having heard a sound, Mr. Paton rushed out, just in time to see Mr. Johnston trying to raise himself and hear him cry,

"Take care! These men have tried to kill me, and they will kill you!"

"What is it that you want?" he demanded, turning sternly towards them. "He does not understand your language. What do you want? Speak with me."

In answer both men raised their huge clubs to crush him on the spot; but, with lightning speed, the dogs again sprang at their faces and baffled their blows, though one of the faithful creatures was badly bruised. The men's intent now being fully made manifest, Paton hounded both dogs furiously upon the murderers, and the savages fled.

"Remember, Jehovah God sees you, and will punish you for trying to murder His servants," he shouted after the disappearing black figures. In their flight a large body of men, who had come many miles to assist in the murder and plundering, slipped from the bush and joined the fugitives. The missionaries, watching them, realized the truth of the words, "The wicked flee when no man pursueth;" but also of the comforting passage, "God is our refuge and our strength... therefore we will not fear."

BISHOP JOHN COLERIDGE PATTESON

The Gospel Messenger to the Melanesian Islands

Though most of the earlier missionaries sprang from the lower ranks of society, still a young lad of a great family considered himself honored by following in their steps. "Coley" Patteson, born in London on April 1, 1827, was the son of one English judge and the nephew of another, and, though born to ease, affluence and honor, early decided to renounce them all and to work for the Lord as a minister. Under the discipline of a loving, Christian father and of an unselfish mother, his fiery temper and troublesome, dogged nature were governed, until he became the steadfast, self-controlled and unselfish youth, whom his school-fellows admired and honored.

At school Patteson was a good student and the most popular boy among the pupils. He was distinguished for courage and patience; but he possessed not only physical, but also moral courage. At an annual dinner given by the cricket and boat clubs, of which he was a member, one of the boys began to sing an objectionable song, and Coley instantly called out, "If that does not stop, I shall leave the room." The remonstrance, however, was unheeded, and he left the room, followed by some others, as brave as himself. Nor was that all, for he sent back word that, unless an apology were made, he would leave the cricket club, which brought the offender to his senses, and showed his companions that Patteson's consistency was not to be trifled with. That he left the school without "sting or stain" was doubtless due to the assistance of the Holy Spirit and the pious instruction received from one of "the best of mothers."

His college life at Oxford developed the strong points in his character. Fearing that athletics, of which he was very fond, would usurp too much time, he denied himself the indulgence in his favorite sport and, applying himself assiduously to his studies, distinguished himself as a scholar, especially in languages. He also induced the young men at Baliol to give up their dessert in order to aid the sufferers in the Irish famine and was soon distinguished as a college reformer.

After obtaining his fellowship he spent five years in foreign travel, much of this time was spent in study in Germany, whither he went in 1852. Here he developed his remarkable gift for languages. "His boyish distaste for mental exertion passed away, and the individuality and originality of his mind appeared," as he applied himself diligently to the German, Hebrew, Arabic and Syriac languages. The deeper, spiritual life of the man was also coming to maturity. He now broke away from his work once or twice each day to meditate and commune with God, and he earnestly examined his own feeling before moving out into active life.

In 1853, he began to labor as minister at Alfington in the parish of Ottery St. Mary. There, among the poor as well as the rich, and among children of all classes, he began his labor of tireless and unselfish love, gaining, by his devotion, the love of the whole parish. Before him was the prospect of an honorable career, in the midst of friends and relatives; but before the year had ended, Bishop Selwyn of New Zealand, whose stirring appeal for workers in the Lord's vineyard had strongly moved Patteson when still a young lad, now returned; and that visit, and several conversations with the Bishop set a seal upon his determination. His

mother, who had died shortly after the Bishop's first visit, had commended her boy to the Lord; and his father, when his son opened his heart to him, "with the most unhesitating heartiness, gave up one who was dearer to him than life." Then, after the last farewells had been spoken, and the last kisses given, young Patteson plucked a few primroses from his mother's grave and departed, never to see his old home again.

He embarked with Bishop Selwyn in the spring of 1855, and reached New Zealand in July. During the voyage he learned a great deal of the art of navigation and acquired such facility in speaking the tongue of the New Zealanders that, upon his arrival one of the natives asked one of the senior clergy the not very complimentary question, why he did not speak like Patteson.

Patteson was appointed to the Melanesian Islands, which were near the equator and were inhabited by a people not very intelligent, but steady, who had a reputation for cannibalism and spoke an almost infinite variety of dialects throughout their vast archipelago. He immediately took up his work. The first five years were spent in making voyages to the different islands in company with Bishop Selwyn, attempting to gather native pupils for a training school at the mission college. The Islanders' confidence was gained by repeated visits and an increasing number of scholars came to the school yearly. Often, as the missionaries approached these reef-surrounded islands, they had to "take a good header into the surf" and, with their gifts for the natives tied upon their backs, swim ashore. Their welcome was generally friendly, though the whistle of an hostile arrow was not unknown. Patteson's audacity and confidence, however, stood him in good stead; and, bravely swim-

ming to an island, rubbing noses with the natives by way of greeting, presenting them gifts and entering into a friendly conversation with them, he usually departed eventually with several hopeful new pupils for his school.

The whole Melanesian mission was now surrendered to the care of Patteson, and he was made a chief pastor. Shortly afterwards, in 1861, he was consecrated Bishop of the Melanesian Islands by Bishop Selwyn, who had long felt that the work should be provided for in that way. The honor, though, did not stiffen Coleridge Patteson's loving and simple-hearted dealings with his people. His heart remained unchanged, and he was still the same true and devoted Patteson.

He felt the greatness of the work now before him and realized his comparative weakness with inward pain; but, depending upon God for strength and help, he plunged into the work with his characteristic energy and fearlessness. Approaching some hitherto unvisited island, he would extend his arms to show the suspicious warriors on shore that he was unarmed. Then he would plunge into the sea and swim ashore, amidst exclamations of wonder, from the awe-struck savages. His very boldness was oftentimes his safety; and when it happened, as it often did, that, in their superstitious fear, the savages pointed an arrow at him, he would look the archer in the face with that bright smile, which seldom failed to gain confidence.

Eventually his principal school for training youth was established at Norfolk, where the climate was more healthful for his pupils. Here he labored for their progress spiritually, but also threw himself enthusiastically into their games and sports, so that the boys were so fond of him, that they would often steal into his little

study for the mere pleasure of being near him. His sorest trials came when one of the boys, whom he loved so well died. Besides the pain of parting from them, there was the danger of incurring the ignorant resentment of the parents, which would prevent a fresh supply of pupils. On one occasion a boy died, who belonged to an island, the language of which he had not yet fully mastered. However, going to the island, he sought the father and took his hand, while the tribe gathered inquiringly around. Then, taking a lad that stood near, he laid him gently on the ground and hung over him and kissed him, to show his affection for the man's dead child. Thus, partly with words and partly by gestures, he described the progress of the sickness. When he came to the death, the warriors grasped their weapons; but, when they saw his undissembled tears, they trusted him, saying, "It is all well, Bishop. You did all you could."

It is not surprising that such a man should be successful. At the close of the year 1871, there were over three hundred Christian natives living among their own friends, spreading the Gospel, while George Sarawia, his first Melanesian convert admitted to holy orders, was carrying on a most successful work in the neighboring islands.

The end, however, was now near. Trading vessels began to visit the islands, carrying off men to work on the plantations on the Fiji Islands in Queensland. At first, as long as the trade was in the hands of honest sea captains, it was legitimate and the laborers were honestly employed; but soon slave traders began kidnapping the natives and the "snatch-snatch" vessels, as the natives called them, almost depopulated some of the

islands. Sometimes, in order to inveigle the natives on board, they would represent themselves as sent by Patteson to fetch them. At other times they would paint their ships to resemble the Southern Cross, Patteson's little mission schooner, while the sailors dressed up on deck a clerical figure with book in hand, to represent the Bishop; and thus many unfortunate, unsuspecting natives were enticed into the ships.

At last the tragedy, feared by himself as well as by his friends, occurred. While visiting some islands, he came to Nakapu and went ashore on September 20, 1871, with two of the chiefs, who had formerly been friendly to him. One of the ship's boats lay floating near the shore, surrounded by native canoes, when suddenly a man stood up in one of them and, calling out, "Have you any like this?" shot a yard long arrow at the occupants of his boat. His companions in two other canoes also began shooting quickly, and when the boat had drawn out of range, three out of its four occupants had been struck. When the Bishop did not appear on shore, the men manned a boat and went in search of him. As they drew near the shore, a canoe was pushed out towards them, and in it they found the Bishop's body. He had been killed by a blow on the skull, while there were four other wounds. On his breast lay a palm branch with five knots, to indicate that he had been killed in revenge for five natives, who had been stolen from Nukapu. A sweet, calm smile, however, was on his face. The shepherd had given his life for his sheep.

On the next morning his body was buried in the waters of the Pacific, on which he had made his home for sixteen years. Though he lived only forty-four years, his work and influence is still going on and will never die in the South Seas; for "such lives never die."

JOHN MASON PECK

The Heroic Pioneer Preacher

In May, 1817, at the Baptist triennial missionary convention at Philadelphia, a Mr. Welsh and John Mason Peck were chosen as missionaries to Missouri and the surrounding territory of the middle west. Peck was a man of humble Puritan blood, but of deep personal piety and strong missionary zeal. The early years of his ministry had been spent in eastern states, but now he was particularly concerned about the need of evangelistic effort within the vast section included in the Louisiana Purchase. He had offered himself for this work and had spent several months in Philadelphia in study for the purpose of better qualifying himself for a life long missionary crusade. He received his appointment to this work gratefully and graciously, saying: "From this moment I consider myself most sacredly devoted to the mission. O, Lord, may I live and die in the cause." Like Paul, he believed himself to be an apostle by the will of God and was ready to go forth in service and sacrifice for the extension of the kingdom of God.

His farewell on the day of his parting from his parents and friends, July 25, 1817, was pathetic and almost overwhelming. The journey of himself and family to the new appointment was to be made in a little one-horse wagon, and the distance to be traveled comprised over twelve hundred miles. Now we go from New York to St. Louis comfortably in thirty hours; but then four months were required, and the trip was one marked by exposure, fatigue and danger. The journey of this little missionary family from Philadelphia to St. Louis was so arduous and perilous that at one time they

were on the verge of despair and led to exclaim: "Ours is destined to be a life of privation, trial and hardship."

With the help of God, however, they conquered all opposing forces and finally reached St. Louis. This great metropolis of today was then a small town without hotels and boarding houses, except a French tavern for farmers. Nearly all houses and rooms were occupied. Most of the merchants lived in their stores and were their own cooks. Even the largest dwelling houses contained but two or three rooms and were one story high. Peck paid twelve dollars monthly for one room which his family occupied and Welsh paid fourteen dollars a month for a small school room, fourteen by sixteen feet in size. Sugar sold for thirty cents a pound; coffee for over sixty cents; and inferior flour was twelve dollars a barrel. Prices for other food supplies were equally high.

The leading professional and business men and civil and military officers comprising perhaps one-half of the population were respectable people, but were men of the world and destitute of any strong religious principles. The other half of the Anglo-American population were infidels of a low, indecent grade and utterly worthless.

The boast was made that the Sabbath never had, and never should, cross the Mississippi. Sunday was a day for dances, billiards, cards and other hilarities, a day on which the saloons and billiard rooms were crowded with gamblers. Carts and wagons came to market, provisions were sold at retail throughout the village and many stores sold more goods on the Lord's Day than any other day in the week. These conditions in the town were a fair index of the situation in the surrounding country.

In this unpromising field Peck and his associates who joined him later encountered every difficulty common to pioneer evangelistic labors. They traveled night and day, in sunshine and in storm, through Illinois, Missouri, Indiana and Kentucky preaching the Gospel to all classes of people regardless of nationality or color. Glorious revivals in many localities gladdened their hearts. Many souls were gathered into the kingdom of Christ. Young men from the home field offered themselves for the ministry and their number was supplemented by other workers from eastern states.

Though a self-made man, Peck also became distinguished as a writer and educator becoming editor of "The Pioneer" and the founder of schools. The last decade of his life was crowded with many useful labors. He traveled south and east in behalf of missions, holding conferences and addressing largely attended conventions. In a review of his seventeen years of missionary labor he enumerated these gratifying results: 1. The encouragement of missionary friends in the west. 2. The leading of ministers to become less worldly, to form more correct views and habits and to use their gifts more faithfully. 3. The forming and sustaining of innumerable churches in leading towns and cities. 4. The leading of church members to support their own pastors. 5. The raising up of ministers. 6. The systematizing of the benevolences of the churches. 7. The wide promotion of revivals. 8. The general advancement of religion, morals and educational projects. 9. The revelation of the awful destitution of many sections of the country.

John Mason Peck was, indeed, an heroic and a masterful preacher of the Gospel of Christ, strong, unpreten-

tious, self-denying, practical and independent. Well has it been said: "All his powers, physical and intellectual, were subordinated by grace to the service of Christ. He was not only a pioneer, but a master-spirit among the pioneers."

ALEXANDER PEDEN

"Peden, the Prophet"

A young minister, who was, by the "Drunken Act of Glasgow," compelled to leave his congregation, was preaching his farewell sermon to his congregation of New Luce, in Galloway. It was a wonderful sermon, and his people, filled with the deepest sorrow, wept and begged him to preach on when he had finished. He did so, and it had become dark before the congregation dispersed. He closed the pulpit door behind him and, striking it three times with his Bible, he spoke:

"In my Master's name I arrest thee! that none enter thee but as I have done—by the door.

Years passed by and none of those in authority attempted to fill up the vacancy. The incident just related became much talked about and Peden gained fame.

He now preached on the hillsides, living the life of a wanderer, for he feared to be found in one of the homes offered him, knowing that the Council, which thirsted for his blood, would ruin it if he were. This Council, unable to capture him, ordered him to surrender unconditionally, but he joined in the Pentland rising instead, and was included in the indictment issued against the leading insurgents. Again refusing to appear

before the Council, he was made an outlaw, and his property was forfeited to the Crown.

Though Peden's life was one of great hardship, he did not have to contend with spies, for they feared his curse, and, though they frequently knew where he slept, none ever troubled him, at which he often wondered.

Once, while riding to a meeting with friends, he met a party of dragoons searching for him. He calmly said to his friends, "Keep up your courage and confidence, for God hath laid an arrest on these men that they shall do us no harm," and rode boldly up to them. They simply inquired for the road to a certain place and, he showing them the way, thanked him profusely and departed.

Many and narrow were his escapes from the hands of the persecuting Royalists, but escape he did always, helped by the guiding hand of the good Lord. Sometimes he would flee and hide, sometimes use stratagem, such as running into the midst of the dragoons and frightening their horses by swinging his bonnet to and fro wildly, and sometimes trusting to help and protection from God.

The latter expedient was mostly trusted to by him, and he was never disappointed. Once when he and his congregation were completely surrounded by dragoons expecting to take them all captive, he prayed to God for deliverance and then assured his people:

"Friends, the bitterest blast is over; we will be no more troubled with them this day."

The people, however, were uncomforted, until a heavy mist descended from heaven, enveloping all in its opaque folds, and allowing the covenanters to pass home unnoticed through the midst of the discomfited captors.

Peden now gained a unique place in the hearts of the Covenanters, who called him "Peden, the Prophet."

The search for him became more keen, and he passed into Ireland, only to be arrested, however, in the house of Hugh Ferguson of Knockdow, in Carrick, and sentenced to imprisonment in Bass Rock, there to be shut up and excluded for five years from open air and freedom. When at length he was liberated, it was only to banish him to America, but his assurance to one of his fellow-sufferers, "the ship had not been built that would bear them to America" marvelously came true, for they were soon released.

After several more years' work in England, Scotland and Ireland, he returned, in 1682, as a minister to his congregation at Glen Luce, where he preached with great effect.

Just before his death he arrived at his brother's house as the dragoons were hovering about, and his sister-in-law was uneasy for him.

"They will not find me alive, though they search twenty times this house," he said, and the next day he was dead.

Vengeance was wreaked upon his body by the Royalists when they took it from its burial place and hung it upon a gibbet, and then buried it at the foot of the infernal machine; but many friends requested the honor of being buried near the spot, and it is now the recognized churchyard of Cumnock, a popular burial ground. The spot of his grave is carefully marked, and his name is revered by all as sacred.

GEORGE PIERCY

The Heroic Plowman

As Elisha of old had been called from his labor of guiding his oxen before the plow to the guiding of men to the heavenly kingdom and reward promised above, so George Piercy, a young tiller of the soil in Yorkshire, England, also heard the call of God to the greatest of all labors, the work of a missionary. Ever since he had given himself to Christ and joined the Wesleyan Church, his mind had often drawn pictures, as he followed the plow, of the countless millions who were suffering in misery because of the ignorance and idolatry in which they had grown up. Pre-eminent in his thoughts was China, which had recently been opened to missionary efforts, but to which the Wesleyans, though a mission loving people, could not yet send men because of the great number of missionaries lately sent to other parts of the globe by them. The more Piercy thought of China, the more his heart burned with a desire to go there. He heard a still, small voice calling him to go to China and tell those poor, benighted people the sweet story of Jesus' love.

Young Piercy decided to visit a friendly old gentleman of his acquaintance living about thirty miles distant and to lay the matter before him, which he did; but the cautious old man objected. "The language of the Chinese is not easily learned," he replied. "China is a long, long way off. You will have great obstacles to overcome when you get there. You had better go to some less difficult field."

"I believe, sir, that God has called me to labor in China. I have no such impression that I have a call

to any other part of the mission field," was the meek but firm rejoinder.

Mr. Reed, however, remained firmly opposed to his young friend's plans until he induced him to give up his idea, "at least for the present."

Once more young Piercy returned to work diligently on the farm, but neither the joyous shouts of the reapers, nor the merry stroke of the flail on the hard floor in winter could drown out the still, small voice urging him to hasten to the ripe harvest field of China. Therefore, after six months he again visited his old friend Reed, explaining: "The impression on my mind regarding China not only continues, but is deeper than ever, sir."

A short conversation convinced Mr. Reed that Piercy's convictions of duty could not be rooted out, so he acquiesced, giving him a letter of introduction to the Rev. Wm. Arthur, Secretary of the Wesleyan Missionary Society.

Armed with this friendly letter, our resolute plowman trudged to London to meet the amiable and great hearted Secretary, but only to find that the society had no money with which to commence a mission in the vast empire of China.

Here was another and a great discouragement. Did Piercy lose heart? No! He seemed to have the faith of a saint and the courage of a hero, for he, without further hesitation, took the little sum of money he had saved out of his wages, paid the price of his own passage and sailed for China, without a promise of help from any human being.

On January 30, 1851, he stood on the shore at Hong-Kong, China, a small bare island in the mouth of the

Canton River. About him were 32,000 inhabitants, mostly Chinese, and not one friend or acquaintance. No wonder he stood gazing about with his heart beating hard in his bosom. What was there for a friendless stranger to do. Yet he had some hope of a friendly welcome. What was it? He had heard in England that among the English soldiers stationed in Hong-Kong there was a Sergeant Ross and a few praying Methodist soldiers. Consequently he hunted up the barracks and inquired for Sergeant Ross.

"He is dead!" the man replied.

Dead! The poor missionary's hopes fled in an instant. To add to this grief the soldier continued by saying that the little praying band had since grown indifferent and discontinued worship. But hark! what had he said? The corporal was still a loyal Christian and had often longed and prayed for a religious companion.

These words from the soldier were to Piercy what an oasis in a desert is to the weary traveler. He had found a man who would understand his motives and would sympathize with him. Soon the missionary and corporal were brought into the sweet fellowship of Christian love.

After hearing Mr. Piercy's story the corporal conducted his new friend to Dr. Legge, a great hearted man of the London Missionary Society, who received the venturesome young missionary very kindly, saying, "Come to my house; I have a bed at your service. Tomorrow will bring us leisure to consider further." In his kind host Piercy also found a valuable counselor. "Do nothing rashly, Mr. Piercy," he advised. "Look around. Watch prayerfully for the moving of the cloud of providence. After ten or twelve days, perhaps, you will see your

way. In the meantime you are welcome to a bed and the room you have been in, in this house."

Piercy did look around and found a room holding about sixty people, which he rented and then began preaching to the English soldiers. Meanwhile he also applied himself vigorously to the study of the Chinese language, besides studying medicine under Dr. Herschberg in the military hospital. God blessed his labors among the soldiers and their wives, so that he soon had a little society of twenty souls, who, as a proof of their piety, gave of their poverty towards the support of their heroic minister. Besides this small amount, friends in England sent him small sums. Thus God was faithful to his servant whom, by a special call of the Spirit, he had sent into China.

Feeling that he had come to minister unto the blind Chinese and not to the enlightened English, Piercy decided to leave Hong-Kong for Canton. Here he could stand on the veranda of his temporary home and view the homes of five thousand heathen souls. The spectacle made him sad; and with a desire to do these poor, benighted creatures some good, he devoted himself with assiduity to the study of their tongue, while he also scattered religious Chinese tracts and Bibles and preached through an interpreter. With great patience and courage he labored, but it was difficult to gain the heathen's attention. They seemed to think that his religion was good for foreigners, but did not apply to them.

Yet some were willing to take Christian books and tracts, and a few asked questions through his interpreter. This encouraged him to still more diligent toil, until finally he was able to preach without an interpreter.

Meanwhile his noble example gained enthusiastic supporters for the Methodist Mission in China and encouraged others to join him in his labors. Thus, by calmly facing hardship, danger and possible death for his Master's sake; by bravely placing himself on the altar of humanity, willing to be a sacrifice, if necessary, to bring a few Chinese idolaters to sing the praises of the Christ he loved, he was one of the first to begin missionary efforts in that great Chinese empire, which have since been continued with most glorious results.

INSPECTOR C. H. RAPPARD

The Pious and Learned Missionary

From an ancient Swiss family sprung a man of God, Henry Rappard, in whose simple faith and childlike obedience we have an ideal example of the true Christian. He was born in Geiz, as the first son of a Christian family. Many times his father earnestly impressed upon the lad's mind: "My child, I have baptized you in the death of Christ, for Him shall you live, and not for the world and sin." Thus the boy grew in both body and spirit, and in Loewenstein, at Schaffhausen, whither the parents removed in 1845, he received his first instruction in the elementary branches of knowledge from his father. His mind early received deep religious impressions, which were well fostered when, in 1859, missionary Hebich visited the retired home of the peaceful family.

Through the working of the spirit of God in his heart, Rappard was driven to enter the Christian ministry and in 1861, he left his parental home to prepare himself at St. Chrischona for this highest and most blessed of

avocations. His relation to his Heavenly Father at that time may be inferred from an entry made in his note book at that time: "Lord, let me ever become homesick, when I am no longer with thee."

Being ordained, he embarked on ship-board for Egypt as a missionary. He was to take charge of Matthew Station in Alexandria, but on his arrival he was disappointed to find nothing. The disconsolate conditions there greatly taxed the young man's courage and enthusiasm, but, believing that "obstacles were presented to us to be overcome," he ardently delivered the message of his King in German, French and English, though with little apparent success.

At this time he was united in marriage to Dora, the daughter of the Evangelical Bishop Gobat of Jerusalem. Soon afterwards he was called from his labors in the land of the Pharaohs to the Inspectorate of St. Chrischona, which was then vacant. The eyes of the appointing committee had at once fallen upon our young missionary, regarding whose piety as well as scholarship there was no doubt.

With this call really began Rappard's life's work. Before him lay the liquidation of the debt, and the elevating of the spirit of the institution. For the good of the soul and the mind of his students he heartily advocated the study of the Bible, as of more moment than scientific research. Aside from his labors in the institution Rappard preached each Sunday in the surrounding villages and in winter conducted a Bible study class in Basel.

For a time clouds of sorrow hovered over St. Chrischona. Rappard's eldest son, Louis, became, in his youth, stricken with a disease of the lung. Shortly thereafter his daughter, Minna, died of galloping consumption,

while Rappard himself became very ill. Yet the dark clouds lifted again and the Master gave strength to bear the infliction. In the years 1879 and 1881, however, the angel of death returned to the home, bearing away two newborn sons, and in 1894, a hopeful youth. But in the darkest hours the angel of the Lord was ever present to hold the strengthening cup to his lips and give him new courage in the bearing of the cross.

Meanwhile the Inspector did not feel quite satisfied with his work at Chrischona, for he felt stirring within him the spirit of a missionary. Finally his release came in the call of Haarbeck as second Inspector, and now he went abroad. Russia, Northern Germany and even the interior of North America received the bountiful blessing of the Lord from his hands. Upon the retirement of Haarbeck, however, Rappard was recalled to his old position.

Though the Inspector was not a sparkling orator, but rather a quiet, simple preacher, yet the speaker of those simple words never failed to make a deep impression on account of his pure and simple life, and his implicit faith in his beloved Savior, Jesus.

The strength of his faith is well shown in the answers to prayer, which he experienced. While yet a student at school, he was for several days troubled with a severe toothache. When finally he deemed that he had suffered enough, he asked the Savior simply: "Lord, take away this toothache from me, it hinders me so very much in my work." The prayer was answered at once. One pitch dark night, when on his way home he had lost his way, he asked: "Master, show me the way out of this dismal wood," when a beam of light from his window caught his eye.

In the second year of his inspectorate a number of missionaries were to be sent to America, but sufficient money was not on hand. The passage had already been arranged for, though the sum of 450 francs was still lacking. At first prayer to the Lord seemed unavailing, but when the matter was laid before God in a special meeting, an answer came in the next mail in the form of a letter containing exactly 450 francs sent by a lady who wrote that she had felt constrained to send the money, though all had not yet been collected that she had determined to send.

Rappard's faith in the verity of the Bible was implicit. While making a voyage at sea, a fellow passenger noticed that Rappard read much in his New Testament, and remarked: "What, you also belong to the unenlightened, who cling to the old book? I believe of the Bible only as much as of a romance." Rappard confessed his full faith in the Bible and said that it answered many important questions concerning time and eternity. The passenger laughingly replied: "Such a thing I don't need. I am a good man and shall get along alone." "I don't think so," earnestly rejoined Rappard. "What makes you think so? I know my heart and am confident that I couldn't—nor you either."

On the next day, the same person said to Rappard: "You may be right. I couldn't sleep the whole night on account of your answer."

Rappard's family life was ideal. The tenderest ties of love bound the members of the family close to each other, and between the Inspector and his wife existed an attachment which grew as the years passed by instead of diminishing. She was to him a valuable counsellor in all important projects.

Work in St. Chrischona now increased. The institution demanded all the Inspector's time, and yet he did not want to sacrifice his evangelistic tours. A close observer could have noticed that he was overworked. On September 18, 1909, he journeyed to Basel to preside over a general conference in Hammerhuetten. On the following day he preached in Gießen in two successive meetings, and on the following evening retired in apparently perfect health. In the morning, however, he did not appear at breakfast, and when the matter was investigated, he was found lying on the bed in his last long and peaceful sleep. The Lord had called him home.

MARY REED

Missionary Among the Lepers of India

In a smiling valley in northern India, bordered by the snow-clad Himalayas, which tower above it with solemn grandeur, is a little cottage, kissed by the early morning beams of the rising sun, which linger over it lovingly until barred in the West by the "everlasting hills." In this lonely retreat dwells a sweet-faced young woman, whose tender eyes sometimes turn a little wistfully towards the crimsoned West, where the land of her birth lies far away. Yet she cheerfully turns again to her special work of ministering to the forsaken, suffering ones about her, to which she has been "set apart" by her Heavenly Father.

Miss Reed was born in Ohio, in a little town called "Crooked Tree." After her conversion at sixteen years of age, she early received her call to the mission field. In 1884 she sailed for India, under the auspices of the Woman's Foreign Missionary Society of the Methodist

Episcopal Church. She began her labors in Cawnpore, an important old Mogul city, whose most sadly interesting spot is the historic well, into which the bodies of two hundred women and children cruelly murdered by the Sepoys were thrown. In this city Miss Reed was put in charge of the zenana work, the work among the native women. Since these, except the lowest class, were kept in the closest seclusion, the work could only be carried out on the plan of house-to-house visitation.

The young woman was filled with a consuming zeal for the work, and went about her daily round of calls with untiring energy. Starting out about 10 o'clock in the morning, she would edge her way through the jostling crowd until she came to a zenana woman's apartment. Up dark flights of stairs, she went, through damp, chilly inner courts, which were generally reached by passing through the stables among the animals. Some were homes of wealth, but most were those of extreme poverty. Usually she was gladly received, but occasionally she was met with averted glances while the women drew back from coming in contact with her polluting touch and even avoided her shadow. Seated on a bed of woven rope she sang and talked to the group of dusky women gathered about her, patiently answering their childish questions and endeavoring to impress upon their benighted minds the simple truths of the Gospel. As Miss Ninde, to whom we are indebted for these facts, states, Miss Reed seemed utterly oblivious to personal fatigue and only the increasing pallor of her face told of the weariness which she was too absorbed to heed. At two o'clock she returned home to write letters, plan the next day's work and to receive native callers.

Several times a week she visited the ghats, the stone

steps on the banks of the Ganges, where multitudes of Hindus came to worship and to bathe in the sacred waters of the river every morning. Here the missionary could not only meet a large number of women, but could talk to many women of the bigoted higher class, who would not admit a missionary into their homes. Taking her stand in the midst of the clamoring crowd, she began singing a native air set to Christian words, which the people like so well. At once the attention of the women was arrested, and many stopped to listen. Then Miss Reed explained to them the meaning of the hymn and told them of the lowly Jesus, who died on the cross for such as they. Some laughed and turned away. Others became rude and angry. Only a few seemed thoughtful. When her audience was scattered, she would repeat the exercises. To all who would receive it she gave Christian literature. Thus people from all over the country were reached. Only the Heavenly Father knows what fruit this seed scattered broadcast brought forth.

After five years of exhausting labor, Miss Reed returned home, much broken in health, and it was during this period of her life that her Omniscient Father revealed to her the special and difficult path, which she was to tread for the remainder of her life. For some time she had been troubled by a stinging pain in her right forefinger. A curious spot also appeared on her cheek near the ear. From what she had seen during her Indian labors, she suspected that she had the leprosy. Eminent specialists of New York and London confirmed her diagnosis as correct. A still, small voice now seemed to whisper to her, "You must go back to India and devote the rest of your life to work among the lepers." Her decision was soon rendered.

After making hasty preparations she now hurried back to India. She did not even kiss her mother good-bye, for she could not break the sad news to her, though she did tell her father and the farewell breathed out in his morning prayer, in which he told the All-Father of the sorrow that for her sake should be repressed, still rung in her ears. She left all friends, all hope of life and the joy of life behind her and, clinging alone to her Jesus, to whom she now cried daily in prayer, she went with His strength to work in the land of her exile for the remainder of her life among the most loathsome wretches in the country.

Upon arriving at India, Miss Reed went at once to the north and was made superintendent of the asylum for lepers at Chandag Heights, among the Himalaya Mountains. This is one of several asylums in India under the Scotch and Irish organization called the "Mission to Lepers in India and the East." These asylum grounds, covering sixty-six acres, were shut in by a low stone wall. Within the inclosure were the neat stone houses of the men, in the midst of well kept garden plots and not a mile distant were situated the homes of the women. For the treatment of the worst cases was a hospital with a dispensary attached, while near by was a chapel and Miss Reed's little bunaglow. Leprosy abounded in this district and at the time of Miss Reed's return to India there were about four hundred patients within a radius of ten miles about the asylum who should have been in the asylum. At first the poor sufferers are afraid to enter the institution, for what can be wanted of them, poor outcasts, but to put them to death? They know nothing of Christianity and the spirit of the "Good Samaritan" is as yet untaught to them in most cases. Therefore some

already gained are often sent out in carts to advertise to the others the comforts they may have.

After Miss Reed took charge of the work, the attendance increased steadily each year. A visiting missionary from Scotland thus described an interesting service which he held at the asylum:

"At 10:30 o'clock we all assembled at the side of Miss Reed's house, where the lepers might sit in the sun and be warm; it makes such a difference to them, poor things! At first the women assembled and employed their time singing hymns till the men should arrive up from Panahgah—'Place of Refuge'—their home. I stood up and walked to the brow of the hill to see if there was any sign of the men and boys coming, when a touching sight met my eye. I saw a long, straggling white line of very helpless creatures wending their way up the mountain side with considerable difficulty. At last they arrived and we got them all seated, and, ah! what a sight it was! In front of the women and close to us were seated three dear little girls with winsome wee faces, but all far gone in leprosy. Among the men were several boys with sad, wistful faces; one, a little Nepalese chap, had a specially pathetic look on his face. When all were ready we had a hymn and prayer; then I preached to them on an interview with Christ, illustrated by the story of the woman at the well. It was precious to tell out the riches of redeeming love to such an audience. The appreciative smiles, the nods of satisfaction, and the verbal answers I got from time to time showed that they understood and gladly received what I preached. We afterward asked those who had really given themselves to Jesus and had received the gift of eternal life from him to rise. Quite a large number of both

men and women did so. . . . Several also gave the most clear testimony to the blessed salvation they had received through Christ."

Besides her work at the asylum, Miss Reed also had the oversight of an encouraging and rapidly growing work among the women and children in a number of the villages which lie scattered through the neighboring valleys. This was carried on by the aid of native Bible teachers and evangelists.

After Miss Reed returned to India, thousands of prayers were sent up to the Throne of Grace that the Great Physician might heal her of her terrible disease. Several times the report was spread abroad that she was healed, and indeed, the disease was wonderfully checked; but she was always conscious of its presence within. She was of a highly sensitive disposition, which most intensely loathes this complaint, but in regard to this she wrote, "I feel the power of God upon me in holding me quiet. What I pass through in my experience no one knows."

What an example of heroism and resigned sacrifice! Miss Reed was indeed a soldier of the cross in the truest sense. Her life is deserving of emulation, for such is the womanhood and manhood which the Church and Christ need in order to conquer the forces of darkness.

HENRY RICHARDS

The Pentecostal Missionary on the Congo

In 1879, Rev. Henry Richards was sent from England as missionary of the Livingstone Inland Mission and, at Banza Manteke, one hundred and fifty miles from the mouth of the Congo, established a mission station, afterwards transferred to the American Baptist Missionary Union.

The people there had vague ideas about the great Creator, who made all things, but of whose love and goodness they did not know and therefore would not trust and worship, but to the contrary bowed to idols whom they trusted to save them from sickness, death and disaster, but from whom they expected no direct blessings. They believed, however, in witchcraft as the fountain of all misfortune and were the unhappy victims of all manner of miserable superstitions.

Richards first ministered to these people by preaching the law and expounding to them the precepts and principles of the "Ten Commandments." But there seemed to be no power in such appropriation of the decalogue to convert these people. They conceded the truth in the declaration of Sinai, but remained idolators just the same. Then Richards, in his perplexity and discouragement, resorting to prayer and meditation, recalled that the Savior's commission is not, "Go ye into all the world and preach the *law*," but "*the Gospel*."

Then came the turning point in Richards' ministry. Now he determined simply to preach the Gospel. But again he was reminded that Christ's disciples were bidden to wait until they were endued "with power from on high." He began preaching the Gospel and continued faithfully doing so until in the sixth chapter of Luke,

thirteenth verse, a new difficulty arose when he read: "Give to every man that asketh of thee." How should he expound this passage of Scripture? These people were notorious beggars. They would ask for anything they fancied—his blanket, his knife, his plate—and when he would say he could not give these things to them they would say. "You can get more."

The hour of service was drawing near. Should he pass over that verse? Conscience replied this would not be honest dealing with God's word. After a fortnight of prayer and consideration the missionary was equal to the occasion. He read to the people that verse: "Give to every man that asketh of thee." Then he told them this was a very high standard, but that he meant to "live what he preached." After the service he was besieged by the natives, who began to ask him for this and that, and he gave them whatever they asked for, wondering whereunto this tirade of begging would lead. But the Lord came to his servant's rescue in his perplexity. The people were deeply impressed by this remarkable object-lesson. One day Richards overheard one of the natives saying: "I got this from the white man." Then another said that he was going to ask him for such a thing. But a third said: "No, buy it if you want it." Another said: "This must be God's man, we never saw any other man do so. Don't you think if he is God's man we ought to stop robbing him?" Grace was asserting its changing power in their hearts. From that on they rarely begged him for anything, and some even brought back what they had taken from him.

Richards continued preaching the Gospel and seeking Holy Ghost power. God blessed his faithful messenger and his word. Lutale, the missionary's assistant

translator, was the first convert. Others followed one by one, until ten were converted. All had to leave their homes, as they were threatened with death. The missionary now shut up his house, and taking these new converts with him, went from town to town preaching the Gospel. The whole community was stirred and one soul after another was won over to Christ. Thus the work continued and was blessed until "all the people immediately around Banza had abandoned their heathenism." As a result of this glorious pentecostal revival more than a thousand names were enrolled on the list of those who gave evidence of real conversion. The beauty of it all was that the fruits of these Gospel victories were genuine and abiding to honor God and bless the missionary cause in coming time.

PETER TRIMBLE ROWE

"The Hero of Alaska"

When the United States purchased the great northern region of Alaska from Russia for \$7,200,000, many thought she had invested too much money in that great tract of desolate country abounding in snow and icebergs and polar bears; but it proved not so barren as it seemed, the climate in the southern portion proving rather bracing and delightful, the soil making excellent and fertile fields, while the discovery of gold brought to light an undreamed wealth, which, together with the product of the fisheries, amounted, in one year, to more than twice the sum spent in purchasing the country, and induced thousands of men all over the world to throw aside common and, to them, distasteful labor, to climb over the mountain trail on to the land of gold. Towns

sprang up in a day, only to be broken up again, visited by sickness and hunger and despair.

In such towns the Word of God was rarely heard, for many towns had five or more gambling saloons, but not one church. Such a town was once visited by Arch-deacon Stuck, the first minister to enter this field, in a visit to the most northerly gold field in the world. Of this experience he says:

"Nothing could exceed the hospitality with which I was received. I spent Sunday, and every man knocked off work, though I am afraid this is not the general custom. We had a cabin crowded with men for the services, and never preached to a more attentive and appreciative congregation. I shall never forget the vigor with which they sang 'Jesus, Lover of My Soul,' and their reverent behavior throughout."

The greatest hero of Alaska, however, is Peter Rowe, the brave Bishop of the Episcopal church. His alias is "Hospital Bishop," because of his zealous work in building and equipping his "good Samaritan Inns" at strong points in the great northland. In October, 1907, the General Convention of the Church in Richmond telegraphed him:

"The House of Bishops, recognizing your long and faithful services in Alaska, unwilling that these should break you down prematurely and with warmest admiration and affection, have transferred you to the District of Western Colorado."

His reply shows his truly great and self-denying spirit. He answered: "I appreciate with deep gratitude the kindness of the House of Bishops but I feel that in view of present conditions I must decline the honor of the transfer and continue in Alaska, God helping me."

Bishop Rowe is willing to stand by his post, but he needs help. Some of the towns of Alaska now have Churches, reading rooms, hospitals and schools, but further back in the country, along the shores and rivers, live many Indians who can enjoy none of these Christian advantages. Thousands of them, who dwell in rude huts, hunting and fishing for a living, have not yet heard this marvelous story of a happier and higher life here and of the glorious life to come beyond the grave. They are born, raise children, spend their life in ignorance and die without a prayer or a word of praise to the God above. Shall they not hear the glorious news? Is the message not worth bringing to them? Let only some doctors, nurses and clergymen go to the men of the north and they will find them eager to come to Christ.

MRS. JOHN SCUDDER

In the Tiger's Lair

The first medical missionary to go from America to India was Dr. John Scudder. With self-sacrifice that was considerate only of others, he tramped through swamp and jungle with his Bible and doctor's grip, faithfully aided by his heroic wife, until he himself, while on an important journey across India, was stricken with jungle fever and fell so low that it was reported to Mrs. Scudder that he would probably not recover. Upon hearing this she decided to go to him at once, despite the many dangers of a long journey through a jungle infested with wild beasts.

Having borrowed a tent from a friend, prepared provisions and engaged bearers, she started out, accompanied by her little son. Desiring to reach her husband before his death, she decided to travel night and day. This

greatly increased the peril of the journey, since the many wild beasts, through whose domain they were passing, generally kept under cover during the day, but prowled about at night in search of prey. They traveled speedily on without mishap, however, until they reached the heart of the jungle, where the bearers became so terrified by the terrible din made by the beasts, apparently coming nearer, that they ran away and left the defenseless woman and her infant alone in the infested jungle.

Being now without any protection but that afforded Daniel in the lion's den, she cried to God throughout the long and lonely hours of the night for that protection promised the followers of Jesus. Repeatedly she heard the heavy tramp of the elephants that could have crushed her tender life in an instant; then again the low threatening growl of the supple tiger, as he prowled around her tent, ready to spring at his victim.

Of this incident her biographer remarks: "All night long they seemed to be circling round that little spot, but, ah! wonderful 'but,' God held them back. There was an inner circle. 'The angel of the Lord encampeth round about them that fear Him, and delivereth them.'"

No harm came to the missionary heroine or her child. The next morning the fugitive bearers returned to resume the journey and she at length reached Dr. Scudder to find him out of danger.

CHRISTIAN FREDERIC SCHWARTZ

The Great Missionary of South India

Christian Frederic Schwartz was pre-eminently a typical man and a faith-hero almost without a peer in missionary history. By birth he was a German, by ordination a Danish clergyman, and by long connection with "The Christian Knowledge Society," a laborer for the Church of England. By this triple connection, con-sorting well with the many-sidedness of his character, Providence fitted him from an early age for his great life-work in the Master's kingdom.

His pious mother, when on her dying bed, dedicated him to the life and work of a missionary, and solemnly charged her husband and her pastor to faithfully regard this act of consecration. His youthful training on the part of his father, pastor and friends in the schools at Sonnenburg, Custrin and Halle were in accordance with his sainted mother's wish and prayer. A religious book by Herman Francke was the means of confirming him in Christian principles and the good influence of Missionary Schultze, who had labored twenty years in India, was the providential agency of directing him in the final resolve to become a missionary. His father, apprised of his son's resolve, spent three days in silent and earnest prayer and then, coming from his solitary chamber, laid his hand upon the head of his son, the joy and pride of his life, gave him his parting blessing, and charged him to forget "his own country and his father's house," and go forth in the name of the Lord to win many souls for Christ.

Young Schwartz, with that self-abnegation, which was the abiding characteristic of his totally consecrated life, in order to make sure that he might have nothing

to tempt him back or vex him with worldly cares, resigned his share of his father's estate to his brothers and sisters, and then, in spite of tempting offers to keep him in the ministry at home, placed himself at the disposal of the Halle-Danish Missionary Society. In 1749 he and two others were ordained by the Danish bishop at Copenhagen as missionaries, and early the next year he sailed for India, landing at Tranquebar, July 30, 1750.

Schwartz immediately began the study of the Tamil language and within four months of his landing preached his first sermon in that tongue. His marvelous linguistic acquirements made him a wonderfully efficient worker. He gained such command of English that he spoke and wrote like an Englishman. He mastered Persian, and that gave him a ready introduction to the courts of Mohammedan princes. He conquered Hindoostanee, and for this, as well as other reasons, he was selected by the British Government for the most difficult embassies. Besides he learned the Indo-Portuguese, in order to have access to the mixed race descending from Portuguese and Hindoos. Schwartz did everything thoroughly well. Even his sermons to the natives were prepared and delivered with great care. He employed all his time well and had the faculty of making others work as well as himself. With all he relied on God and the result was marvelous. His untiring missionary labors extending through a period of forty-eight years, wrought an abundant gospel harvest of souls. To the present day his abiding influence is felt in the singularly successful missions of Mysone and Tinnevely.

During the first year of Schwartz's labors 400 persons were added to the Tamul congregation, and this was only the beginning of greater victories won through all the years of his fruitful ministry. Bishop Heber esti-

mated the number converted by Schwartz's direct labors as between six and seven thousand, while the number christianized by the agencies he directed was much greater. Before he died he could travel through districts and see along mountain sides little Christian churches, where, when he first came to India, was the den of the jackal or the lair of the tiger. From his garden at Tanjore he could overlook whole villages of Christians.

In his home at Tanjore, where he built an orphan asylum and devoted the last twenty years of his life to the care and instruction of poor children, he died triumphant in the Christian faith on February 18th, 1798, in the seventy-second year of his age. Not only in gospel labors but also in important diplomatic achievements his beautiful life was fruitful of blessings to mankind and not only churches but kingdoms mourned his death. All Tanjore wept for him, like Israel at the death of Samuel.

His memory is still revered by Christians, Hindoos and Mohammedans. He laid broad and deep the foundations of the Christian Church in India. He was the first to institute and maintain a native ministry for Hindoostan, and left it as his dying testimony, that the work of the Christian missionary is "The most honorable and blessed service in which any human being can be employed in this world."

JOHN HENRY SCHMIDT

Wrestling With a Leopard

While engaged in missionary work among the Hottentots in South Africa, John Schmidt, a Moravian missionary, had an experience very similar to David's encounter with a lion and a bear while defending his father's sheep from these wild beasts.

Since the flocks of the station had been constantly ravaged and considerably diminished in size by hyenas and, as a crisis, an unusually large number of sheep and goats had been carried off in August, 1811, Schmidt and a party of natives started out to execute just punishment on the race of audacious thieves.

A hyena was wounded early in the hunt, but he escaped and effectually hid himself in the bush. After a long search, Schmidt was already abandoning the chase, when he heard the dogs barking and the people beginning to shout loudly. Supposing that the hyena had been at last discovered, he leaped from his horse and ran to the spot whence the shouting came. To his dismay he found that his supposed hyena was a leopard.

With a terror that beggars description, the Hottentots were all fleeing for their lives, except one faithful man, named Philip, who bravely stood his ground and prepared to defend himself. His attempt, however, was of little avail, for the beast instantly sprang upon him and pinned him down.

Schmidt was anxious to shoot the animal, but dared not, since, on account of the leopard's position, he could not shoot at it without endangering the life of the native. His efforts to aid that poor fellow, however, soon attracted the attention of the leopard, who left his first victim to spring upon the missionary. The attack was

at such close quarters that Schmidt was unable to use his gun, and the only alternative left him was a wrestle for life or death.

Intending to summarily crush the life out of its brave antagonist with one blow, the leopard aimed a powerful stroke at the man with its gigantic paw; but Schmidt succeeded in warding this off with his uplifted arm. Then changing its mode of attack, the leopard snapped its jaws about Schmidt's elbow and severely wounded him. Slashing at him with its paws, it tore the clothing from his breast. The missionary, however, clutched the animal's throat in one hand and its forepaw in the other and with superhuman strength lent from heaven above, flung the huge beast to the ground and planted his knee firmly on its breast!

Though the wounded Philip was unable to assist his companion, his cries mingled with those of the bleeding Schmidt now brought a few of the terrified natives back and one of them, placing the muzzle of his gun over the prostrate leopard's heart, ended the fierce struggle.

Terribly torn and bleeding and suffering excruciating pain, Schmidt was carried to his home. A raging fever at once set in, so that for many days he lingered on the verge of the grave. Gradually, however, both he and Philip recovered, and he was able to prosecute the great labor of sacrifice and love for which he had taken up his residence among the negroes of South Africa.

JOHN SEYS

Of Liberia

At a time when the fatal Liberian fever was drawing a heavy toll from the white missionaries in that country, John Seys, high in hopes, landed on the shores of Monrovia. The only one to meet him and bid him welcome to that land of death was a young woman, emaciated, pale and feeble in person, Miss Farrington, the sole remaining representative of the first band sent out by the Methodist Missionary Board. How Seys felt may be judged from his words, "Never will I forget my first emotions as I took the hand of, and was welcomed to Africa by the only representative of the Methodist Episcopal Mission in that country, and that representative a delicate, frail, emaciated woman."

John Seys was a native of Santa Cruz in the West Indies. Becoming converted through the influence of some Wesleyan missionaries from England, he was laboring as a missionary among the Oneida Indians in New York when he received a letter from Bishop Hedding asking him, "Will you go to Liberia? Your birth and early life in a climate so nearly like that of the African coast may have fitted you to resist the fever which has proved so fatal to our lamented Cox." Seys read this letter to his wife and asked her opinion. With heroic self-sacrificing spirit she not only did not dissuade him, but offered to accompany him to the dangerous field.

Immediately preparation for the departure was made in their little household; but just then Mr. Spaulding arrived from Liberia, bearing the sad news of the deadly effects of the African fever. The Church was shocked; and the missionary authorities naturally asked, "Ought we to send another family into the jaws of death?"

Bishop Hedding wrote to Seys, "I will release you from your appointment if, in view of the recent loss of life in the mission, you so desire."

Here was yet an opportunity to honorably escape the deadly peril of the station. If the noble-hearted Seys had possessed the least spark of moral cowardice in his breast, he would have seized it greedily; but, being throughout a man of heroic mold, he with justifiable scorn refused to give up the mission to which he now felt that God had called him.

Therefore he set sail in September, 1834, but without wife and children, for sickness necessitated the heroic lady's remaining behind while her husband, accepting with agonized heart the unlooked-for test of his missionary devotion, crossed the Atlantic with only a young colored preacher named Francis Burns as his companion. Upon gaining the port of Monrovia, news of more death awaited him. Two more Presbyterian ministers had been stricken, a third was sick, while the governor of the colony was in a similar condition. Seys' courage, however, did not leave him. "This is sad news," he wrote; "but this is no time for our courage to fail us."

Only the highest type of heroic faith could have sustained his hopeful courage under these circumstances. After the sad news of the day and the emaciated, weak frame of Miss Farwell, who had received the new missionary, had impressed upon him what the invisible pestilence of the place might in the future inflict upon him, he realized at night that he was lying on the same bed from which the spirit of the lamented Cox had taken its flight. Surely these circumstances would have saddened any but a noble mind; but Seys wrote of this first night spent on Cox's bed:

"Sweet and refreshing rest was soon vouchsafed us (speaking also of Burns) and it was as sound and as safe as though we had been in a palace in Europe!"

Thus free from the fear of death and active in the service of his Lord, Seys labored with great devotion and success among the benighted Africans. The deadly fever assailed, but did not kill him; so he was spared to do a blessed work for Christ and for Liberia.

BARNABAS SHAW

Pioneer Among the Little Namaquas

In 1816 a great, heavy wagon, covered with canvas and drawn by a team of sixteen oxen, and behind this a small flock of sheep, driven by several Hottentots, was checked from its usual speed of ten miles a day by a native Namaqua belonging to the party who announced, "The chief of the Little Namaquas, with four of his people, is coming!"

The chief approached and said that he had heard of the "Great Word," and that he was on his way to Cape Town, in search of a missionary to teach him and his people this Word. The heart of one of the missionaries in the canvas-covered wagon, that of Mr. Shaw, leaped for joy. After hearing the story of the chief, he thought he saw the finger of God directing him to this tribe, as a suitable field of labor, and eagerly answered, "I will go with you to your kraal." The delighted heathen chief shed tears of joy.

When he came to Africa, Barnabas Shaw had received orders from the Wesleyan Missionary Committee to found a Mission station in South Africa; but his efforts to carry out his directions in Cape Town had been checked by the flat refusal of the governor, Lord

Somerset, to permit him to preach on the grounds that both the Dutch and English preachers there and the slave holders objected. What was he to do? He learned that some pious English soldiers regularly met in a prayer room hired for the purpose and to them Shaw preached the "first Methodist sermon ever heard in South Africa." Encouraged in this opening, he also preached in two other military stations within twenty miles of Cape Town; yet he was not satisfied. He had come to reach the natives, the Hottentots, the Kaffirs and other negroes. God directed him through the visit of a Missionary Schmelen and a dozen converts from the land of the Namaquas to Cape Town. Upon meeting Mr. Shaw that true-hearted gentlemen gave him a hearty invitation to return with him to the land of the Namaquas and, Mrs. Shaw consenting, the invitation was gladly accepted.

It was while Mr. Schmelen was making the return trip to this station among the Namaquas, surmounting the usual African obstacles of rough roads, over-flowing rivers without bridges, stretches of desert without water, steep stony hills and swampy vales, that Mr. Shaw received and accepted the invitation of the Little Namaquas already mentioned.

The generous Schmelen having escorted Shaw the remaining two hundred miles to the home of this inquiring chief, the latter's people gave their missionary as hearty a reception as could be desired. Finding them willing to aid him in every possible way and eager to be taught, Mr. Shaw decided to remain at Lily Fountain, as the place was named, and there to found the first Wesleyan Mission in South Africa.

The first problem before our missionary, as before

all Christian missionaries in heathen countries, was the building of a Christian habitation with such furniture as tables, bedsteads and chairs. The Namaquas attempted to assist their teacher, but, being unused to steady work and unacquainted with the use of tools, they could help little and Mr. Shaw had to be mainly his own workman. He toiled cheerfully, preached to the natives through an interpreter, studied their language, opened a school and explored the country as far as the Orange River. Despite the wearisome work and the many privations, faith in their work and hope for the blessing of God made the happy missionary pair strong in courage and patience.

The good seed sown by them soon began to spring up. The negroes gradually became more civilized in habits of labor and life, and some were led to weep over their sins and seek Jesus. Only eight months after his arrival, Mr. Shaw had the great joy of baptizing seventeen adult converts and eleven children.

Sending this good news to England, Mr. Shaw asked for more teachers, which were promptly sent; and then the work spread in many directions, continuing for ten years under the supervision of its zealous pioneer and his faithful and heroic wife.

The labor was attended by many unavoidable dangers. Lions were very numerous and dangerous in South Africa, though a greater danger lay in venomous snakes, especially the puff adder, one of which was once discovered under the missionaries' bed, a timely discovery which very likely saved them from a sudden death that night. Another danger lay in attacks from the vile Bushmen, who were not loath to kill a missionary for the few articles he carried with him, and

at whose hands, indeed, one of Mr. Shaw's assistants lost his life.

In 1827 Mr. and Mrs. Shaw with their son Barnabas, the only one surviving of three children, returned to England to rest and recruit their strength. In 1829 Mr. Shaw returned to Cape Town; but, his wife's health failing, he returned to England and for six years preached successfully on English circuits. At the end of that time a loud cry for helpers from Namaqualand again called the Christian warrior to the field of action. On account of his declining health, however, he did not go further than Cape Town, where he did circuit work until June, 1857, when he took his appointed place before the great white throne of the King of kings.

HARRIET BRADFORD STEWART

Of the Sandwich Islands

In 1823 Rev. C. S. Stewart and his accomplished companion arrived on their sacred mission in Hawaii, the country whose speedy change from all the horrible vices of barbarianism to the holy service of God was astonishing even to the declarers of the Holy Word. Mr. Bingham, who shortly preceded the Stewart family, speaking of the condition of the people on his arrival, says, "The nation had, on our arrival, neither books, pen or pencil, for amusement or business, or for acquiring information or communicating thought. They sat, like Turks or tailors, on mats spread on the ground; dipped their fingers in the dish to eat their fish, poi and dog flesh, without knife, fork or spoon. They stretched themselves at full length on the mats to play cards or otherwise kill time. Their water they drank from a gourd shell; and awa, the juice of a narcotic root, chewed by

others and mixed with water in the chewers' mouth, they drank, as their fathers had done, from a cocoa-nut shell, for the same purpose that other intoxicating drinks and liquors are taken."

The nobles were as ignorant, degraded and uncivilized as the common people. They were clad in a costume consisting of perhaps a string of beads about the neck, a girdle about the waist and some feathers in their hair. Collar and tie, hat, gloves, shoes and stockings, shirt and pants were unheard of.

To these savages Harriet Stewart came to teach the Gospel and the arts of civilization. Her maiden name was Harriet B. Tiffany. She was born in Stamford, Conn., on June 24, 1798. She inherited many of the noble qualities of an illustrious line of ancestors. She passed her youth in Stamford, Albany and Coopers-town, endearing herself by many acts of kindness, to all who knew her, and grew up to womanhood cherished and loved by all who came into the circle of her influence. In 1819 she gave her heart to God, after repeated afflictions, the death of her friends and her own sickness caused her to feel the need of a strong arm and a firm hope.

The great subject of a missionary life was first presented to her view, connected with a proposal to accompany Rev. C. S. Stewart to the Sandwich Islands as his assistant and companion. With conscientious anxiety she submitted the case to the wise direction of her Father in heaven—on earth she had none. It was no easy matter for a young lady of high and honorable connections, surrounded with friends and accustomed to refinement and luxury, to leave all these for the Hawaiian barbarians; but, believing herself called upon by God,

she ignored the sacrifice and self-denial required by the undertaking and decided in his favor.

She was married to Mr. Stewart in Albany on June 3, 1822. Appointed as missionaries of the American Board, they sailed in company with a large number of others destined for the same glorious, but laborious, service. Arriving at Honolulu in April of the following year, they soon removed to Lahaina, a town of about twenty-five thousand inhabitants, mostly in a degraded condition. Here were extended to them but few of the conveniences of life, and they were obliged to live in little huts affording but poor shelter from the scorching sun and the pelting rain. Yet the child of luxury and wealth abode in these miserable tenements in perfect contentment and eagerly performed the duties of her station. Though she suffered, she did not complain, and she did not become weary of hard labor, but cheerfully smiled even at her privations and sorrows.

In 1825 she was unable to labor longer for her heathen sisters on account of failing health. She sailed for England in order to obtain medical advice and care, but on the voyage she continued to decline, until the hopelessness of her case became apparent. Her residence of a few months in England having done her no permanent good, she embarked for America in July, 1826, arriving among her friends the mere shadow of what she had been when a few years previously she had left them in the flush of youth and the vigor of health.

For a time there was hope of her recovery. The balmy breezes of her native valley, the kindness of her friends and the interest and excitement attendant on her return to scenes of youth again gave color to her cheek and life to her step. In the early part of 1830, however,

these hopes were blasted. After a long sickness—so long that she groaned to be released and be with Jesus,—death found in her a ready and willing victim, who exclaimed as she entered in through the pearly gates of heaven, “O Death, where is thy sting? O Grave, where is thy victory?” Though racked with pain and tortured by disease, she murmured not, but was a remarkable instance of Christian submission and resignation under sufferings, leaving to surviving friends the joyful evidence that she had passed away to rest.

About the time of his wife’s death, Rev. C. S. Stewart wrote a beautiful and thrilling description of a Sabbath in an island where, but a few years before, nothing but gross heathenism and idolatry had prevailed. Even before his breakfast, he wrote, he could see figures, enveloped in large mantles of various hues, singly or in small groups, wending their way among the groves fringing the bay towards the chapel. Their numbers constantly increased until in a short time every path along the beach and over the uplands presented an almost unbroken procession of both sexes and of every age, all pressing to the house of God. Mr. Goodrich went ashore to begin the services, soon followed by Mr. Stewart and several friends. When the latter approached the Chapel they found large numbers of people hovering about the doors, unable to find places within. Inside the chapel was “packed” with attentive listeners, who were seated on the floor, which covered more than 9,000 square feet, so closely together that Mr. Stewart, on entering, could scarcely gain the platform from the difficulty of finding a spot even to place his footsteps without treading on the limbs of the people. They were mostly attired in their native fashion, “but the breathless silence, the eager

attention, the half-suppressed sigh, the tear, the various feelings—sad, peaceful, joyous—discoverable in the faces of the many, all spoke the presence of an invisible but omnipotent Power—the Power that can alone melt and renew the heart of man, even as it alone brought it first into existence.”

Since the death of Mrs. Stewart at Cooperstown, the church has with faith and confidence exerted itself to save those islands from barbarism and ignorance. Men and women have gone out to preach Jesus and the Cross with wonderful success. The natives have responded nobly, and success is imminent, all through the grace of Jesus Christ, our Lord.

FANNIE J. SPARKES
Superintendent of the Girls' Orphanage at
Barielly, India

A well educated young lady of Binghamton, N. Y., soon after her conversion in 1869, heard in her heart a call to the mission field of India. Upon his return from that field, Mr. Judd repeated the call, as did her pastor, her Presiding Elder and the ladies of the Missionary Society. These expressed wishes and convictions of her friends satisfied her that she was chosen by her Master to bear these glad tidings; but her parents, clinging to her with tender affection, refused to let her go, and while they were unwilling, she suffered intensely. At length, however, Jesus gained the victory, the parents consented to her departure for His sake, and she took passage for Bombay.

Arriving there safely, she was directed to go to Barielly, and take charge of a Girls' Orphanage in that

city. There she labored conscientiously and with success, teaching the ignorant, dusky little girls of India Christian truth and principles.

After eight years of labor in the strange and unhealthy climate of India, her strength was worn out and she was compelled to return to her native land. The joy of her friends and especially of her parental family upon her return can be better imagined than described. After the first greetings had been spoken, the joyful father began the song, "Praise God, from whom all blessings flow," and all the assembled household joined in, singing it with a joyous gratitude that made the house ring with the melody of the old hymn.

For eighteen months Miss Sparkes remained at home, speaking in the meantime to one hundred missionary meetings in various parts of the country, and then she was ready to return to her Orphange in Barielly, which she had grown to love dearly. Her farewell words to her friends at home give us a true insight into the spirit which prompts missionaries to sacrifice home, friends and the joys of life at home for the mission field. She said, "Saying good-bye is not all sacrifice. There is so much joy in the thought of carrying the light of life to the heathen women, that had I a thousand lives, I would gladly lay them all upon the altar of this service."

Who can fail to honor such a truly noble and heroic spirit?

CLARA SWAIN

The First Lady Physician Missionary

Miss Clara Swain, of Elmira, New York, of a **very** sprightly mind, but also of earnest piety from childhood, was the first medical lady missionary sent to the East. Having graduated from the Woman's Medical College in 1869, she was chosen in answer to a call for a lady physician in Barielly. She arrived there on January 20, 1870.

Upon rising the next morning she found a group of native Christian women and children sitting on the veranda, anxiously waiting for her appearance. She began her work at once among the native Christian women in the village and among the servants within the mission compound. Soon the news spread that a lady had arrived from America, who would visit any family that summoned her, and that any person visiting the mission-house would receive her attention and medicine free of charge. She did not long lack patients. Within three months she visited the sick in fifteen families, five of which were of high caste. Of course, she was then yet always attended by some reliable interpreter.

In the beginning of March, she organized a class in medicine, consisting of fourteen girls from the orphanage, and three married women, whom she instructed thoroughly in the elements of medicine, so that on April 10, 1873, thirteen members passed a satisfactory examination before two civil surgeons and Rev. Dr. Johnson and were presented certificates permitting them to practice in all ordinary diseases.

Soon after graduation all these girls were married except one, who became a leper and was sent to the Leper Asylum in Almorah. Most in the class married

Christian teachers or native ministers, whom they could then help much more effectively and intelligently on account of their medical education.

Soon Miss Swain's increasing practice demanded more spacious and better quarters for the treatment of the sick. A hospital became not a luxury, but a plain necessity, and where to purchase suitable ground to build and where to secure the money required were two puzzling questions. Naturally their eyes first fell on a most suitable and convenient place for the buildings adjoining the mission premises; but it was owned by a Mohammedan, of whom they could not expect that he would sell his property. An attempt at the purchasing of the land, or at least of a part of it, was, nevertheless, advised, and accordingly it was decided that Mr. Thomas, of the station, should make inquiries of the owner, his highness the Prince Nawab, residing in the city of Rampore, about forty miles from Barielly.

His highness granted permission for a personal interview, and to take out the small party of Mr. and Mrs. Thomas, Miss Swain and a native Christian gentleman who, having formerly been of the Mohammedan faith, knew something of their royal etiquette, the prince sent out twenty-four horses, a grand old carriage, coachman, two grooms and outriders. Leaving home at 5:00 o'clock a. m., they changed horses every six miles until they neared the city, where three cavalymen joined them to escort them through the city amidst the bows and salaams of the prince's subjects and cries of "Long life and prosperity," from the children.

Mr. and Mrs. Parker of Mordabad, apprised of their intended visit, were awaiting them, and they were made very comfortable, in splendid quarters and a good meal,

which awaited them. The prince, however, being just then busily engaged in prayers, postponed the interview until the morrow, but sent them some splendid music boxes and his trained men to perform before them by way of entertainment.

Early the next morning the visitors were conducted into the presence of the prince. He received them very cordially and at once relieved their embarrassment by entering into friendly conversation. At length the prime minister, after whispering a few words to the Nawab and receiving a sign of assent, told Mr. Thomas to make his request known. Accordingly the missionary stated that he wished to secure, upon some definite terms, the estate adjoining the mission premises for the purpose of erecting a hospital for women and children. Before he could proceed further, the Mohammedan prince answered: "Take it; take it; I give it with pleasure for such a purpose." It being an inheritance from his father, he was not allowed to sell it, but could only give it away if he would part with it. The party could hardly recover from the surprise occasioned by so generous a gift to thank the prince; but they also thanked the gracious Father above.

A hospital and dispensary were, in due time, erected upon the property, and the work was pursued with better facilities and better results.

WILLIAM TAYLOR

Missionary Bishop of Africa

Descended of good American stock, which could be traced from the time of the Revolutionary war, William Taylor was born in Rockbridge County, Virginia, May 2, 1821. Though, as the first child of a family of five sons and six daughters, his early life was doubtless not soberly quiet, yet the warm, enthusiastic faith of his father for the Methodist Church early directed his life and marked him out for the ministry, so that, when twenty-one years of age, he was sent to his first appointment by the presiding elder.

His method of winning souls for Christ was simple, yet forceful. At Red Holes he joined the men in log rolling on the afternoon before religious services, and, by winning their admiration by his exhibition of manly strength—for he was a remarkably strong, well-built man—he at once gained friends and listeners to the Word in these rough mountaineers. At Georgetown, one of his later appointments, one of his class-leaders, “a man of great physical proportions and power,” desired to match his strength with him. At first Taylor put him off, saying, “Oh, my dear brother, I don’t want a reputation of that sort;” but finally, one day, while Taylor, with several other guests was at tea with one of his members, the big class-leader entered and, as he was shaking hands with the minister said, “Brother Taylor, I have come to throw you down,” and, so saying, pinned the parson’s arms in his embrace and threw him down upon the floor in the presence of the company. Jumping to his feet, Taylor then said that, with a fair hold, he would show him what he could do. Then, after each had taken his hold, Taylor, placing his hand in the small of his

opponent's back, laid him neatly on the floor. The wrestling was done in the best of sportsmanlike spirit, and no more was said of it; but since then they became intimate and constant friends.

Later while in Boston, Bishop Waugh asked him to begin a mission in California, where the discovery of gold was drawing hordes of adventurers. Taylor's answer was that, since he had entered the ministry not to preach at any definite place, but in obedience to the command, "Go ye into all the world preach the Gospel to every creature," he was willing. Accordingly he and his wife set sail for California via Cape Horn, in 1849, taking with them a portable chapel 24x36 feet. Upon arrival, since everything there was exceedingly costly, and even the rent for a shanty approximated \$500 a month, he went into the woods, cut the timber, hauled it and built a house himself, making his work self-supporting almost from the start. For seven years he worked among miners, sailors, and merchants, preaching on the streets, in the chapel and in the hospitals, and dealt with tact and love with all classes of the crude, heterogeneous society of the new city.

Thence he went to the Eastern States and Canada, where he applied himself strenuously to his work. He had what one may fitly call "the locomotive habit." "I think I could count on my fingers," said Taylor, "the times I failed through a period of fifty years to keep my appointments, and they were on account of snow-drifts and floods well known to the people." His energy of speech was wonderful; his preaching was in the manner of direct personal conversation, in keeping with the exact circumstances.

In February, 1862, while preaching in Peterboro, Canada, he met a gentleman, who had been in Australia, and who told him of the conditions there. Going out into the forest, he kneeled down on the snow-covered ground, and asked his Father whether he ought to go to Australia. He was convinced that he should; and, sending his family back to California, he sailed on August 1, 1862 for his new field, via Liverpool. In England and Ireland he worked as an evangelist and then departed for the Holy Land, during the tour of which his long, patriarchal beard secured for him reverential treatment at the hands of the orientals.

In Australia he conducted evangelistic campaigns for three years. During this time the three annual sessions of the Australian Conference reported a net increase in their churches of over eleven thousand members.

From Australia he was planning to go to India; but for the present an unforeseen delay was occasioned by the sickness of his son, to whose bed-side he was called. On the steamer which bore him thither and which was crowded by a fast set of young men, he wrote a book on holiness, in the midst of card-playing, smoking, cursing and joking—an admirable example of concentration. The reunion with his family, from which he had been absent for four years, was one of joy and pain commingled. Tearfully he kissed his wife and elder children and then went to Stuart, the youngest son, who was then struggling with a serious illness. Dr. Moffat, an eminent medical missionary, in consultation with another, was doing all in his power for the lad. Taylor and his two remaining sons then retired to the suburbs of the city and prayed with all the earnestness of a broken heart for the recovery of the dear boy, and not in vain. Soon

Stuart began to recover, and, following medical advice, Taylor and his family went to South Africa.

Here Taylor preached to English, Dutch and to the natives with his usual power, though he had some difficulty in obtaining interpreters, who would speak with his force and directness. Most of his time was spent among the Kaffirs, conducting revivals and organizing the work.

His next work was in Australia and Tasmania again, after a hasty visit to Europe in 1869 and 1870, and then he set sail for India, landing in Bombay on November 20, 1870. Going straightway to the Methodist center of work at Lucknow, he began his campaign in earnest. His chief work was done among the Eurasians, a large class of mixed European and Indian blood, for whom thus far little had been done. He urged that their souls were as precious as any and that there was a great deal of strength among them, which should be in use in the evangelization of India. Besides these, he also brought the message home to Parsees, Hindus and Mohammedans. The work grew greatly under his enthusiastic, tireless activity, and he was made superintendent of the churches, which were established upon the independent basis in which he believed. Though this basis could not be long continued and the work which he had founded in India and elsewhere passed into connection with the regular machinery of the church, still his influence was of infinite assistance. His work was to give the great initial impulse.

In 1877, he returned from India to America, where his time was given to home missionary labors until fall of the same year, when he departed for South America. Since the funds were low he sailed in the steerage.

Landing on the western coast, he found many foreign communities willing to promise support to teachers, if they were sent. Here was a rare opportunity and Taylor was not the man to let it slip. Returning to the United States, he obtained twelve men and six women, whom he sent out to support themselves and to do such missionary work as they could in the northern portion of South America. Though some became disheartened and returned, many remained and established some useful and influential schools which still remain.

In 1884, the "rugged old warrior," now grown gray, was appointed Missionary Bishop of Africa. When nominated for this office, he hurriedly inquired whether it would interfere with his self-supporting mission work, and submitted to election only when assured that the design was quite the opposite; that he was to be "turned loose" in Africa to introduce his self-supporting methods. With a company of over forty men, women and children he bravely started for the Dark Continent. Though a few of his missionaries grew discouraged and returned home, the vast majority settled in Angola and began their work *bona fide*.

Returning to Europe, Taylor saw the King of Portugal, in whose territory he had begun his new work, and also visited the King of Belgium, the head of the Congo Free State, in which a second chain of stations was soon afterward begun. Taylor's great work consists in lifting his church in Africa out of the narrow limits of Liberia and committing it to a continental task.

After he had labored twelve years in Africa he retired from active duty. To the objections of his many friends, who protested that to put his name on the list of retired heroes was a mistake, he replied that he had

for fifty-four years received his ministerial appointments from God and, should any mistake have been made, through human intervention, it did not fall on him. At any rate, his episcopal successor, Bishop J. C. Hartzell, was a "tried man of marvelous adaptability."

A few years before his death, he again heard the trumpet blast calling to action and once more he struck the warpath for his Master in Southern and Eastern Africa, where he labored for fourteen months, until his voice failed, and thus won many more souls for Christ.

On May 18, 1902, at Palo Alto, California, the old missionary, "who had preached on every continent and founded churches in many lands, finished his work." With marvelous activity he carried forward his work, undaunted by any opposition, but that of God. He had the true missionary spirit, and

"Never turned his back, but marched breast-forward,

Never doubted clouds would break,

Never dreamed tho' right were worsted, wrong would
triumph,

Held we fall to rise, are baffled to fight better,

Sleep to wake."

J. HUDSON TAYLOR

Founder of the China Inland Mission

The Christ who stilled the tempest to save his disciples in their fishing boat on a raging oriental sea is the same yesterday, today and evermore. Numerous instances in missionary history certify the fact that the Lord in answer to prayer controls the elements to protect his believers in the hours of need or danger.

Missionary J. Hudson Taylor relates a remarkable experience. Aboard a sailing vessel at sea they were in dangerous proximity to the north of New Guinea. Saturday night had brought them to a point some thirty miles off land, but during the Sunday morning service, which was held by the missionary on deck, Mr. Taylor noticed that the captain looked troubled, and frequently went over to the side of the ship. When the service was over all soon learned the cause. A four-knot current was rapidly carrying the ship towards some sunken reefs, and they were evidently already so near that it seemed improbable that they should get through the afternoon in safety.

After dinner the long boat was put out and all hands labored, but without success, to turn the ship's head from shore. Drifting nearer shore they could see the natives rushing about the sands, lighting fires every here and there. The captain's horn-book told them that these people were cannibals, that the crew was certainly in a position to be alarmed on account of the threatening danger. The captain said, "Well, we have done everything that can be done; we can only await the result."

Mr. Taylor replied: "No, there is one thing we have not done yet."

"What is it?" queried the captain.

"Four of us on board are Christians," answered Mr. Taylor, "let us each retire to our own cabin and in agreed prayer ask the Lord to give us immediately a breeze. He can as easily send it now as at sunset."

The captain agreed and all four, namely, the missionary, the Swedish ship carpenter, the captain and the cook, retired to wait upon God in earnest prayer. Mr. Taylor had a good, but very brief season in prayer, and felt so satisfied that he could not continue asking and very soon went up again on deck.

The first officer, an ungodly man, was in charge. Mr. Taylor went over and asked him to let down the clews, or corners of the main sail, which had been drawn up in order to lessen the useless flapping of the sail against the rigging.

"What would be the good of that?" he asked. Mr. Taylor told him they had been praying to God for wind, which was coming immediately and they were already so near the reef that there was no time to lose. With a look of incredulity and contempt, the officer said with an oath that he would rather see a wind than hear of it. But while he was speaking he was looking up at the royal, the topmast sail, and there, sure enough, the corner of the sail was beginning to tremble in the coming breeze.

"Don't you see the wind is coming? Look at the royal!" exclaimed Missionary Taylor.

"No, it is only a cat's paw," rejoined the officer.

"Cat's paw or not," cried Mr. Taylor, "pray let down the mainsail and let us have the benefit of the breeze."

This was quickly done. Soon the heavy tread of the men on deck brought up the captain from his cabin

to see what was the matter, and the breeze had come.

In a few minutes the ship was ploughing its way at the rate of six or seven knots an hour through the water, and the multitude of cannibal savages waiting on the beach for their expected feast already in sight, a few moments previous, now saw that they would have no wreckage that night.

God had answered the prayer. The ship was out of danger, and the wind kept blowing until they had passed the Pew Islands.

Thus the faithful missionary was encouraged, ere landing on China's shores, to bring every variety of need to God in prayer and to expect that He would honor the faith of His servant by giving help in every coming emergency.

ISABELLA THOBURN

"Christian-Teacher-Missionary"

About forty years ago, as a missionary was traveling and preaching among the villages in Rohilkhand, India, he came upon a vulture nest and under it found a quill, which had fallen from the mother-bird's wing. Taking out a pen-knife, he shaped the quill into a pen, and, as it looked like a good pen, though a trifle large, he went into his tent to see if he could write with it; so he wrote to his sister a description of his work, and told of the need of a boarding school at some central place, where the Indian girls could be lifted from their degraded station, trained for future usefulness and again sent to carry the light to others. The letter was ended by the question, "How would you like to come

and take charge of such a school?" and that was the call that brought Isabella Thoburn to the mission field.

She was born in March 9, 1840, of Scotch-Irish parents, of sterling worth and deep religious fervor. Their great strength of character and courageous devotion to the right, early made a strong impression on their ten children, and especially on Isabella, the next to the youngest.

Unlike most other girls of her time, Isabella, after finishing her public school education, entered the Wheeling Female Seminary, and then studied a year at the Art School of Cincinnati. She proved herself a faithful student, and, though not brilliant, she knew thoroughly the ground that she had covered,—a valuable attribute for one attempting to teach others.

After teaching in the country school and in a young ladies' seminary in Newcastle, Pa., and in West Farmington, Ohio, where she proved herself an earnest, helpful Christian worker, who developed more fully year by year, she received her brother's letter, calling her to India. It found her willing to go, but the way was not yet open. She found that there was no existing organization of the church, which would authorize her going or her proposed work; for the existing societies thought of only male agencies. The great Lord, however, did not forsake his willing servant; but just at this very time he was moving the hearts of Methodist women in Boston. Women had offered themselves to work in the Lord's vineyard, and the idea sprang up to organize a society employing female missionaries, so on March 23, 1869, a meeting was held and the Woman's Foreign Missionary Society of the M. E. Church. In 1869, the new society had gathered sufficient funds to send a mis-

sionary, and Miss Thoburn and Miss Clara A. Swain, M. D., were appointed as its first missionaries.

Sailing from New York in the steamer Nevada, they arrived in Bombay on Januray 7, 1870, just in time for the annual conference of the Methodist missionaries, and here Miss Thoburn was stationed at Lucknow. She began at once, in her quiet, positive way, to build up her girls' school for the training especially of Christian girls, to prepare them for helping and teaching others. Though some objected to her plan, declaring it premature, yet she hired a small court in the Aminabad Bazaar and resolutely began with six girls on the morning of April 18, 1870, and even to this day older missionaries tell how "Yunas Singh's boy, armed with a club kept watch over the entrance to the school lest any rowdy might visit the displeasure of the public upon the timid girls who were gathered inside with the adventurous lady teacher, who had coaxed them to come." Soon she bought one of the best properties in the city, a place known as Lal Bagh, or Ruby Garden, a location studded with trees and fragrant with flowers, and to this the school was moved. Six years later she began another school for English girls at Cawnpur, forty-five miles to the west of Lucknow, and for some time she directed both schools, going to and fro by night.

After ten years of earnest and faithful labor, Miss Thoburn came home on a furlough. Though she had always shrunk from public speaking, in Peabody, Kansas, she was invited to speak in a Presbyterian Church. She could not refuse, yet would not consent, so finally, as a compromise, she consented to give information by answering questions. The plan was followed, with a result that might have been anticipated; for, as question

followed question, she became absorbed in her subject, her answers became more lengthy and soon she found it necessary to rise from her chair, so that all might hear more easily. Presently she found herself standing in a Presbyterian Church and addressing an audience. She had crossed her Rubicon, and now she would not turn back. She was soon in demand everywhere and became one of the most acceptable and effective of missionary speakers. Never pretentious or excited, she spoke directly and in a calmly intense and practical manner, so that those who heard her quiet but overpowering presentation of the needs of the Indian women will never forget it.

Returning again to India in 1882, she began to develop her school into a college, and would not rest until it became the highest-grade institution for women in India. The crisis came when one of her girls, desiring to study medicine, wished first to receive a college education. A secular woman's college had been opened at Calcutta; but it was practically agnostic in its religious position, and the girl's religious mother, Mrs. Chuckerbutty, would not hear of her daughter's going to that school, where she might lose all faith in religion. Miss Thoburn, keenly feeling the situation, boldly proposed to still further widen the curriculum and to lift the school to the college grade. The first contribution, five hundred rupees, was given by Mrs. Chuckerbutty and thus, by a steady evolution, the little day school became, in 1887, the Lucknow Woman's College, the first of its kind in Asia.

Before her plans were fully carried out, failing health necessitated a second return home in 1886. During these five years of enforced stay she was, however, by no

means idle. She threw herself, with heart and soul, into the deaconess work, for she was quick to see the value of this new arm of power in the work of her Lord, and soon she became house mother of the New Deaconess Home in Chicago. Later she organized similar work in Cincinnati and in Boston, "always showing forth everywhere the spirit of service, which she believed was the fundamental thing in Christianity, and which she urged upon all young women as the great ideal of life." She determined to introduce the deaconess movement into India and, when she returned to India in 1890, it was as a deaconess; and now the order is being widely employed throughout all India.

Upon her return, she was reappointed principal of her college, and again took hold with her wonted wisdom and energy. A certain laxity in the management needed checking, and it was done "with a quiet dignity, which inspired both love and awe in all around her, and grown-up people were struck with the wisdom which guided her to do all things without offending." She took a room where she could watch the whole school and regularly inspected the whole building, to see that it was in good order. When she herself rang the rising-bell, the girls did not find it hard to rise early; and Miss Thoburn's neat and tidy room soon induced them to keep their rooms in like condition. Under her inspection, the meals of the girls were regularly attended to; the sick girls received the best of care, and there was much skill in the methods of teaching and keeping discipline; for Miss Thoburn herself taught the most difficult and least promising classes. In everything she led others to do by herself doing first.

As the equipment and development of the college became a heavy burden to her, she made a third and last visit home in 1900, to raise money for the immediate needs of the school. Taking Miss Lilavati Singh, one of her pupils, with her, her errand met with complete success; for the object lesson of her work presented in her pupil was itself a most convincing argument. On one occasion, at the Ecumenical Conference, after Miss Singh had spoken, ex-President Harrison arose, with tears on his cheeks, and said, "If I had ever had a million dollars and had spent it all on foreign missions and this young woman were the only result, I should feel amply repaid for my investment."

They returned together in 1900. Miss Thoburn began to feel that her work was done and in less than two months the end, which she knew was near, came; for an awful plague, Asiatic cholera, broke out in Lucknow and after patient suffering she was taken home in Glory, on September 1.

Miss Thoburn accomplished, without money, prestige or other resources, what a rich and powerful government, anxious to promote the cause of female education, was unable to accomplish. What was her secret? She relied not in her own strength, but labored in Christ; and thus gained the secret of strength and wisdom.

JAMES MILLS THOBURN

Missionary Bishop of India and Mylasia

James Mills Thoburn, of an old Irish family of Thoburns, was born near St. Clairsville, Ohio, on the 7th of March, 1836. His father was a small farmer, a man of active piety and rare good sense. His mother was a woman of extraordinary parts and force of character. All her children received from her such inspiration for life as will abide for all time. The family consisted of five boys, of whom James was the youngest, and five girls. Three of the brothers have died, one of them killed in battle; all the sisters, including Isabella, the well known India missionary, and Mrs. Gen. Cowen, the equally well known Woman's Foreign Missionary Secretary, live in useful service.

Of the boy James, the record among his earliest friends is that he was a lad of unceasing activity and of kindly nature. The words that best characterize the outstanding traits of his boyhood are "mischief and generosity." The overflowing spirits and incessant movement of the restless boy were always condoned by the fact that he was ever willing to suffer others' escapades.

When he was but 14 years old his father died, but his mother determined that nothing should interfere with the lad's schooling. Graduating from the public schools of his native place, he entered Alleghany College at Meadville, Pa., greatly encouraged by the prediction of his neighbors that so mischievous a fellow would, on leaving home, surely go to destruction. His mother knew the boy better, and the event proved her right. Perhaps his neighbors' doleful forecast helped to put the young man on his mettle. The first intimation our missionary

received that God wanted his life for a special task came to him as a student in college. It was while he was studying in Alleghany College at Meadville, Pa., that Bishop Thoburn became aware that God wished him to be a missionary. James Thoburn was in the way of preparation. He sought an education to fit himself for successful living; but God used this preparation for ends farther and greater than this college boy had ever dreamed. He graduated with honors from the above named school in 1857.

On his graduation he became a member of the Pittsburgh Conference and was appointed to the towns of Greentown and Marlboro. Here the young preacher on \$100 a year pursued his active and busy life, until with deepening consecration to his Master's service there came to him a clear call to leave home and kindred and turn his face to an unknown land in a far-off region, to proclaim among the Christless millions the grace that had saved him. At this time appeared in the "Christian Advocate" the call for six missionaries to reinforce the India Mission. The young preacher read it with burning heart and streaming eyes and immediately gave himself in humble consecration to God for India. He started to find his Presiding Elder, to advise him; but before he spoke his thoughts he learned that his elder was seeking him with a commission from Bishop Janes, for service in India Mission. The offer was immediately accepted. These words he quoted: "I went upstairs to my room and knelt down to seek for guidance from above, but I could not pray. God poured his spirit upon me from above, and my heart so overflowed with a hallowed feeling of love and joy that I could not utter a word. It was an acceptance for India."

The party sailed for India in 1859, and after 100 days found themselves in the Hoogly River, where the first object that impressed them was the massive outlines of Juggernaut. India's gods are many. Under every tall tree, on every high mountain, worship is continually being offered to some one of the multiplied millions of polluting gods. It was significant that the first thing to attract the missionary's gaze was the temple of one of these many gods against whom he was to exalt Jehovah to their overthrowing.

In 1869, Missionary Thoburn was appointed Presiding Elder of Mo-ra-da-bad District, and in the following year he was transferred to the Lucknow District, perhaps the most responsible position of the Methodist Church in India. Thoburn was a college man and believed in the power of schools towards the civilization and enlightenment of the world. Occupied, however, by his own work, he stood powerless to execute his plan and stood in need of another's assistance, so he wrote to his sister a description of his work in Lucknow, and told of the need of a boarding school at some central place, where the Indian girls could be lifted from their degraded station, trained for future usefulness and again sent to carry the light to others. The letter was ended by the question, "How would you like to come and take charge of such a school?" and that was the call that brought Isabella Thoburn to the mission field in India, where she has had such wonderful success.

The island of Maylasia opened to missionary effort by Thoburn in 1885, was in great need of the constant presence of a bishop, for, though the short visits of the Superintendents were appreciated, they did not give them the close and continuous superintendency needed to unify

the movement. In the General Conference of 1888, it was determined by that body to appoint a Missionary Bishop for India and Maylasia. There was but one name seriously considered, that of Thoburn, who was elected and consecrated to preside over this vast domain.

Well did Bishop Thoburn fulfill this trust. Through his energetic and earnest labor the whole land was deeply moved. Amid the confusion of contending voices, could be heard issuing from his pale lips the words once spoken by our Savior, "Come unto me all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest." Poor, religiously heavy laden India heard her Savior's call and hastened to lay at the foot of the cross the burden she had borne for centuries.

At the General Conference of 1908, held in Baltimore, Bishop Thoburn asked retirement from active service. The years that remain to him are being spent in the college town of Meadville, from which he went out so many years ago. The influence of his life, like that of John the aged, is with us still a benediction, yea, and more, for it sounds like a trumpet call summoning this new generation to take up the burdens he has laid down. Shall we not listen, young people, that we may know whether God's call comes to us and that we may be ready to answer as did this man, with our lives?

NATHANIEL TURNER

A Worker Among New Zealand Savages

On the 3rd of August, 1823, Mr. and Mrs. Nathaniel Turner landed at the Bay of Islands, New Zealand, with an immense number of axes, razors, fish-hooks, pots and kettles, prints and calicoes and much other goods. Neither the prospect of serving as a dainty morsel for some greedy cannibal's palate nor the lack of money in the Mission could daunt this heroic pair, so, with the goods mentioned serving as an equivalent of the lacking money with which to begin the mission station among the fierce and warlike New Zealand savages, they proceeded to their new home.

The scenery of pine-clad hills and mountains looking down with somber majesty into a lovely sequestered valley enriched by the winding Kaio River, a charming view upon which they could daily gaze from their little home, was indeed delightful. But, alas for their comfort! they arrived just in the rainy season. The roof of their mission dwelling was little better than a sieve, and one of the missionaries, Mr. Leigh, became sick and, after taking refuge for a time in an empty cask, was at last forced to leave the unhealthful island. Mr. and Mrs. Turner with her three missionary assistants, however, kept up their spirits and, hiring some natives, began to erect a cottage with a wooden frame, which Mr. Turner had brought along.

This task soon gave our missionaries some idea of the treatment which they were to expect from the savage people, and especially from the fierce chief, George. At first this savage pretended to be friendly; but, after a

few days, he drove off the native workers and said to Mr. Turner:

"That house you are building is mine. I will knock it down. You missionaries shall go away."

Hereupon the black-eyed, thick-lipped natives seized the tools with which the missionaries had been working and began to utter loud, savage cries, which were kept up for some time by different parties, both day and night.

One day the chief brought Mr. Turner a pig, for which he had already been paid, but now demanded a second payment. After some delay, Mr. Turner gave him an iron pot, but this peace-offering only angered him more, and, seizing an ax and a frying-pan, he broke the pot into pieces against an anvil. Then fiercely raising a loaded musket, he threatened to shoot Turner, but God's hand restrained the monster. However, he pushed him violently round, hissing:

"You want to make us slaves; we want muskets, powder and tomahawks. You give us nothing but prayers. We don't want to hear about Jesus Christ. If you love us, as you say you do, give us blankets."

He then went to the house, calling to Mrs. Turner and the servant girl with her:

"I will kill you as I did the people of the 'Boyd,'" mentioning an unhappy ship whose crew had been surprised and eaten.

The servant girl ran screaming toward Mr. Turner, but Mrs. Turner with undaunted courage braved the irate chief, and at length his fury abated.

The missionaries realized that they were in momentary peril, but they trusted in their Master and conscientiously did His work. When Turner the next morning heard that a neighboring tribe had killed a slave,

whom they were about to eat, he went forth boldly, unarmed, and after much talk succeeded in getting the partly-roasted human body and putting it under-ground. It was a very daring thing, but Mr. Turner was supported by the knowledge that it was the right thing.

Disregarding the many thefts and other petty annoyances to which they were subjected by the ungrateful cannibals, our missionaries diligently studied their language and in six months were able to teach the children the sweet words of Jesus. Within a year they built two chapels with their own hands, which sufficed for preaching-places and for school-rooms. Thereafter Mr. Turner also finished his cottage.

Many times bands of savages, hoping to gather some spoils, attacked the missionary buildings, imperiling the lives of the missionaries and severely trying their courage and patience; but these messengers from God only observed: "We trust in God, and praise his name for ever and ever." No wonder that the chief of the Wanga-roa tribes remarked concerning this little missionary band:

"We have tried all we could to make them afraid, but have failed. They are a courageous tribe."

A short peace succeeding the dedication of the chapels was broken in March, 1825, by the chief Ahudu, who, fiercely brandishing his weapon over the defenseless head of Mr. Turner, seized his favorite young dog and carried it off. The poor pup was rescued by Mr. White; but then Te Puhi, who wanted the dog, set upon Mr. White with his spear. Mr. Turner and Mr. Hobbs ran to his rescue. Te Puhi then assailed Mr. Turner; but the spear aimed at his head struck his left arm and broke. The savage thrust the longest part of the

blunted weapon at the missionary's side, and the good man sank down senseless. Meanwhile Ahudu had thrown down Mr. White near the fence and both men would doubtless have been killed, had not some friendly natives rescued them. Mr. Turner was carried into the house, apparently dead; but several days' kind nursing again revived him sufficiently to enable him to leave his bed.

About this time an outrage committed against a whaling vessel at Wangora Bay by another tribe so incensed the natives, who feared that their bay would become of bad repute, that threats of war were made. The natives became greatly excited and naturally vented their wrath on the harmless missionaries, whom they threatened to kill and rob. Doubtless their spite was made more bitter by a fear that a war-vessel from England would punish them for the destruction of the whale-ship. The situation became desperate, and Mrs. Turner and her maid were, despite the noble lady's protests, taken to the "Church Mission," at the Bay of Islands, for refuge. After a few tribal wars, quiet again seemed to settle over the Wangaroa tribes, Mrs. Turner returned and missionary work was resumed.

In January, 1827, however, Wangaroa was invaded, the natives fled and even the missionary premises were stormed. As Mrs. Turner was in the doorway, a chief raised his weapon to cleave her skull; but just at that moment some of his followers were pushing up a shelf over the doorway and caused a shower of nails to fall upon the head of their chief. This so surprised him that he let the weapon fall and his intended victim escaped.

Now they were forced to quit the field. Despite their heroic efforts, only one convert blessed their labors, and

yet they were not vain. So the missionaries and their children, with a serving man and his wife, loaded with bundles of clothing, fled across the grain fields wet with dew and across valleys and streams, frequently molested by war parties. One of these seemed disposed to kill them; for the chief, pointing to the edge of the stream, commanded sternly,

“Kneel there!”

This sounded like their death warrant; but they could do nothing but obey. The savages approached, yet only to rub noses in token of friendship. Thereafter they were allowed to pass on until, by sundown, they reached the friendly shelter of the “Church Mission.”

After six months’ stay in Sydney, Australia, they, with several other missionaries, sailed to the Tonga Mission in the Society Islands, whose people were less savage than the New Zealanders, but had, owing to recent quarrels, become unusually restless and unteachable. They found the missionaries already there preparing to depart, declaring that it was sheer madness to enter on such a mission.

Nevertheless, they settled down undaunted, and had great success in making converts and the spiritual beauty of this mission became a delight to the hearts of these noble men and women.

Meantime a great change came over the New Zealanders. Other Wesleyan missionaries, succeeding Turner, had reaped some fruit from the seed sown by him, but still needed a leader of experience to guide them. Turner heard the call and responded, restoring vigor to the workers by his wise counsels. Thus he labored with untiring energy until 1839, when, his health being impaired by over exertion and by the climate, he sailed

to Sydney, where he worked among the colonists throughout his remaining days until, in 1864, he entered triumphant into eternal rest.

GUIDO FRIDOLIN VERBECK

Foremost Teacher of New Japan

In 1850, a young United States civil engineer of Dutch descent answered the call for an Americanized Hollander to be sent to Japan. Though the land had been opened to foreigners by Perry, the work which he had come to prosecute, the winning of the heathen for Christ, could only be carried on with the utmost difficulty. The spirit of the people towards the introduction of Christianity could be seen everywhere about him on signboards proclaiming great rewards offered by the authorities to any one reporting a Christian believer or teacher. Being a foreigner, Verbeck even had difficulty in getting a house to live in. Then he settled down quietly, studying the language, and determined to begin his work quietly and unobtrusively. Accordingly he gathered about him gradually those who wished to study the English language, and soon he formed a Bible class, which was the beginning of quite a school.

After five years' work, a Japanese nobleman named Murato one day came to Verbeck, bringing with him his two sons. He said that he had found a little book, written in Dutch, floating in the harbor. Finding it to be a New Testament, he had ordered a Chinese translation from China. The beautiful book had afforded him much comfort, and he now came to learn about the Christ and His religion. After an interview lasting many

hours, Murato declared: "I am ready to believe what Jesus taught and to follow Him." On the following Sunday he and his two sons received baptism in Mr. Verbeck's parlor.

This was the beginning of the missionary's great work. Soon the coming of a nobleman to him for advice was no unusual occurrence, for his wise judgment was recognized and prized. In the building of New Japan his advice and counsel were sought by men of great power in the nation, such as cabinet ministers, diplomats and the heads of government offices.

When the government school giving instruction in military and political science, criminal law and medicine was organized, Verbeck was made one of the four instructors. His knowledge and wonderful control of the Japanese language easily won him this place. This school developed into the Imperial University and so great was its success that in 1871, it had nine hundred and ninety-six students and refused admission to two hundred more because of its inability to accommodate them.

Mr. Verbeck was now a great power in the nation, not only through his own influence, but through that of the young men, whom he had instructed. It was he who planned the embassy of 1871, which inspected the various Christian nations, learning much of great value to the New Japan. Its every detail of route and management was originated in his mind, and so carefully did he plan the same that, when the embassy returned, its members were fully convinced that Christianity stands for what is best in all western countries. The threatening signboards against Christianity disappeared, the new

religion was encouraged and Japan took the deciding step towards enlightened civilization.

Verbeck died in 1898, the first of the new country's naturalized citizens. As a sign of recognition for his great services, the emperor had presented him with a decoration of the Order of the Rising Sun. The emperor himself paid his funeral expenses and sent a representative to be present at the services. A company of soldiers escorted the body two miles to the cemetery and afterward saluted the grave with presentation of arms and other ceremonies of honor.

So a United States civil engineer helped to make a nation.

JOHN WESLEY

The Father of Methodism

John Wesley, the father of Methodism, was a faith hero of the first magnitude. So great and universal was his missionary zeal for the kingdom of God that he declared: "The world is my parish." His meekness and fortitude in the endurance of persecution was remarkable and many of his deliverances from danger were strikingly providential.

Of the many wonderful stories told about this gallant soldier of the cross, one is here related by an old man of about eighty years of age, named Sheerin, a Roman Catholic, who lived near the town of Boyle in Ireland, and who was an eye-witness of the incident related. He said:

"I remember a circumstance that occurred when I was a very young man. I was on a holiday after coming out from mass in the chapel of Boyle. It was customary then, as it is now, to stand in Bridge street and have a chat

with the neighbors. At this place there was a hotel, owned by one of the richest men in town; he had two tanneries, several farms, well stocked, together with other property. I saw one John Wesley, a very nice old man, with long white hair; when he came forward to the part of the street where the crowd was, he got up on a stone outside the hotel door, that was used for a seat, and commenced preaching to the people. In a few minutes after he commenced, some of the family went upstairs and procured a chamber vessel and emptied the contents out of the window down on his head. He seemed to take no notice of what was done, further than taking out his handkerchief, and wiping his head and face.

“When the people saw what was done, and that he took it so patiently, they said it was a shame; and from that forward, they listened to him very attentively during the remainder of his sermon. When he had ended his discourse, he turned, and looking at the house, said, ‘God forgive you, and I forgive you; but I am not sent of God if that family comes to a good end.’” The narrator affirmed that the prediction proved true. In about a year after, one of the sons was either hanged, or hanged himself; and another came to a violent death, while the daughter became a castaway and the father and mother were reduced to extreme want. In about five years’ time not a trace of the family was to be found. According to the old man’s statement, this must have occurred between the years 1780 and 1790.

MARY LOUISA WHATELY

Founder of the Mission School in Cairo, Egypt

Through the work of Miss M. L. Whately, daughter of the late Archbishop Whately, the attention of the Church Missionary Society is of late years again directed toward Egypt. Miss Whately went there in 1861, not expecting or thinking of doing missionary work of any sort. But while in Cairo, she was deeply impressed and moved to compassion by the ignorance and degradation of the females, and determined to seek to do something for their uplift and betterment while she remained in Egypt. As schools for the Coptic girls already existed, she directed her attention first to the Mohammedans; but owing to prevailing Moslem prejudice and superstition, and the wide-spread jealousy of innovations, especially when proposed by foreigners, the undertaking was confronted with peculiar difficulties. To succeed in this great work under prevailing difficulties one needed to be wise as a serpent and harmless as a dove.

An earnest Syrian Protestant matron as a competent and devoted assistant placed at Miss Whately's disposal seemed providential and encouraging. To obtain pupils for the proposed school was the first thing essential. This, however, was a doubtful and a difficult proposition, because many of the people in Cairo regarded the very idea of educating girls as exceedingly ridiculous. However, with much difficulty, and after many rebuffs, some of the Mohammedan women of the neighborhood permitted their little daughters to come to Miss Whately's home a few minutes for instruction every day. The prejudices of a few being thus overcome, the number of pupils gradually increased till there were twenty in attendance.

The school was of course of the most elementary character. The little girls were taught to repeat the alphabet, to do some simple sewing, and to memorize some texts of Scripture. As the number of pupils increased, larger and more commodious quarters had to be provided. The school as it grew and became appreciated, won more friends and thus more funds for its support and improvement were secured.

This was gratifying and encouraging. However, the further progress of the school was confronted with further discouragements. The experiment of leaving the school in the hands of a matron while Miss Whately returned to England failed and the school soon went down so that its founder had to come back and resume the task of running and building up the institution. In the death of the Shakoor brothers, who were strong supporters of the enterprise, the school mourned a great loss. Miss Whately, however, though she found her position as teacher and principal of a ragged school, confronted with so many difficulties, no easy task, clung faithfully to her work and soon began to see encouraging results of her labors. The father of the Khedive granted the mission a piece of ground upon which new and magnificent buildings were erected. New supporters, new teachers and more pupils were secured, the work prospered, and soon the good fruits of the school were apparent in both educational and spiritual results. Converts were made among the children, and in a number of instances the parents were reached through the children. Much of Miss Whately's work was done among the women directly, especially among the peasantry. This class she found approachable and susceptible to the teachings of the Gospel. She visited them in their

various occupations, hesitating not at squalor, filth and disease. The seed thus faithfully sown was blessed of God and produced wonderful results. The prejudice against the school was overcome, Christian education became appreciated and highly prized, and doors that had remained closed for ages swung open at the approach of the mission teachers. The medical feature of the school is especially helpful to the missionary cause. Thus the Lord has owned and honored the faithful and heroic services of a devoted daughter of His Kingdom.

Says a gentleman who has traveled much in the East, "In my experience among Easterners of all classes and religions, and various agencies in the East, Miss Mary Louisa Whately's mission stands first. It has reached the very heart of Islam, and has been the first to plant the Gospel of our Divine Master in the very midst of the Mohammedan families in Egypt. Such a thing was never heard of before, nor has been done by one since the rise and progress of the Mohammedan religion. God has manifestly watered the seed, and blessed it also, which she scattered in faith in Egypt, and even before she was called away to the higher service, the fruits of her labors of love began to appear."

HENRY BENJAMIN WHIPPLE

The Indians' Friend

At one of the counsels of government representatives with the chiefs of the Sioux, an aged chief arose, holding before him the treaties made with his tribe, and said: "The first white man who came to make a treaty promised to do certain things for us. He was a liar." Then he repeated the substance of the several treaties, adding after each, "He lied."

What the old man said was only too true. The Indians were being robbed of their land, driven west from the east and east from the west, their hunting grounds were destroyed, and the money promised them was either squandered before it reached him or taken back in exchange for liquor, which ruined him. He needed a protecting friend to fight for him in the struggle against the injustice and wrong with which he had to contend. God raised one up for him in the person of Henry Whipple, whose spirit of justice and indignation against wrong early evinced itself in his boyish life. On one occasion, when he saw a small boy beaten by another much older than himself, he rushed in to the younger one's defense and in due time came off with clothes torn and face covered with blood, but happy—he was victorious. When he came home and his mother asked with horror, "My darling boy, what has happened? Why are you in this dreadful condition?" he stoutly answered, "Yes, I know it's bad, but, mother, you ought to see the other fellow!"

At ten years of age Henry entered a boarding-school in New York and later Oberlin College, but failing health necessitated his return home, where he entered business and politics with great success. He, however, was not

satisfied with this, but decided to enter the Episcopal ministry.

After filling appointments in Rome, New York, and in Florida, and Chicago, where he labored earnestly to win the people to Christ, visiting every shop and saloon and factory within a mile from his hall and studying the structure of steam-engines to get hold of the railway men, he was, in 1859, elected Bishop of Minnesota. Choosing Faribault as his headquarters, he immediately began visiting the 20,000 Chippewas, Sioux and Winnebagoes in his diocese, among whom, though there was no atheist, as he often said, the work was hard. He had plenty of rough-and-tumble work to do in his early years. He learned to extract teeth and practice a little medicine early, and found plenty of patients willing to submit their cases to his untrained hands.

Roughing it in storms on the great prairie, to and fro among settlements, he preached the real Gospel to hungry hearts. He also labored in the rapidly growing cities of white people, establishing churches, building up Christian institutions and winning men to Christ. Even the old driver on the old-fashioned stage-coach was not slighted, but quit swearing after the Bishop had given him his opinion on the subject.

In 1862 and again later the Indians perpetrated fearful outrages in Minnesota, incensed by the unjust dealings of the whites. Bishop Whipple fearlessly advocated fair dealing instead of revenge, though in so doing he became very unpopular. When urged to omit his blackest charges against the nation for the wrongs inflicted on the Indians, he answered: "They are true and the nation needs to know them! And, so help me God, I will tell them if I am shot the next minute!" His charges led to

the organization of the Indian Peace Commission in 1868. He was firm in advocacy of the right, and his persuasive method of approaching an antagonist usually gained him the victory.

In 1865 and on several other occasions the Bishop went abroad. His addresses on the American Indians were received with great enthusiasm. He was made Doctor of Laws by Cambridge University. In 1890 he was received by the Queen at Windsor Castle and preached in Westminster Abbey.

He passed from his bright life to one brighter in the Eternal City on September 16, 1901. He lived to know all the presidents of the United States from Jackson to McKinley. No doubt, his long life was partially due to his bright and hopeful spirit, concerning which he remarked in his volume of reminiscences:

"My readers may think me an optimist, but a Christian has no right to be anything else. This is God's world, not the devil's. It is ruled by One who is 'the Lord our Righteousness,' 'the same yesterday and today, yea, and for ever.' . . . Ours is not a forlorn hope. We may, out of the gloom of our perplexed hearts, cry, 'Watchman, what of the night?' But faith answers, 'The morning cometh.' "

MARCUS WHITMAN

The Story of the Mule That Saved Oregon

While Marcus Whitman, the martyr-missionary of Oregon, was making his famous journey across that continent in the winter of 1842-43, he was saved from death, and Oregon was saved to the United States, while the Great Northwest was saved to the Protestant religion, by the intelligent instinct of a mule.

General A. J. Lovejoy, who was Whitman's companion during a part of the way, tells the story as follows:

"On that terrible 13th of January, 1843, when so many in all parts of our country froze to death, the Doctor, against the advice of his Mexican guide, left his camp in a deep gorge in the mountains of New Mexico, in the morning, to pursue his journey.

"But on reaching the divide, the cold became so intense, and the animals actually becoming maddened by the driving snows, the Doctor saw his peril and attempted to retrace his steps, and, if possible, to find his camp, as the only hope of saving their lives. But the drifting snow had totally obliterated every trace, and the air became almost as dark as night by the maddening storm.

"The Doctor saw that it would be impossible for any human being to find camp, and commending himself and his distant wife to his covenant-keeping God, he gave himself, his faithful guide and the animals up to their snowy grave. It was fast closing about them, when the guide, observing the ears of one of the mules intently bent forward, sprang upon him, giving him the reins, exclaiming:

"'This mule will find the camp, if he can live to reach it.'

"The Doctor mounted another and followed. The faithful animal kept down the divide a short distance, and then turned square down the steep mountain.

"Through deep snowdrifts, over frightful precipices, down, down he pushed, unguided and unurged—as if he knew the lives of the two men and the fate of the great expedition depended upon his endurance and faithfulness—and into the thick timber, and stopped suddenly over a bare spot. As the Doctor dismounted—the Mexican was too far gone—behold the very fireplace of their morning camp!

"Two brands of fire were yet alive and smoking; plenty of timber in reach. The buffalo hides had done much to protect the Doctor, and providentially he could move about and collect dry limbs, and soon had a rousing fire. The guide revived, but both were badly frozen. They remained in this secluded hole in the mountains several days, till the cold and snow abated."

ANN WILKINS

The Consecrated Missionary Teacher

In the course of his missionary labors, Dr. Bangs, the Methodist Missionary Secretary, received a note reading: "A sister who has but little money at command gives that little cheerfully, and is willing to give her life as a female teacher if she is wanted."

These noble words were penned by Ann Wilkins, a young woman who had been born amid the mountains of the Hudson near West Point. At fourteen years of age she had been converted to her Lord and had, five years later, become a teacher of the young in both the branches of human knowledge and the experience of divine truth. When, however, she heard the appealing

call of a man who had labored and suffered in Africa, her great heart swelled with a desire to bear a part of the perils of that mission, and hence her note.

The need for such grand spirits to perform dangerous work is too great to disregard such an offer. Therefore, a few months later, she was sent with several others to fight the angel of death and the spirit of evil. She at once began to teach the dusky little children of Liberia, and thus paved the way for the "Female Boarding School," in which she later reigned as queen of light and love. The terrible fever did not fail to lay her low; but her strong constitution withstood it and she recovered. A second time it seized upon her, and bore her to the brink of death. Then her friends, despite her protests, insisted that she return to the healthy climate of her native land, and she yielded. On seeing her emaciated form, the mission authorities decided that she could not continue her labors in Africa; but her determined spirit asserted itself, and with three other devoted young women who had dedicated themselves to this work, she returned to the Dark Continent to watch over and guide them in their new work.

After two years of suffering and labor she was compelled to quit the work to which she had so fondly given her life. Her voyage and her native climate so far restored her that she was enabled to enter the Juvenile Asylum of New York as one of the active officers; but there her condition grew rapidly worse. For six more days she lingered here on earth; but they were glorious days, for the light of her coming bliss so glorified her that she seemed more like an angel to her surprised attendants than like a dying mortal. What a blessed life was hers! What a glorious entrance into heaven! Great is her reward above.

MARGARET WILSON

Martyr Maiden

The story of Margaret Wilson is beautiful in that it depicts the sweet innocence and tenderness and also the firm resolution of a pure maidenly heart; but it is also sad, bringing forth, as it does, the fiendish cruelty and degradation of her persecutors.

Young Margaret had very early in life become a follower of the Lord Jesus, and had also led her brother and sister to the Savior. Her noble mind soon distinguished the falseness and degraded condition of the Episcopal Church established by law, and she refused to attend, as her father and mother were forced to do on pain of death; but she and her brother and sister attended the field meetings held by the Covenanters.

At first, probably on account of her youth, their absence from the church services was ignored; but one morning Margaret Wilson, aged eighteen, Thomas, aged sixteen, and Agnes, aged thirteen, were reported by the curate as defaulters in church attendance.

"Send the dragoons after them," the cruel Grierson of Lagg answered, "and we'll teach them their duty."

The parents, however, were, through friends, informed of the prospective visit of the dragoons, and, after a short family council, the children left to secrete themselves among the moss-hags; so, when the dragoons arrived and demanded the children to be delivered to them, the latter were gone and their parents could truthfully say that they knew not their whereabouts.

The dragoons searched every cave they knew and pierced every bush with their swords, but without avail. In revenge about a hundred soldiers were quartered at

Mr. Wilsons house, at a great expense of 5,000 merks, but he bore it patiently.

In the meantime the Wilson children had been hiding in a damp, uncomfortable cave in the daytime, searching for food at night, until, upon the hope-inspiring death of Charles II., friendly Covenanters assured them that they might safely return home. With wise precaution, however, they first went to the house of an old widow, named Margaret McLauchlan, who received them kindly.

At the widow's house Margaret Wilson met Patrick Stuart, whom she knew well, since he had received much kindness at her father's hand. She inquired about her parents, and he gladly gave her all the information he could. Then he invited them to partake of some refreshments at his house on the following evening, and they consented to do so, trusting him implicitly, though they knew that offering hospitality to Covenanters was a crime heavily punished. The next evening Patrick repeated an offer of marriage to Margaret, which had already previously been refused, and was again given little encouragement. He then asked her to drink to the King's health, which she promptly refused to do. Without a word of explanation, the rascal then left the room, went straight to the Wigton authorities and told them where the Wilson children were to be found.

At once they were seized, together with their benefactress, Margaret McLauchlan, and cast into that horrible place called "The Thieves' Hole," to lie on the damp ground until summoned before the infamous Sir Robert Grierson of Lagg.

That titled wretch, finding it hard to bring a reasonable charge against the children, accused them with being at the battle of Bothwell Bridge, Ayr's Moss, and

at numerous conventicles. All but the attendance at conventicles was denied.

"Give them the abjuration oath," thundered Grierson.

This oath, abjuring their right to stand up for their own judgments and rights in matters of religion, they, of course, refused to take.

"To death, then, to death," shouted the monster Grierson in fiendish glee. "Upon the 11th of May ye shall be tied to stakes fixed within the flood-mark in the water of Blednock, near Wigton, where the sea flows at high tide, there to be drowned."

Mr. Wilson appealed to the Privy Council at Edinburgh, and managed to get his youngest daughter, but only the one, released upon paying a fine of 100 merks, the last of his scant supply of money.

Though Margaret Wilson had, in her wildest moments, not imagined a death so inhuman as hers was to be, she was peacefully resigned to suffer this for her Christ. Her mother's and friends' hysterical pleadings to take the oath moved her, but could not induce her to an action so weak.

Therefore, on May 11, the two noble martyrs were led out to two stakes erected in the sand, one thirty yards in advance of the other. To the foremost the widow was led, probably that the girl might be tortured by the sight of her drowning struggles before she herself went. Inch by inch the water silently, awfully rose. Now it was at the widow's waist. Still it rose slowly till it was at her neck and lapped the girl's feet, as though coming hungrily to devour her also. Lagg and others began to make sport of the widow as she craned her neck to keep her head above water, and directed Margaret's attention to her death struggles, seeking to intimidate her, but she repeated Bible promises to herself

and sang a psalm of comfort. When the girl had already become unconscious, she was snatched from the water and revived, only to be tortured by another offer of the abjuration oath. Of course, she remained firm, and was cast back into the water and her head was held under the water with the butt end of a gun.

By this cruel act several names were made to stink in the nostrils of the world, and the ranks of the Covenanters were greatly increased.

CAPTAIN WILSON

The Gospel Hero in the South Sea Islands

Soon after the London Missionary Society had been organized, it was determined to begin mission work in the South Sea Islands. The inhabitants of these islands were, at that time, perhaps the most degraded human beings in the world. But their vileness made them all the more needy of the Gospel, and there was some encouragement in the fact that there was no trace of perverted nominal Christian civilization among them to overthrow and that they were naturally a keen-witted and observant people who would readily recognize the superiority and benefit of the Christian religion.

Of the large number of candidates who offered themselves as missionaries to the people of the islands, twenty-five were selected. They set sail for Tahiti in 1797, in charge of Captain Wilson.

Wilson, who seems to have been providentially equipped and suggested for the management of this great gospel enterprise, was originally a captain in the British army. He did military service in India during the

French and English war. Though a brave, skillful and energetic soldier, he was captured by the French.

Knowing that he was to be delivered as a prisoner to Hyder Ali, the cruel and implacable rajah of Mysore, he, at the peril of his life, made his escape from prison. After leaping from the prison wall forty feet high he, on pursuing his way toward the nearest English garrison, swam the Cameroon river, a large and dangerous stream, famous for the innumerable number of alligators in its waters. Ignorant of this, Wilson boldly plunged in, and swam across in safety.

Unfortunately, however, Wilson was recaptured by the troops of Hyder Ali, and although they gazed upon him as "a man of God" because of his marvelous escape, believing that the gods had protected him from the teeth of the alligators, yet they subjected him to the most cruel torture. Wilson was stripped of his clothing, was driven barefooted and under cruel torture in the burning heat of a July sun a distance of five hundred miles to Seringapatam, the capital of the bloodthirsty Hyder Ali. There he was bound in fetters and along with other prisoners cast into a horrible dungeon, where for nearly two years he was starved and tortured almost unto death, until the close of the war, when the prisoners were released.

During all this time Captain Wilson's life was wonderfully spared. While the great majority of the prisoners with him in the dungeon died and later all other Europeans with him aboard a mercantile ship at Bencoolen perished of disease, he alone was spared. Evidently God's protection had for some great purpose spared the life of Captain Wilson.

Yet, strange to say, during all these years Wilson remained unconverted and was even an avowed infidel.

Not until later, when, on the homeward voyage, he fell in with a returning Baptist missionary, Mr. Thomas, was the Captain brought to Christ. Then, however, he was soundly converted and became a man of Christian faith.

After such experiences and after having become interested by an article in the Evangelical Magazine concerning the proposed mission to the South Sea Islands, Captain Wilson was aroused in his sympathies and offered himself for the work, asking no pecuniary compensation. Thus, by a long and wonderful series of providential circumstances, a man of great energy and sagacity was spared and raised up to superintend the inauguration of a great missionary enterprise that was to prove in coming time so remarkably successful in turning the heathen in those islands from the darkness of paganism to the gospel light of Christianity.

JOHN WILLIAMS

The Martyr of Erromanga

At Tottenham High Cross, near London, England, there was born, on the 29th of June, 1796, the future illustrious missionary, John Williams. Though his education was limited, he showed a degree of mental activity and penetration beyond most of his associates, as well as a mechanical aptitude afterward turned to good account.

Noticing his natural bent, John's parents apprenticed him to an ironmonger in City Road. Though exempted by his indentures from the heavier work, John was more inclined to the anvil and the forge, and often practiced with these after finishing his day's work. Consequently he soon became an expert handicraftsman, and surpassed

the other men in dexterity, so that his employer later gave him work demanding extreme dexterity in execution.

Though his pious parents endeavored to train up their son in the ways of religion, young Williams and his fellow apprentices were attracted to the frivolous amusements afforded by the great city, until one evening, while waiting for his companions, he met his employer's wife, Mrs. Tomkin, who reproved him for his abuse of the Sabbath and persuaded him to accompany her to church. It proved the turning point in his life. The topic of the discourse was, "What is a man profited, if he shall gain the whole world and lose his own soul?" The words sank deeply into his heart; they changed his life, for he forsook his old companions and led an earnest Christian life thereafter.

He was not slow to obey his Christian impulses. Work in this great, wicked city was not wanting, and he was soon identifying himself with the cause of righteousness. He gained much useful knowledge in a "Youths' Class" of thirty young Christians, and also took up work as a Sunday-school teacher. While thus engaged, he became interested in missions, for which the London Missionary Society did much to arouse sympathy. Upon his intimating his desire to become a missionary to his pastor, Rev. Matthew Wilks, that gentleman began to instruct him, together with several others, in theology gratuitously, after which the student applied to the London Missionary Society for acceptance. He was accepted unanimously in July, 1816, and since there were urgent calls for more laborers, he was, contrary to custom, given only four months in which to prepare himself for active service. On the 30th of September Williams, with Robert Moffat and eight others, received

his designation, Williams being appointed missionary to Polynesia, and the parting exhortation of the aged minister, to spare no toil in the Lord's work, ever afterward rang in his ears.

In October he was married to a young devoted woman, admirably fitted to be his companion in his missionary labors; and after being ordained, he and his wife set sail for Rio Janeiro on November 17, 1816. Thence they had a tedious voyage, and a year elapsed before Eimeo, of the Society Islands, was reached. Here he remained for a short time, acquiring the native language. His mechanical skill gained the confidence of the natives, and admitted him to a close intimacy with them.

The Almighty Lord in a wonderful way opened the way for his messenger. Pomare, the Christian king of Tahiti, and an English missionary were driven by a storm upon the island of Raiatea, and the evidences of the superiority of Christianity induced the chief to petition for missionaries to instruct his idolatrous people. To this invitation Williams joyfully responded, and, upon his arrival at Raiatea, was given many presents and a grand reception. In spite of this, the condition of the people was very discouraging. Though they were willing to attend religious services, observe the Lord's day and to renounce their idols, "their moral condition was unutterably debased, their idleness inveterate, their habits of theft, polygamy and infanticide were abominable, and their darker and fiercer passions were awful when roused to war and vengeance."

Williams' mechanical ingenuity was now brought into play, for, to replace the dirty, immoral thatched huts of one room, he built, for his own family, a house with window sashes and Venetian blinds, and filled the rooms with new, commodious furniture, almost all of which

he made with his own hands. The natives were surprised and delighted. Under his instruction they began to build houses like his and also improved in gardening and boat building. Soon the island was graced by a truly Polynesian cathedral, capable of containing three thousand people. Its sides were of wattles and its pillars of the trunks of trees. Williams expended special care upon the carving of the pulpit and reading desk, and fabricated such wonderful chandeliers that the natives were lost in astonishment.

In three years the island was wonderfully transformed. Where, excepting three hovels, all had been wilderness, there was now "a range of three miles along the beach, studded with plastered and whitewashed cottages, with their own schooners lying at anchor before them." The habits of the people were also altered. Idol worship and cruel cannibal orgies were abandoned; infanticide was abolished and divine service was held three times every Sunday, while family prayer was universal and "the people who had lately seemed as if possessed by devils, were 'sitting clothed in their right mind.'"

Not contented with these changes alone, Williams also took upon himself the duties of a statesman. He succeeded in establishing an admirable code of laws by the votes of the people in a great assembly. In it trial by jury was introduced and such an efficient executive board was chosen from among the natives themselves, that the whole system worked admirably. He also began remunerative commerce, by teaching them how to cultivate cotton and tobacco and how to prepare sugar cane for the market, himself making the mill for the purpose. Besides this he instructed them in ropemaking and many other useful arts.

Dissatisfied with even these great results, he now organized a missionary society to carry the gospel to the surrounding islands, and these recent pagans gave bamboos and cocoanut oil to the value of about two thousand five hundred dollars to carry the light to their neighbors still in darkness.

Williams had heard many strange tales of an island called Raratonga and was now anxious to spread the Gospel to those people. Though the way did not seem open and the island was yet undiscovered, and, though the people were said to be fierce and unconquerable, his trust in the Lord did not waver and he appealed to England for a missionary vessel; but in vain. He then himself chartered the schooner "Endeavour," and set out with some native Christians, in 1822. He was baffled day after day in his search, but still persevered. Finally the captain reported that the provisions were almost exhausted, and that they must give up the search; but Williams prevailed upon him to steer on until eight o'clock. At 7:30 o'clock a native for the fifth time ascended to the top of the mast, when suddenly the cloudmist rolled away and the majestic hills of Raratonga, the chief of the Hervey group, loomed up before them.

Similar results as at Raiatea here rewarded his daring perseverance. The whole population renounced idolatry within one year, and were engaged in erecting a place of worship six hundred feet in length to accommodate the overwhelming congregations. But, still not satisfied by triumphs like these, he desired to evangelize the whole Polynesian world and resolved to build a ship of his own for the purpose.

Though this work would have seemed and been impossible to men of average determination, he was

apparently not discountenanced by obstacles, however great. Though the natives could only help in collecting the material, and though he had only a few rude tools and had himself no experience save that of an iron-monger's apprentice, he at once plunged into the work, making both tools and ship, and completed his task in fifteen weeks!

He now used his ship, named *Messenger of Peace*, in spreading the Gospel to the surrounding shores. Sailing from island to island, fifty thousand natives were soon under his instruction. His kindness and evident interest in the welfare of the natives won their love, which the grateful people testified in songs and ballads.

After eighteen years of hallowed labor the heroic man could say that he had conveyed the glad tidings of salvation to every island of importance within two thousand miles of Tahiti, but still his remarkable energy was not yet exhausted. These conquests he regarded as only stepping-stones to still greater results to be gained in the future. Therefore he resolved, in 1834, to visit England to tell of the three hundred thousand savages already under religious instruction, to have his Raratongan version of the Scriptures printed and to solicit aid in the blessed work of rescuing the perishing multitudes.

His visit was a gratifying success. Missionary enthusiasm was aroused to a higher pitch than it had attained at any time for a century. When he returned on the 11th of April, 1838, he sailed in the *Camden*, a vessel which had been purchased for his use at a cost of two thousand six hundred pounds, and was accompanied by sixteen other missionaries and their wives. The love of many was manifested in countless little favors done for him, before his departure, and he was followed

by the prayers of thousands, to whom his visit had been a blessing.

"He had set on the conquest for Christ of the New Hebrides, a group whose inhabitants were known to be violent and suspicious. He resolved to plant a station at Erromanga; but seemed to have a foreboding of his coming fate," for in a farewell visit to his beloved Samoans, he chose, as the text for his last address, the words: "They all wept sore, and fell on Paul's neck, and kissed him, sorrowing most of all for the words which he spake, that they should see his face no more."

Having reached the island, on November 20, 1839, Mr. Williams, with a small party, went ashore offered his hand to the shy and sullen natives and presented them some cloth. "They accepted the gifts, but, as he was speaking with some children, a cry of 'danger' from the boats caused the party to run." Two escaped, but the heroic Williams and Mr. Harris, another missionary, were pierced with arrows and captured by the natives. The *Camden* withdrew and a man-of-war, the *Favorite*, was at once dispatched to the island to recover the bodies; but the wretched natives confessed that they had eaten them. Only the skulls and a few bones could be recovered and these were buried at Opulu.

The Christian world, especially the natives of the Society Islands, for whom Mr. Williams had done so much, joined Mrs. Williams in mourning for her husband, and well might it, for, "since the days of the apostles, no one man was the means of winning so many thousands to the true faith of Christ by preaching the Gospel as John Williams." His life of forty-three years is short if measured by years, but, if measured by his "noble achievements for God and for man, it was long

and grand, and glorious." A great and deserved praise is bestowed upon him by his brief, but sententious epitaph: "When he came there were no Christians, when he left there were no heathen."

COUNT ZINZENDORF

A Friend of the Moravians

On May 26, 1700, was born a religious genius of noble Austrian ancestry, Count Zinzendorf, who, at the early age of four years, already distinguished himself as a faith hero by the little prayer: "O God, be mine, and I will be thine." Two years later invading soldiers found him on his knees in an attitude of prayer, and retired awe-stricken. Often he would write letters to Jesus, in a sweet, childlike way, and throw them out of the window. His heart, mind and body were beautiful; he was a brilliant boy. He later distinguished himself at the university, but did not forget God. Much of his time was devoted to prayer, and he helped others by his example; for when he left Halle he left behind seven prayer circles organized through his own influence.

Zinzendorf's friends did not approve of his religious spirit, and sent him abroad, hoping that travel and seeing the world would cool his religious ardor; but they were mistaken. In Paris, when asked by a countess whether he had attended the opera, he answered, "Madam, I have no time to go to the opera." At another time he expressed his attitude to the Lord in saying: "I would rather be despised and hated for Christ's sake than loved for my own." "I have one passion; it is He, He alone." Is it a wonder that God could make great use of this man?

Among the early persecuted Christians were the Bohemians, Moravians and Waldensians, worthy successors of John Huss and Jerome of Prague. In the fifteenth century they made a compact ever since known as the *Unitas Fratrum*, which lived on through successive generations of persecutions, though oftentimes almost extinguished, still kept up by its brave and faithful members. Their Bibles were burned and property confiscated, while they themselves were tortured, driven into exile and killed. Still they clung to their faith, meeting in secret places in forests or caves, or across the border line, away from bitter, bloody, persecuting Austria.

In 1722, Count Zinzendorf purchased the estate of Berthelsdorf and set aside its revenues for the support of the Moravain refugees. He was absent on his wedding tour when their first settlement upon this estate was made, but, on the evening of his return, he called upon the poor people, prayed with them and gave them his benediction. Thence forward he was to them a fatherly protector and friend.

While attending the coronation ceremonies of Christian VI. of Denmark, Zinzendorf met three very interesting persons, two Eskimos who had been baptized by the Missionary Hans Egede, and a Christian slave from the island of St. Thomas. These gave him the idea of founding two missions, one among the negro slaves of the West Indies, and the other among Greenland's icy mountains. On his return he spoke of this to his Moravian friends, and to his joyful surprise, he found four prayerful brethren ready to offer themselves for the work. One man named Dober declared himself willing to be sold into slavery, if he could thus only reach the West Indies' salves. In 1732, this man and another

started for the island of St. Thomas with but three dollars each in their pockets.

To give any adequate conception of the glorious missionary labor of the *Unitas Fratrum*, which now extends over more than 150 years, is impossible in these pages. In the islands of St. Croix, St. Thomas and St. John of the West Indies, among the wildernesses of South America, far into the interior of our own blessed land among the savage tribes of the Indians, in the frozen north of Alaska and Greenland, in Labrador and in South Africa; indeed, in almost every benighted land of the globe their churches, as well as their graves, abound.

Count Zinzendorf's bust holds a merited place in the Walhalla, near Ratisbon, and in his epitaph are found the words, "He was ordained that he should go and bring forth fruit, and that his fruit should remain." His broad viewpoint of the world and of his mission in it he evinced by the following words, spoken at a church conference in Holland in 1741: "The whole earth is the Lord's; all men's souls are His; I am a debtor to all."

THE END.

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